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THE

FEMALE REVOLUTIONARY PLUTARCH,

CONTAINING

BIOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL,

AND

REVOLUTIONARY SKETCHES, CHARACTERS,

AND

ANECDOTES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE REVOLUTIONARY PLUTARCH, MEMOIRS OF TALLEYRAND, &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

THIRD EDITION, Embellished with Portraits.

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THE

THE

FEMALE

REVOLUTIONARY PLUTARCH.

MARIA ANTOINETTE JOSEPHE JEANNE,

QUEEN OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE, AND ARCH-DUCHESS OF AUSTRIA.

Cavete Felices!

THE fate of the Austrian family has been particularly singular. After having acquired great glory under Charles V. and Ferdinand II. its destruction would have been inevitable, had it not been averted by the valour of John Sobieski, king of Poland. It was humbled at one period by the aspiring genius of the truly great Gustavus Adolphus; and, but for the successes of Marlborough and the wealth of England, it might have been partitioned at another.

Maria Theresa, whom the Hungarians, preferring the lance to the distaff, would acknowledge by no other appellation than that of king, by her intrepidity and genius rescued the greater part of her dominions from a formidable rival. Although her imperial majesty had lost Silesia, in consequence of a war, which may be considered as a commentary written in blood by Frederic the Great on his Anti-Machiavel, yet she remained in such a formidable position, as to be enabled to act an important part in the affairs of Europe.

The only error of her long and brilliant reign, with which her contemporaries reproach her memory, was the first partition of Poland. It is, however, to be remembered, that the plan of this shameful and impolitic transaction was invented by the cabinet of Berlin, and approved of by the cabinet of St. Petersburg, before it was laid before this princess; who had no other choice left but to combat two powerful neighbours, to see them quietly aggrandised at the expence of a third state, or to share with them the spoils.

She was the mother of a numerous offspring, of whom she beheld at her death one son, king of the Romans, another grand duke of Tuscany,

cany, and a third elector of Cologne. The female branches of her family intermarried with the chief princes of the continent; and, in some measure, regulated the destiny of France, Spain, and the two Sicilies.

From such a mother descended the archduchess Maria Antoinette Josephe Jeanne. She was born at Vienna on the 2d of November, 1755; and married on the 16th of May, 1770, to Louis XVI. then the dauphin of France, and nearly of her own age. This marriage was considered as the most prudent and auspicious for France which could have been contracted. By it hopes were entertained that all former rivalry between Austria and France would cease, and it seemed the harbinger of peace and felicity. "It was scarcely possible," says an elegant author,* "that France again should be engaged in a continental war. Besides the dowry of her beauty and virtue, she brought to the kingdom the fair portion of perpetual peace with that formidable and hostile power, betwixt which and France an animosity, kindled centuries before, and frequently maintained with bitterness and rancour, had

* See Wilde's Address to the Friends of the People, p. 9.

drained the best blood of both countries, and deformed the face of all Europe. This violence was now to expire for ever upon the lips of beauty, and this fortunate woman was to compose the tumult of nations with her smile."

This nuptial celebration, so auspicious in its political results, was attended with an accident which embittered enjoyment, and gave rise, in the minds of the superstitious and ignorant, to doleful presages, which the thunder-storm at her arrival at Versailles did not diminish, and which time too fatally verified. A superb firework was prepared in the Place of Louis XV. (on the very spot where the king and queen, twenty-three years afterwards, were murdered) and the concourse of spectators was so prodigious, that in one of the adjacent streets a great number of persons were squeezed and trampled to death. The city was filled with consternation, and mourning succeeded to the general joy.

The benevolence and magnanimity of the royal couple were on this occasion advantageously and honourably displayed. Louis sent to the lieutenant of police six thousand livres (250*l.*), the sum allotted for his private expences,

pences, and the only money he then could dispose of, accompanied with the following note: "I have heard of the misfortune which has arisen from my marriage, and am penetrated with grief. I have just received from the king my monthly allowance of pocket money; no more is at my disposal: I transmit it to you, distribute it amongst the most unfortunate." Maria Antoinette not having more than one hundred and ten louis in cash, sent them, together with a ring valued at five times that sum, in an anonymous note written by one of her attendants, to relieve in some part the distress of the sufferers. The donor was however discovered by the police, and reported to Louis XV. who presented his amiable grand-daughter with a diamond much more valuable.* These interesting actions made charity fashionable, and a liberal subscription was speedily raised.

The beauty and beneficence of the dauphiness and her consort rendered them so extremely popular, that the enthusiasm of loyalty amounted almost to idolatry. On their first appearance in Paris, the garden of the Thuil-

* Anecdotes des Femmes Marquantes, vol. i. page 6.

leries was filled with an immense crowd, who beheld them with insatiate eyes, who exhausted themselves in benedictions; and when weariness compelled the royal visitants to retire, deplored their absence as a privation of felicity. Their behaviour on this, and every other occasion of appearing in public, increased the popular predilection. Nor were the more solid virtues wanting to complete their title to admiration: their charitable and noble disposition shewed itself in numerous acts, which obtained general applause and admiration.

On the 10th of May, 1774, Louis XVI. succeeded his grandfather upon the throne of France and Navarre, and Maria Antoinette was saluted a queen. As, during the latter part of his reign, Louis XV. had been surrounded by mistresses and courtesans, the queen passed the four first years of her residence in France chiefly in retirement with her husband, and some pure and select friends of both sexes. To this may in part be ascribed her fondness for private societies, in preference to public companies, and engaged her to change several rules in the former etiquettes of queens; which procured the vain and presumptuous means of boasting

ing of a familiarity, which few could contradict, and gave full scope to the reports of calumny, supported by envy, malice, and disappointment.

No queen of France was ever more popular than Maria Antoinette, at the ascension of Louis XVI. The French nation, long indignant (or at least pretending to be so) at the domination of the Countess du Barry, hailed with joy the name of queen, which seemed to give their national vanity an importance and dignity, the want of which they had long regretted. The beauty of her person, the known attachment of the king, the endearing kindnesses which youth and prosperity prompted, the public heard with delight; and they appeared to add to the consequence of every Frenchman, who in the bliss of his monarch and the splendour of the royal family seemed to find his own. The manners of the queen were calculated to increase this prepossession. Conscious of internal dignity and worth, and secure of her own superiority, she sought no aid from extraneous resources; never doubting of her power to command respect, she divested majesty of all its formalities, and solicited esteem. To her it belonged to win the hearts

of individuals, without enslaving their minds; to acquire in private society that affection which rarely accompanies popular acclamation, by the use of that condescending expression, "I am no longer queen, I am myself."*

Innocent and lively, she was the patroness of mirth and gaiety; and if the pleasures she sanctioned occasionally violated the gravity of court decorum, by encouraging some slight indiscretions, such as the representation of dramatic pieces, it must not be forgotten that these were the extreme bounds to which the censure of the most rigid can extend.

Most of the queen's private parties were assembled at the *Petit Trianon.* The manner in which this palace was bestowed on the queen, evinces both her own virtue and the king's affection and delicacy. While dauphiness, she had often expressed a desire to possess a country seat of her own. After his accession, Louis XVI. recollecting the circumstance, offered her two seats, called *Le Grand* and *Le Petit Trianon*, saying, "That as those beautiful retreats had always been appropriated to the *royal favourite*, they could now with propriety belong only to her!! She accepted the *Petit*

* Memoires de la Duchesse de Polignac, page 17.

Trianon,

Trianon, with a condition made in laughter, that he should only come there when invited. This innocent sally has caused a number of scandalous and false reports. The first use she made of her new acquisition was to invite her husband to an entertainment there. She afterwards shewed great taste, and flattered him in a most sensible manner, by laying out the gardens in the English style, and by building twelve neat cottages in the park, in which were established as many poor families, for whom she continued to provide until her own palace had been exchanged for a prison.*

In 1778, after being married eight years and a half, the queen found herself for the first time in a state of pregnancy; and was on the 19th December the same year delivered of a daughter, who was immediately baptized by the name of Maria Theresa Charlotte, and received the title of *Madame Fille du Roi*, though the prevailing custom has been to call her *Madame Royale*. This fortunate event was announced at Paris to the inhabitants by acts of benevolence and magnificence truly pious and royal. Her charity was no less interesting than en-

* See Anecdotes, &c. vol. i. p 35, 275. Young's Travels, p. 67.

gaging. Among many other donations, she caused to be selected a hundred young women, poor, and of good character, from the different parishes in Paris, to each of whom she gave five hundred livres as a marriage portion; two hundred livres to purchase a suit of clothes for their husbands, and twelve livres for a wedding dinner.*

At last, on the 22d of October 1781, the wishes of the royal family and of all loyal Frenchmen were crowned by the birth of a prince. On this occasion the public festivity was unbounded, and the royal liberality no less conspicuous than on the former occasion. But the prince who was the subject of those rejoicings fortunately died at an early period of the revolution. His sister and younger brother were reserved to participate the disasters of their family.

But while the queen was thus convincing every body of the goodness of her disposition, the tongue of slander spoke against her, who so long and so deservedly had been the theme of approbation and applause. The virtue, the religion, and the morals of the king presented so few vulnerable points, that calumny was at a

* Anecdotes, &c. vol. i. p. 314.

less

loss on what part of his character to make an attack. The queen, equally upright in her sentiments, was less guarded in her conduct. In her, envy and malignity found an easy prey; and afterwards being united with sedition, made a joint attack, with a view not only to injure her, but to debase the king, and vilify royalty itself.* One principal engine of this projected degradation was the famous affair of the necklace, in which the Cardinal de Rohan was made the dupe of two intriguing adventurers, and the queen implicated, though she had not the slightest participation in the transaction. Had she wanted such a necklace, she would have bought and worn it publicly: had she required money, there was no need to recur to a secret and disgraceful negociation: the court bankers would never have applied to the cardinal, whom she was known to hate; or have associated with a worthless adventurer and a woman of low birth, of no education, and of disgusting manners. But the very calumniators who accused her in this affair, were the same who so frequently had reproached her with disposing of the treasure of the kingdom. They expose thus their falshood as well as their

* Moore's View, vol. i. p. 4.

malevolence. No person, much less a queen, would degrade herself for a comparatively trifling sum, when millions might be commanded at pleasure. Although those parts of this story, which tended to inculpate the queen, were never currently believed, yet they had the effect of making her conduct the topic of public examination, an event always degrading, generally dangerous; at least in times of revolutions and troubles.

After the rebels of the national assembly had usurped the executive as well as the legislative authority, the calumniators of the queen were under no restraint, and therefore reviled her with the most opprobrious appellations, and stigmatised her with the most odious crimes. Against her (particularly during the atrocious scenes at Versailles on ths 5th and 6th October, 1789) they vented threats which would make the heart of humanity shudder, in terms which to repeat would insult the ear of modesty. During that sanguinary insurrection, the cowardly traitor La Fayette informed her majesty, that as the fury and malice of the insurgents were peculiarly pointed against her, it would be highly proper to withdraw, for some time at least, from Versailles. Her answer was nobly consistent with

with the magnanimity she had always displayed—"I am determined," said her majesty, "never to forsake my husband: if the Parisians are bent on murdering me, I will die at the feet of the king." Though she was well acquainted with the criminal views of her enemies, she retired, as usual, calmly to her closet, prepared to expect some impending calamity: yet she did not give way to apprehension, or exhibit symptoms of fear. She replied to those, who suggested their thoughts on her danger, "I know that the people come to demand my life; I have learned from my mother not to fear death; and I will await it with courage." It is proved "that at a late hour of the night she received a letter from one of the ministry, informing her, that at six o'clock in the morning she would be murdered; that she read it without emotion, dismissed her attendants without imparting its contents, retired to bed and enjoyed a few hours repose, which enabled her to undergo the fatigues of the ensuing day."*

On the 6th of October, at six o'clock in the morning, as had been foretold, numerous banditti forced the gates, and penetrated to the pa-

* Montjoye, Conjuration D'Orléans, vol. ii. p. 232.

lace.

lace. They ran through the various apartments breathing blood and shouting obloquies, which to relate would make impudicity itself blush. The *gardes-du-corps*, some of whom had remained in the palace, and who had not gone to bed, though not immediately on duty, hearing this dreadful uproar, resolved to devote their utmost efforts to save their unfortunate sovereigns. Twelve of them, headed by Leveillier, commander of the Scotch company, opposed the mob on the stair-case. "Wretches! cried the brave commander, "respect the retreat of your king." The populace, however, rushed on, and the guards, resolving to favour the retreat of the intended victims, disputed the passage with the assailants with the most determined bravery. They barricadoed the queen's antichamber, and some of them ran to the door of her room, intreating her to fly. The mob forced the entrance, and rushed with redoubled fury and a quickened desire of blood towards her majesty's bedchamber. She, ever preserving that dignified presence of mind which was her characteristic, had retired by a private passage under the room called the *Oeil de Bœuf* into the king's chamber, attended only by the Marchioness de Tourzel, holding the princess royal by the

the hand, and the Count de St. Autaire carrying the dauphin. When she arrived the king was not there: he no less alarmed for the safety of the partner of his heart and crown, had gone to her room by another passage. What must have been the agonizing feelings of these persecuted illustrious persons at that moment! History or fiction can hardly present a situation equally critical and affecting. The king, regaining his own apartment, rejoined his consort and children. The assassins meanwhile proceeded in their work of blood: they had overpowered the *gardes du corps*, and after murdering two of them in the antichamber of the queen, and several more in the *Oeil de Bœuf*, had taken as many more as they could find prisoners, reserving them for the same fate. The mob, in the moments of rage at the queen's escape, cut her bed in various places with swords and scythes, intended for her sacred person.

The unexpected heroism of the queen had so far frustrated all the labour of the factious, and the attempts of their bravoes. To counteract this they instigated the mob to demand her majesty's appearance in the balcony, hoping thus to revive the popular fury. She obeyed the summons without hesitation, holding her two children,

children, one in each hand. This pathetic, though silent appeal to the feelings of all the spectators, increased the rage, as it augmented the disappointment of her enemies. "No children! no children!" they exclaimed. The intrepid princess retired a moment, and returned unaccompanied. This act of superior courage operated electrically: *Vive la Reine!* burst from every mouth.

The king having resolved to go to Paris, the royal family departed at one o'clock in the afternoon, in melancholy procession. At the head of it was a wretch, known by the name of Jourdan the cut-throat, disguised with a long beard; and, not contented with exhibiting an activity singularly ferocious, in murdering the *gardes-du-corps*, had smeared himself all over with blood; so that his countenance, his beard and his rags, formed an appearance shockingly loathsome. On each side of him was a man carrying the head of one of the murdered *gardes-du-corps* upon a pike. After these came a promiscuous rabble; the Parisian army, with La Fayette at their head, followed next. Intermingled with these, and riding on horses, and on the carriages of the cannon, was an immense multitude of *poissardes* intoxicated with spirituous

spirituous liquors, licentiousness, and blood, now howling impure songs, now insulting the royal captives, and the miserable *gardes-du-corps*, and at intervals stopping the procession to dance before the windows of the king's coach in a style truly dæmoniac. Next came the carriage of the degraded sovereign, in which were himself, his illustrious consort, the two royal children, the Marquise de Tourzel, their governess, her sister, their royal highnesses Monsieur and Madame. These were succeeded by some of the king's suite; then came the hundred deputies from the national assembly; the *gardes-du-corps*, yet alive, were in the rear, disarmed and bare-headed, exhausted with hunger and fatigue.

This humiliating journey, protracted by frequent delays and the slow progress of the carriage, which, when in motion, went only a foot pace, to five hours and a half, at length terminated. But the palace of the Thuilleries, fixed on for the abode of the royal family, had long been out of repair, and was therefore almost unfit for habitation. The walls had often been stained with blood, and the friends of their prince gave way to gloomy presages, which were too fatally verified. They regarded what

was

was found to be the fact, that the capital was designed for the king's prison. Nor were the royal family long uninformed of the treatment they were to expect from their gaolers. To gratify wanton curiosity, and afford a triumph to an insulting mob, they were obliged to shew themselves every day at the windows, and some days more than once.*

But notwithstanding these inauspicious circumstances, the genuine goodness of the royal family soon became conspicuous. The exhibition of their characters was facilitated by the absence of the duke of Orleans, who soon after the 6th of October departed for England. The queen was at first injured by every species of defamation and abuse, but an effort of charity which she suggested, and an act of condescension, contributed for some time to soften the cruel hearts of the ungrateful French people. She redeemed for the poorer classes all their property pawned at the *Mont de Piété* for sums not exceeding two louis d'ors; and she distinguished herself to the widow of Francois, a baker, who had been murdered soon after the assembly commenced their sittings at Paris, by sending her two thousand crowns in money, and

* Moore's View, vol. ii. p. 54 et 65.

engaging

engaging that the king and herself would stand godfather and godmother to the child with which the unfortunate widow was pregnant.* The king's humanity was also well known, and he had done a very popular act before he was forced from Versailles, by sending his rich services of plate to the mint.† He now came abroad almost every day with the queen, who went about viewing the public buildings, hospitals, and manufactures; speaking and behaving affably to the lowest of the people, and studying by every means to regain her lost popularity. It was much increased by her heroic forbearance, when the judges of the Chatelet attended to interrogate her respecting the transactions of the 5th and 6th of October. At first she declined answering, alleging that she never would be an informer against the king's subjects. Being again pressed, she prevented all further interrogatory by this sublime reply, "*J'ai tout vue, tout entendue, et j'ai tout oubliée.*"‡

Incapable of discovering any new fact on which to found a calumnious report, the fac-

* Conjuration D'Orléans, vol. ii. p. 294.

† Impartial History, vol. i. p. 262.

‡ Conjuration D'Orléans, vol. iii. p. 71.

tious,

tious, who had lost no part of their inveteracy, recurred to their former topics of slander. The freedom of the press extended to the most wanton licentiousness; not only the ancient government and the conduct of the present ministers were painted in the blackest colours, but the public and private characters of the king and queen were also libelled with a rancour unequalled in any age or country.*

The real and truly pitiable situation, about this time, of the unfortunate Maria Antoinette, may be judged from the following letter to her brother, the emperor Joseph II. It was dated November 22, 1789 †

"I congratulate your majesty most cordially upon the glorious success of the present campaign, and particularly upon the brilliant capture of Belgrade; on the other hand, I am grieved indeed that our scandalous examples have been too seductive for your majesty's subjects in the Low Countries, now in their turn menaced with all the horrors we experience here.

"I have mentioned to the king your ma-

* Moore's View, vol. ii. p. 127.

† Lettres des Femmes Marquantes, p. 24 and 25.

jesty's

jesty's demand of succours against the Belgian insurgents, according to agreements; but though the principles upon which your majesty's subjects act are very opposite to those of our revolutionists, as they style themselves *patriots*, to oppose them would furnish the patriots of France with new causes of complaint, of violence and of insult against me, who, God knows, do not sleep upon a bed of roses. I am indeed very unfortunate; all my attempts and hopes to regain a popularity, of which calumniators and conspirators have deprived me, avail nothing. Though I submit to the greatest outrages, and though I patiently endure the indignities daily heaped upon me, I continue to be an object of general detestation. I study, however, more diligently to humour and please the rabble, than any of my former admirers and many courtiers ever studied to please me; but, nevertheless, my troubles are increasing in proportion to my good-nature and condescension, and most unfortunate of all, I see no end of my sufferings.

"I do not by any means mention this as an inducement to your majesty to conclude on my account any precipitate or disadvantageous peace with the Ottoman Porte. Thank God, my

my mind is made up; I am resigned to every evil, and thus can long support an aggravation of my sufferings. As to the reinforcements necessary to be sent to the Low Countries, they cannot justly alarm our patriots. Should they, however, find themselves offended, in the present circumstances they are destitute of power either to resent affronts, or to avenge provocations. I write nothing but what is known from our newspapers, that our army of the line is almost disbanded by revolutionary anarchy and desertion, and the national guards, so far from being organised, partake of the general confusion and licentiousness pervading every department of the state.

"But God forbid that I should wish any foreign powers to invade France, and chastise those who, more misled than ill-intentioned, cause me so many wretched moments. I always remember, and I always shall remember, that they are the dearly beloved subjects of the best of princes and husbands; and what is dear to or beloved by him cannot be indifferent to a wife, who has never ceased an instant to regard it her first duty to promote, as far as she can, the happiness and prosperity of Frenchmen, without which she is well aware that her

royal

royal consort would be the most miserable of sovereigns.

"The innate goodness and virtues of his generous soul never shone with more lustre than in his adversity. He is now truly great; his own sacrifices and torments are but the secondary subjects of his thoughts and meditations; his people and his family are the first.

"I have just heard that the discontent and insurrection in the Low Countries are increasing and spreading wide, and that our atheistical enthusiasts have dispatched several emissaries among the religious fanatics of Flanders and Belgium, to keep up the revolutionary spirit. Good God! in what times do we live! Every party, every sect, however opposite in opinions and pretensions, seem to perfectly agree in one thing—in producing an universal overthrow.

"Pray, sire, be careful of your health! What will become of your states, what will become of your poor sister, what will become of Europe, should Providence in its wrath shorten your majesty's days?"

What the unfortunate queen so much apprehended, soon happened. Joseph II. was, in February 1790, cut off in the midst of his career

reer by a short illness. This prince aped, rather than imitated, the illustrious rival and enemy of his house, and must be allowed to have possessed all his activity without his genius. Listening too much to religious and political innovators, perpetually striving to reconcile contrarieties, he was eager to abolish slavery in one part of his dominions, while he systematized philosophy in another. Anxious to circumvent the policy of the wary Frederic, he wished to add Bavaria to his territories, and was bereft of his influence in Germany. He afterwards attempted to extend his frontiers on the side of Turkey, and in the mean time lost Belgium. Equally unfortunate when he wished to relax the bondage of the slave, or rivet the chains of the freeman, he beheld Hungaria, Bohemia, and the Low Countries, by turns in insurrection; and, by a strange singularity, at the same time forced the nobility of one part of his dominions into a contest against the throne, and the clergy of another into an insurrection in behalf of the altars. Able, humane, equitable, and well-intentioned by nature, all his virtues were his own, and all his faults the consequences of the advice of ignorant or perverse counsellors.

The

The cruel sufferings of his sister the queen of France after his death, could never be augmented, but might have been prevented by his life.

Since the residence of the royal captives in the capital, and parti arly since their return from the unfortunat journey to Varennes, every month, every , nay, every hour, added fresh outrages to former insults, aimed with unrelenting and wicked zeal against Maria Antoinette in particular. The minds of the people were inflamed against her by absurd fables concerning a pretended Austrian committee, proclaimed in tavern harangues, and printed in incendiary journals, preparing and encouraging them at the same time to perpetrate the greatest atrocities. Her majesty was every instant, and in the most wanton and barbarous manner, treated with almost incredible insolence under the very windows of her apartments. She complained of these enormities to Dumouriez in the following pathetic terms:* "You behold me quite disconsolate;

* Life of Dumouriez, vol. ii. p. 207. Moore's View, vol. ii p. 470, and Necker on the Revolution, vol. i. p. 343.

I dare no longer approach the windows that look into the garden. Yesterday evening I appeared at that opposite the court, to breathe a little fresh air. A cannonier of the national guard seized that opportunity to overwhelm me with the grossest insults, adding, by way of conclusion, '*What pleasure would it give me to have your head stuck on the point of my bayonet!*'. "In this frightful garden, you see in one place a man mounted on a chair, and reading the most horrible calumnies against us in a loud tone of voice; in another you perceive an officer or an abbé dragged towards a basin of water, overwhelmed with injuries and blows; and during all this, some play at football, or walk about without the least concern. What a habitation! What a people!"

The king and queen could no longer enjoy the ordinary pleasures of free communication, from a conviction that they were surrounded with spies, and that the company of such persons, as the public might approve, would be both degrading and dangerous. The National Assembly, instead of restraining, encouraged this licentiousness of the populace; and though a book published by Prud'homme, intitled,

"Crimes

"Crimes of the Queens of France down to the present Queen, inclusive," was advertised by large posting-bills at the very doors of their sittings; the author was not subjected to the slightest reprehension.*

In the insurrection of the 20th of June, 1792, great part of the popular rage was as usual directed against the queen; and her behaviour demonstrated that she was worthy to share the heart and throne of Louis XVI. On the first alarm, she caught up the dauphin in her arms, and ran towards the *Œil de Bœuf*; but the influx of the mob had already stopped the passages; she was prevented fulfilling her first intention, and doomed to reflect with regret, that she could not offer herself as a sacrifice to the assassins, who might have accepted her life instead of the king's. She was stopped in the council-chamber by General Wittinghoff and the minister Lajarre; they formed a feeble rampart at the council-table, behind which they placed the queen, the dauphin, the princess royal, and all the ladies who

* Mercure François du 17 Decembre, 1791. Bertrand's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 265.

refused to quit her side. This table was defended by a double line of national guards, and there the queen was obliged to remain during the whole of these horrible scenes, agonized by a knowledge of the king's danger, and a helpless hearer of the incendiary and obscene reproaches which men and women of the lowest class seemed unwearied in repeating. The dauphin, like his wretched father, was disguised in the red cap, the blood-coloured emblem of crimes and licentiousness; and the queen was compelled to submit to the same disgrace. Her majesty displayed on this day the same contempt of danger which distinguished the king. She was desirous to send back a body of grenadiers whom the king had detached for her protection, but they persisted in obeying their first orders. At length Santerre, the Parisian commander, arrived; and the appearance of the queen softened for a moment even his savage heart; he assured her of protection, and assisted in dispersing the mob.

Among other recent losses, Maria Antoinette had to deplore the death of another brother and another emperor, Leopold II. This amiable

amiable prince exhibited great talents for government, but was not possessed of that activity so necessary in troublesome times, and which every one allowed Joseph II. Perceiving the critical situation of public affairs, as well as of his sister and brother in law in France; he concluded a peace with the Turks, re-conquered the Low Countries, and contrived at the same time to quiet the jealousies and disarm the resentments of the people of this part of his dominions. He tranquillized the policy and removed the rivalship of the house of Brandenburgh. The convention of Reichenbach produced a strict alliance between Austria and Prussia, restored the Low Countries to the head of the empire, procured for Frederic William the pompous title of Pacificator of Europe, gave rise to an accommodation between Russia and Sweden, and finally led to the formidable coalition against revolutionary France. Afflicted by the situation of Louis XVI. justly alarmed for the fate of a beloved sister, Leopold, though prepared for war, desired peace. All his negotiations, all his armaments, were merely defensive measures, and that they were not unnecessary, time has proved.

The French rebels, mistaking his pacific disposition for want of energy and means to conduct a war, determined upon hostilities, in which besides was their only safety and their only prospect of succeeding in their anti-social conspiracy. That such was the case, the following extract of a letter from the queen to Leopold II. evinces.* It was dated February 20, 1792.

"How much does it not augment the already too heavy load of my misery, to know that the ruling faction, to preserve and increase its power and influence, is determined upon a war with your majesty, and will soon force me to regard a beloved brother as the foe of an adored husband! But no! though policy may make states enemies, nature, virtue, honour, and consanguinity have united Leopold II. and Louis XVI. in those indissoluble ties of friendship in which poor Maria Antoinette is always included." . . . . "When the trumpet of war has unfortunately sounded, I implore your majesty's, *my brother*'s clemency for these so cruelly misled subjects of my husband. Pray, sire! give strict orders to your commanders to

* Lettres des Femmes Marquantes, pages 30 and 31.

behave

behave to them with all possible humanity, and treat them as victims of seduction, deserving compassion rather than chastisement. Let them forget all my afflictions, all the unjust and ungenerous calamities they have heaped upon me; and only remember that they are the subjects of the best of kings, the best of husbands, of an Austrian arch-duchess, a mother of a young prince destined one day to become their sovereign."

Thus wrote, in confidence, a princess whom Frenchmen accused of an invincible hatred against their nation, and of a disposition equally immoral and unfeeling; whom they led through all the horrors of defamation, humiliations, privations, and captivity, to perish on a scaffold. This stain on the national character, with many others of similar nature, ages will never be able to efface.

The downfal of royalty was now considered as certain by the factious in France; and while the confederates of the infamous Brissot were arranging their plans in secret, and meditating their consummation with all the refinements of treachery and hypocrisy, a more determined band had resolved to begin in blood, and

accomplish their purpose by means of assassination. The worthless Santerre formed a plan to murder the queen, which was to be performed by a grenadier, on the day of the confederation. The project, however, was disclosed and frustrated: the grenadier was apprehended at the foot of the queen's staircase, with a cutlass concealed in the lining of his coat. A justice of the peace, named Maingeot, took the necessary depositions: but the grenadier was rescued by a party of ruffians; Maingeot was massacred on the 10th of August, and his papers seized and delivered to Santerre.*

The growing malignity of faction, the increasing audacity of journalists, the pertinacity and virulence of the petitioners to the National Assembly, and the contempt with which the king and the queen were treated, convinced their majesties that the rebels were now determined to advance a step farther, and, as regicides, plunge their hands into the pure and sacred blood of their sovereigns. "Even," says Montjoye,† "the ungrateful and audacious

* Bertrand's Memoirs, vol. ii. page 342.

† Conjuration de D'Orléans, vol. iii. page 180.

musicians

musicians of the royal chapel took a pleasure in announcing to Louis and Maria Antoinette their approaching fate. One Sunday they dwelt with so much perseverance, with such loud and indecent joy, on the words of the *Magnificat, deposuit, potentes de sede,* (he hath put down the mighty from their seat,) that every one instantly understood that the wretches were celebrating, before hand, the massacre of their sovereigns, by whose bounty they had been supported. The ferocious chant of the musicians, the majesty of the place, the sanctity of the ceremony, the presence of the victims, the indecency of so black an act of ingratitude, all contributed to fill the minds of the audience with sinister forebodings. The king alone shewed himself unaffected; his consort, his sister, and his daughter melted into tears. The queen afterwards declared that no outrage had ever rent her heart more cruelly than that unfortunate *deposuit potentes.*"

On the attack of the palace of the Thuilleries, on that fatal day the 10th of August, 1792, had the advice of the queen been followed, the throne of the French Bourbons might still have been standing. While the royal family

were consulting on the measures most proper to be adopted in the present emergency, the traitor to his king, as well as to his accomplices, Rocderer, entered the chamber, and bluntly exclaiming that no person should interfere between the king and the department of which he was secretary, demanded to speak with their majesties in private. He remonstrated on the danger to which they were exposed, and insisted that defence was useless; and that their only asylum would be in the National Assembly. The queen immediately penetrated into the true meaning of this hypocritical proposal, and indignantly answered, "Nail me to the walls, rather than remove me from the palace." The king, however, afraid of bloodshed, or deluded by the hope that the people at large were not so depraved as either his friends or enemies had represented them, was more disposed to comply; and at length the queen, overcome by solicitations, and urged in the name of her children, whose safety was endangered, reluctantly yielded: "It is the last sacrifice," said her majesty, "and it must be made."

The royal family and their attendants reached

ed the hall of the Assembly without injury, though not without insult. Their arrival was a real victory to the conspirators, but they dissembled their savage exultation till the fate of the day was decided. As soon as they had entered, the king seated himself by the side of the president, and addressed, with his usual dignity and firmness, the Assembly in these words: "I am come hither to prevent a great crime. Among you, gentlemen, I believe myself in safety." Guadet, who sat as president *pro tempore*, replied, "You may rely, sire, on the *firmness* of the National Assembly: its members have sworn to die in defence of the rights of the people, and *of the constituted authorities*." The royal family relied so implicitly on this promise, that the queen expressed her satisfaction to M. D'Hervilly, an officer of the household troops, that the plans for their escape had been rejected. The royal family and their attendants were then crowded into a small box, six feet square, and eight feet high, situated behind the president's chair, and called the *Loge du Logographe*, where the reporters for newspapers were accustomed to sit. They had scarcely taken this station

when the noise of firing was heard, occasioned by the attack on the palace, and the resistance of the Swiss. The king immediately dispatched M. D'Hervilly to order the Swiss to lay down their arms, and repair to the Assembly: but victory soon declared for the numerous and barbarous sans-culottes, and pillage and massacre speedily ensued.

When the conquest of the palace was certain, not only the mob, but some of the deputies, insulted the royal family with the coarsest invectives. One man leaned over the rails of the *Loge du Logographe*, and with his hat on, placing his head near the king's and the queen's, reviled them with every term of abuse which language could supply; and the deputy Chabot took occasion to observe, that all the miseries of the country were owing to the perjuries of that traitor there: illustrating his assertion by pointing at the king. During the whole of the day the king took no refreshment but a peach, and a biscuit, and a glass of water; and the queen nothing but a bason of soup. The royal family at one o'clock were permitted to retire to a small apartment, which belonged to the architect of the Feuillans.

On

On the ensuing days they were placed in the same box as before; and remained the whole day exposed to the heat of the sun, to the insolence of the Assembly and the rabble, and to imminent danger of assassination. This danger was so alarming, that many persons thought the massacre certain; and the king and the ministers pulled up the iron railing which separated them from the Assembly, that they might in a moment take refuge in the hall. Their apprehensions were not derived from slight circumstances, as the Assembly seemed to encourage the mob in their ferocity, and the words *La Morte* (Death) were chalked in large letters over the *Loge du Logographe.* In this situation they remained from Friday the 10th, to Monday the 13th of August, when they were sent to the Temple. Their guards had been changed for fear of seduction, and some of their attendants and friends arrested or dismissed, and others murdered.

The interesting journal of Clery must be read entirely to form an idea of the refinements in ferocity of the gaolers in the Temple; how they added to the misery of the royal family, sometimes by the brutality of their manners, sometimes

sometimes by applying to the king and the queen those gross epithets which are common only in the mouth of the lowest of the vulgar, and sometimes by an insolent and indescribable disregard of decorum in their majesties presence. One day a soldier wrote on the king's chamber door, and that too on the inside, "The guillotine is permanent, and ready for the tyrant Louis XVI.;" another day the wall was covered with indecent scrawls in large letters, as, "Madame Veto, Maria Antoinette shall swing," and "The little wolves must be strangled,"* and other cruel and similar ribaldry.

Rebels in power are the most suspicious of tyrants. Indebted to treachery for their authority, every one who is not their accomplice or slave is regarded by them as a traitor, and suspected as a conspirator. The most indifferent word, the most insignificant act, create alarm in bosoms tormented by fear and pursued by remorse. With the royal captives they evinced suspicions and whims the most extravagant, that would have been ridiculous, had they not been

* Clery's Journal, page 59.

brutal

brutal and troublesome. One ordered some macaroons to be broken, to see if there was no letter concealed in them; another, on the same pretence, had some peaches cut before him, and the stones cracked; a third compelled Clery one day to drink the essence of soap prepared for shaving the king, affecting to apprehend it was poison. After dinner and supper, Madame Elisabeth used to give Clery a gold-bladed knife to clean, which the municipal officer would often snatch out of his hand, to examine if he had not slipped some paper into the sheath. Madame Elisabeth having commanded Clery to send a book of devotion to the duchess of Serant, the municipal officers cut off the margins, for fear any thing should have been written upon them with a secret ink. One of them one day forbad Clery going up to the queen to dress her hair: her majesty was to come down to the king's apartment, and to bring her powder and combs herself. Another would follow her into Madame Elisabeth's chamber to see her change her clothes: Clery represented to him the indecency of such behaviour, but he persisted, and her majesty was obliged to give up dressing and leave the

the room. When the linen was brought from the wash, the officers made Clery unfold it, article by article, and examined it always by daylight. The washerwoman's book, and every paper used for packing were held to the fire, to ascertain whether there were not any secret writing upon them. The linen, after being worn by the king, queen, princes, and princesses, was in like manner examined before it was given out.

The fear of suicide was carried to an extent equally tyrannical: no allowance was made for the king's religious sentiments, which his enemies could not appreciate. Orders were given that the king's razors, the knives, and scissars of the family, and all other instruments, *coutoudant, tranchant, et piquant*, should be removed. This order was executed with the most rigid exactness, and extended even to the irons with which they turned their hair. The king was affected with this insult, and indignantly asked the commissioners, "Do you think me such a coward as to kill myself?" The queen derided the minuteness of these orders, and expressed her indignation by sarcasms. When they read the words of the order,

order, *coutoudant, tranchant, et piquant,* she said, "They had better have taken away our needles also!" At another time, happening to raise the hand in which she held her knife at dinner towards her breast, the commissioners seemed alarmed as if she intended to destroy herself: which the queen observing, said, "No, sir, I reserve that honour for the French nation!"*

After the regicides of the National Convention had condemned their virtuous king to the death of a malefactor, and his majesty had demanded Abbé Edgeworth for a christian consoler and confessor; this worthy priest was introduced to his sovereign. The sight of the king's serene dignity, contrasted with the haggard and villainous looks of the wretches who surrounded him, affected the good abbé in the highest degree. The king made a motion, expressive of his wish to be left alone with the confessor. As soon as the room was cleared, the abbé fell on his knees, kissed his majesty's hand, and bathed it with tears. The king was penetrated with this mark of respect and loy-

* Moore's Journal, vol. ii. page 496.

alty,

alty, which drew tears from him also. "Excuse me, Mr. Edgeworth," he said, "none but the most unrelenting of men have been allowed to approach me of late; my eyes are accustomed to them, but the sight of a man of humanity, a faithful subject, affects my whole soul, and melts me as you see."

The king having regained his serenity, led the abbé into his closet, and read twice over the will he had composed, with a firm voice and proper emphasis, except at those places where mention is made of the queen, his children, and sister. He then conversed on various topics, inquired after many of his friends, forgave and pitied his enemies, particularly the Duke of Orleans, and deplored the fate of his deluded subjects. His whole conversation breathed the most sublime and heroic sentiments, and evinced a mind naturally great, enlarged and fortified by a true sense of religion.

When he had finished conversing, he rose to make his last visit to his family, saying, "that would be his severest trial, but when it was over, he should fix his mind solely on what concerned his salvation."

Leaving Edgeworth in his closet, the king repaired

repaired to the apartment where his family were already assembled. This room was only separated by a glass door from one, where the two commissioners were constantly on duty, and who, consequently, could hear all that passed. The interview lasted more than an hour. The conception of man can hardly depict a scene more awful and more affecting than was realised on this occasion. The king entered the room with calmness; and, as he was alone, freed from his guards, his wife, sister, and children, enjoyed a momentary hope that a brighter day was going to arise. They were soon undeceived. The silence of the king, his embraces, the tears which his efforts could no longer restrain, produced cries of despair, which were heard beyond the precincts of the Temple. Though affected at different times beyond the power of expression, the king retained his presence of mind. When it became necessary to separate, he had occasion for some exertions to tear himself away from their last passionate embraces, from their convulsive restraints. He gave them hopes of another meeting, but his last expressive look contradicted his words. His wife and sister fell

fell senseless; his daughter, agitated by various emotions, was in a state, which, for a time, precluded the hope of recovery. The dauphin, then only seven years old, ran after him, his voice lost in sobs, rapidly traversed the outer apartment, descended the stairs, without any one being able to stop him, and reached the court-yard of the Temple. He addressed the guards in the most pitiful terms of supplication, his hands clasped, and throwing himself on his knees. "Let me pass, gentlemen! let me pass! I want to speak to the people to intreat them not to kill my papa, the king. Ah! let me pass, gentlemen; in the name of God, do not hinder me!" His intreaties were vain, and he was compelled to return.*

When the king quitted the queen, on the day of their last interview, all comfort fled from her for ever. She displayed the most poignant grief, and her screams were heard at intervals during the whole night.† The next day brought her the melancholy confirmation of all her apprehensions. On the 21th of Ja-

* Necker on the Revolution, vol. i. page 106.

† Moore's Journal, vol. ii. page 596.

nuary,

nuary, 1793, being a little recollected, her majesty's first act of widowhood proved her great sensibility, and shewed to what an abject state of degradation she was brought. She was obliged to petition the commissioners on duty at the Temple, for mourning for herself and family. This request was referred to the National Convention, together with another, that Clery might be permitted to attend her son. The Convention granted the first, but adjourned the consideration of the other demand, and it was never renewed.

Louis XVI. after his condemnation, recommended to his assassins of the National Convention, to take into consideration the fate of his family, and permit them to retire whithersoever they pleased: upon which it was decreed—"The National Convention authorizes the Executive Council to reply to Louis, that the French nation, *great in its beneficence as it is rigorous in its justice*, will *take care* of his family, and provide for a *suitable* fate."* This is not a sarcasm on the injustice, meanness,

* Moore's Journal, vol. ii. page 591. Necker on the Revolution, vol. ii. page 88.

and

and cowardly cruelty of the regicide representatives of the Great Nation, but a precise quotation of the very words of their decree. It will soon be seen in what manner they exercised their *greatness* and *beneficence*. Their first step was to order, on the first of July, in a most inhuman manner, the separation of the young prince from his surviving parent, and to place him under the care of one Simon, a cobbler, who was invested with the charge of his *education*, or rather, a brute himself, to brutalise the mind, and vilify the rank of the tender offspring of so many kings. The agony and distress of the unhappy queen on this occasion, every affectionate parent can conceive, but no pen can describe.

On the first of August, the account of the surrender of Valenciennes arrived at Paris. To amuse the public mind, and divert their attention from the unprosperous affairs of the republic, the consequence of their perverse administration, the revolutionary rulers directed the attention of the people to the miserable wrecks of royalty. Barrere, Buonaparte's member of the legion of *honour*, presented on that day a long report to the Convention, which he closed with two decrees, consisting of thirty articles.

articles. They directed, "that Maria Antoinette should be referred to the revolutionary tribunal, and instantly removed to the prison of the Conciergerie:" and, "That the expence of the two children of Louis Capet should be reduced to what is necessary to *keep* and *feed* two individuals." In the night, when this decree had passed, two municipal officers repaired to the Temple to announce and execute it. The queen they found not sleeping but crying, and insisted on her rising. It was with much difficulty that, at her majesty's request, they would withdraw while she dressed herself. They then, in the most indecent manner, searched her person and her pockets, and, deaf to her intreaties, took away all their contents. The principal object of her supplication was a pocket-book given her by the king, which she vainly desired to preserve. After long resistance she obtained permission to carry with her a small parcel containing a change of linen. She took a last and afflicting farewel of her daughter and the princess Elisabeth, who were bathed in their tears, and displayed the greatest sensibility and affection. She was refused the consolation of seeing her son; but preserving

serving an unabated fortitude, she descended into the court-yard, where a hackney-coach was waiting to remove her, with her bundle under her arm. One of the officers tendered his hand to help her into the carriage, but she refused his assistance.

The Conciergerie, during the old government, was a prison for the worst of malefactors, with whom it was shared, under the revolutionary government, by those that were arrested as suspected, or had been condemned by the dreadful tribunal, and were awaiting the execution of their sentence. Its cells are all subterraneous; over them, in what is called *Le Palais*, are shops and walks, where the gaiety and profusion of all comers mark, in strong colours, the contrasted woe and penury of the unfortunate prisoners. Four wickets, at small distances from each other, secured the entrance to this horrible prison, each guarded by wretches taken from the dregs of vulgar brutality, disgusting from vice, filth, and inebriety.

On the queen's arrival at this dreadful abode of wretchedness and crime, the barking of two mastiffs threw her into convulsions, from which

which she did not recover until the morning. Her dungeon, under ground, was only eight feet square, miserably furnished with a hard straw bed, and very thin coverings: her diet, soup and boiled stinking meat.* Soon after her removal to this prison, she applied to the municipality for a few necessaries, which were brutally refused: the reason assigned was, that to grant them was against *la saint egalite.*† Her beauty was quite gone; and her appearance now indicated that grief and agitation had brought her to a premature old age.‡ The administrators of the police, to gratify a barbarous curiosity, and their own scandalous avarice, daily introduced to her dungeon a herd of spectators to gaze on the ruins of degraded royalty.

She passed in this terrible manner ten weeks, before the end of her sufferings approached. At last, on the 8th of October, Billaud de Varennes made a motion that she should im-

* Proceedings and reports in the Convention.]

† Residence in France, edited by J. Gifford, Esq. vol. i. p. 387.

‡ It is reported, that in one night, that succeeding the murder of Louis XVI the queen's hair turned grey. Recueil d'Aneedotes, p. 3.

mediately be put on her trial, and Fouquier Tinville, the public accuser, drew up the act of accusation. This composition of absurd allegations, supported by abusive epithets and outrageous calumnies, extended to all the events of her life, prior and subsequent to the revolution, and by implication even to some acts previous to her arrival in France. This flagitious farrago being read to her before the revolutionary tribunal, she was interrogated and cross-examined respecting the facts alleged. She evinced in her examination the utmost firmness and dignity, not only answering the questions with force and precision, but frequently retorting the accusation on her judges. Official defenders were then assigned, merely *pro forma*, and on the 15th of October she was brought before the bloody mock tribunal, and witnesses called in support of the various charges. Most of these were brought from the prisons, and knew that their only means of escaping the charge of being accomplices, was their making such depositions as would support the act of accusation. Some therefore swore to conversations with third persons, which were denied by the persons said to have held them, or so totally improbable

probable as not to merit the slightest attention. The official defenders, trembling for their own lives, did not make a single observation in behalf of their client, or offer any objection to these shameful proceedings.

The heroism of the queen's conduct on this dreadful occasion was equalled by her great presence of mind. During the first hours of the trial, she played with her fingers on the back of a chair, as if it had been a piano-forte. She was frequently obliged to answer questions put to her, arising from the assertions of the witnesses, and to make observations on their perversions and absurdities. Great calmness and sagacity accompanied her answers, and she frequently gave instances of that forcible and laconic style suited to insulted majesty. When reproached, "that it was she who taught Louis Capet that art of profound dissimulation by which he had *too long* deceived the *kind* French nation, who did not suppose that perfidy and villainy could be carried to such a degree!" she answered—"Yes; the people have been deceived, cruelly deceived! but neither by me nor my husband!" "By whom then?" asked the assassin who presided as a

judge, "has the people been deceived?" "By those," replied the courageous queen, "who felt it their interest; *but it never was ours.*"*

One instance, though well known and generally repeated, is so indicative of the infamy of the tribunal, and of the magnanimity, judgment, and sensibility of the royal captive, that it ought not to be omitted. In the act of accusation was a charge in these words: "That the widow Capet in every respect immoral, and a *new Agrippina*, is so dissolute, and so familiar with all crimes, that, forgetting her quality of mother, and the limits prescribed by the law of nature, she has not hesitated to prostitute herself to Louis Charles Capet her son; and, according to the confession of the latter, she has committed indecencies with him, the very idea and name of which strike the soul with horror."† This abominable charge was not touched on in her interrogatory, but on her trial, Hebert (the judge assassin of the princess Lamballe) deposed to a conversation between himself and Simon, in which the latter had re-

* Jordan's Political State of Europe, vol. v. p. 153.

† Ib. vol. v. p. 150.

lated

her brother, the emperor. These, with her supposed liberality in presents to her favourites, were, even in an early part of her reign, topics upon which malice, envy, and disappointment often dwelt. The falsity of this charge is obvious. The queen, immediately after her husband's ascension to the throne, entered into his patriotic views, by exercising a strict economy in her own establishment, and suppressed places to the amount of nine hundred thousand livres (40,000*l.*) a year.* Her private expences were far inferior to those of Madame du Barry, the mistress of Louis XV.; and her whole donations did not equal what Louis XIV. allowed to one of his several mistresses, Mademoiselle de Fontanges, who had three hundred thousand livres (12,500*l.*) a month. It was impossible that she should have drawn money from the treasury to remit to her brother, as such a transaction must necessarily have been known to a great number of persons, and entries must have been made in various forms, which would have ascertained the fact. Yet when the most strict scrutinies

* Anecdotes, &c. vol. i. page 133.

dent, summed up the pretended evidence, or rather made a speech from his own invention, replete with the calumnies advanced in the act of accusation, of which no legitimate or relevant proof had been adduced.* The jury retired for about an hour, and then returned, affirming all the charges. The queen was then brought in, and heard the verdict read. Fouquier moved for sentence of death on two articles of a revolutionary penal code, framed not only since the pretended facts were alleged to have taken place, but *since the queen had been imprisoned.* She was asked if she had any objections to make to the sentence; but, conscious of having defended herself rather with a view to manifest innocence than to avoid condemnation, she bowed in token of submission. Her official defenders declined making any opposition; and the president, having collected the suffrages of his colleagues, pronounced sentence of death, and immediate execution.

It was half past four o'clock in the morning, on the 16th of October, 1793, when the queen

* Both Herman and Fouquier Tinville were ten months afterwards executed as accomplices of Robespierre.

was

was remanded to prison, and put into the cell allotted to condemned criminals. At five the *generale*, or alarm drum was beat. At seven the whole armed force was drawn out, and cannon placed on the bridges and in the squares. At half past eleven the queen was placed in a tumbril, or dung-cart, with her back to the horses, a mode of conveyance which, in the old system, was reckoned peculiarly infamous. She was dressed in a white waistcoat with sleeves, and a white cap, both discoloured with smoke from the lamp of her dungeon, and disgracefully shabby: her neck and shoulders bare, and her hands tied behind her. By her side was seated the curate of St. Laudrey, (a constitutional priest, with whom she would not communicate) and the executioner. She maintained her wonted firmness and courage, and smiled with a contemptuous dignity at the exclamations of a hired and sanguinary rabble. When she ascended the scaffold she looked towards the garden of the Thuilleries with some appearance of agitation. The executioner performed his office. Her head was displayed to the multitude; her corpse was interred, like that

of her husband, in the church-yard of La Madelaine, and the grave filled up with quick-lime.*

Thus perished, in the thirty-eighth year of her age, Maria Antoinette Josephe Jeanne, queen of France and Navarre, arch-duchess of Austria, sister and daughter of so many emperors, empresses, kings and queens. She was sacrificed to the inhospitable rage, and ferocious character of revolutionary Frenchmen; and is the first queen in the annals of civilized Europe, who, after seeing her husband led to death by his revolted subjects, has ascended the same scaffold, to be butchered by the hands of the same regicides. In perusing the particulars of her tormented life and ignominious death, one is apt to believe oneself transported into the forests of America among the most cruel hordes of wandering Indians, did not the sufferings inflicted on her by *civilized* Frenchmen surpass in atrocity every thing read or heard of the barbarities of *uncivilized* savages,

* See Procés des Bourbons, vol. iii.

In

In the so extensive and general system of calumny against this unfortunate princess, are numerous assertions and accusations of matrimonial infidelity. Every courtier of figure, and every traveller of consequence, the envious and malignant ranked among her favourites, and every favourite they reported to be a lover. It might be supposed, from the number of instances adduced, that some proof would in the course of the revolution have come to light. But even on her trial, though the fact was alleged in the most indecent terms, the proof was not attempted. An adultress does not endure with resignation for years dangers, misery, and captivity, with a husband she has betrayed, and therefore cannot love; nor can a husband, if ever so weak, have any affection or confidence in a wife of whose infidelity he is convinced. A guilty woman is prevented, by the pangs of her own conscience, in trying situations from fulfilling with fidelity and courage the duties of a wife and mother; and to such most trying, alarming, and painful circumstances as those during which Maria Antoinette shewed her heroism and virtue, no wife, no mother before, and

probably never hereafter, will be exposed. After his return to Abbé Edgeworth from his last interview with his queen and family, Louis XVI. said, "*Alas! why do I love with so much tenderness, and wherefore am I so tenderly beloved?*" These words were the last mention made of his wife, children, and sister, by a royal saint preparing for martyrdom. The queen, when the scaffold was waiting for her, already with one foot in the grave, and within some few hours certain to appear before her heavenly judge, when pleading for her fame, dearer to her than life, used a remarkable declaration, convincing from its genuine appearance of candour and virtuous defiance. Speaking of Trianon, the supposed seat of her voluptuous revels, she said, "I wish more than any one *that every thing, which took place there, may be made public.*"* Such is not the language of corruption and wickedness when on the borders of eternity.

Another charge, advanced by her infamous enemies, is dilapidation of the finances by her private expences, and by large remittances to

* Jordan's Political State of Europe, vol. v. page 184.

her

her brother, the emperor. These, with her supposed liberality in presents to her favourites, were, even in an early part of her reign, topics upon which malice, envy, and disappointment often dwelt. The falsity of this charge is obvious. The queen, immediately after her husband's ascension to the throne, entered into his patriotic views, by exercising a strict economy in her own establishment, and suppressed places to the amount of nine hundred thousand livres (40,000*l.*) a year.* Her private expences were far inferior to those of Madame du Barry, the mistress of Louis XV.; and her whole donations did not equal what Louis XIV. allowed to one of his several mistresses, Mademoiselle de Fontanges, who had three hundred thousand livres (12,500*l.*) a month. It was impossible that she should have drawn money from the treasury to remit to her brother, as such a transaction must necessarily have been known to a great number of persons, and entries must have been made in various forms, which would have ascertained the fact. Yet when the most strict scrutinies

* Anecdotes, &c vol i. page 153.

were afterwards made, when wealth, honour, and applause would have been the meed of discovery, no such transaction was disclosed; nor could the hardiness of those who, by the aid of forgery, affected to supply such documents as truth did not afford, ever venture to bring forward the slightest written proof on the subject.*

As many of the French rebels who invented or disseminated these and other absurd calumnies against the queen and the Bourbons, and who made economy one of their causes and inducements of rebellion, are now the quiet slaves of a Napoleon Buonaparte, a short account of his own, and his wife's, mother's, brothers', and sisters' expences and wealth, will show what France has gained by wading through rivers of blood to constitute herself into an empire of a Corsican sans-culotte tyrant. The whole is extracted from a continental publication.†

* Anecdotes, vol. i. page 276.

† Les Depenses et les Richesses des Francois Revolutionnaires et parvenues. Neuenburgh, 1805, vol. i. page 20 et seq. In a note it is said that the Museum Josephine alone cost two millions (84,000*l*).

"When

"When Napoleon Buonaparte, in November 1799, usurped the consulate of the French republic, of all the booty he had seized in Italy and Egypt, when his debts were paid, fifteen hundred livres (4,000*l.*) only remained, which were employed to buy over Augereau, Bernadotte, Fouché, and other partisans. His wife had nothing, his mother nothing, his brothers nothing, his sisters (with the exception of the princess Santa Cruce) all—all had nothing.

"When Pius VII. on the 2d of December 1804, crowned Napoleon the First, and dethroned religion, the following were stated to be the value of the past expences, and real riches of the different members of the Buonaparte family:

"Napoleon Buonaparte has expended, since a first consul, twenty-four millions of livres per year (1,000,000*l.*), making five years expences amount to one hundred and twenty millions of livres (5,000,000*l.*). His personal property, in foreign and French funds, in landed property in France and abroad, in diamonds, &c. exceeds the enormous amount of five hundred millions of livres (22,000,000*l.*); not to mention

mention that he is master of all the wealth of France, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, and Holland; and may, should ambition, interest, caprice, or cruelty induce him, whenever he chuses, command the last shilling of the last inhabitant of those states.

"Madame Napoleon Buonaparte has, during the five years of her husband's consulate, expended six millions in the year (250,000*l.*); making in the whole thirty millions of livres (1,250,000*l.*). She is indebted nine millions of livres, which she never intends to pay; and has property in foreign and French funds, in estates in France and abroad, in diamonds and plate, to the amount of forty-four millions of livres (1,866,000*l.*).

"Madame Buonaparte, the mother, lived by charity in 1799; has since expended, during five years of her son's consulate, ten millions of livres (420,000*l.*) or two millions per year; is worth now, in landed and funded property in France and abroad, eighteen millions of livres (750,000*l.*), besides diamonds, relics, and plate, valued at two millions more (84,000*l.*).

"Joseph

"Joseph Buonaparte was indebted in 1799 twelve hundred thousand livres (50,000*l.*); has since expended two millions five hundred thousand livres per year (106,000*l.*); making in the whole twelve millions five hundred thousand livres (530,000*l.*); is worth in landed and funded property abroad and in France, in diamonds, &c. fifty-four millions of livres, (2,250,000*l.*).

"Lucien Buonaparte was in 1799 three millions of livres (130,000*l.*) in debt; has since expended four millions of livres (160,000*l*) per year; is worth, in funded and landed property abroad and in France, in diamonds, in plate, and pictures, sixty-six millions of livres (2,750,000*l.*).

"Louis Buonaparte had in 1799 neither credit, debt, nor property; has since expended three millions of livres per year (130,000*l*); and possesses now with his wife, the beloved step-daughter of Napoleon, in landed and funded property in France and abroad, in diamonds, plate, &c. seventy-two millions of livres (3,000,000*l.*).

Jerome Buonaparte had in 1799 no other property, but the clothes on his back; has since

since expended one million of livres per year (42,000*l.*); is worth fifteen millions of livres (630,000*l.*), deposited in his name in the public funds, or laid out in estates bought up in his name in France, or in foreign countries.

"Madame Bachiocchi, now princess of Piombino, and her husband, had in 1799 scarcely clothes to wear, or credit to procure any. This *imperial* couple have since expended one million five hundred thousand livres per year (63,000*l*); possess now in funded and landed property, not including the principality of Piombino and the republic of Lucca, in France and abroad, in diamonds, &c. thirty millions of livres (1,250,000*l.*).

"The princess Santa Cruce had, by her husband, in 1799, an income of thirty thousand livres (1,250*l.*); was in debt one million five hundred thousand livres (63,000*l.*); has since spent one million two hundred thousand livres per year (50,000*l.*); is now worth, in her private landed and funded property in France and abroad, no more than six millions of livres (250,000*l.*), *because she is in disgrace.*

"The

"The princess of Borghese, in 1799, was truly a female citizen *sans chemise*; has since expended three millions per year (130,000*l*); and is now worth, in landed and funded property in France and abroad, in diamonds, &c. forty-eight millions of livres (2,000,000*l*.) of which sum thirty millions of livres (1,250,000*l*.) had been plundered by her former husband, general Le Clerc, during his command in St. Domingo.

"Madame Murat was, in 1799, in the same state as her sister, the princess of Borghese; has since expended two millions four hundred thousand livres per year (100,000*l*.), and is now *individually* worth, as the sister of Napoleon, twenty millions of livres (840,000*l*.), and as the wife of general Murat, twelve millions of livres (500,000*l*.) plundered by him in Egypt and Italy: all these sums are laid out in landed or funded property abroad or in France, or in diamonds, plate, &c.

"OUR UNCLE, cardinal Fesh, brother-in-law of madame Lætitia Buonaparte, the mother, had in 1799, for his *whole* and *sole* property, a breviary presented him by his sister, which

which he could scarcely read. Has since spent one million of livres per year (42,000*l.*); has at present property in estates and in public funds in France and abroad, to the amount of eighteen millions of livres (750,000*l.*) not including the expectation of the sovereignty of the ecclesiastical states and the papal throne, *in petto*.

"Should the imperial Corsican family proceed in gathering wealth in the same manner, and in the same proportion, for twenty-five years to come, all the funded and landed property of the European continent will become the patrimony of their descendants."

Such is the *generous* disinterestedness, such the *patriotic* economy of revolutionary sans-culotte rulers! This is what France has gained by listening to innovators, by confiding in *regenerators*, by *advancing* towards prosperity, by insurrection, by rebellion, by licentiousness, and by anarchy; by sacrilegious murders of the best of kings and most amiable of queens; by the butchery of millions of human victims. Overloaded by taxes, overwhelmed by oppression;

sion; debased by crimes, degraded in her own opinion as well as in that of the world, her misery excites no compassion, while her abject slavery inspires a merited contempt!!!

The expences of Josephine Buonaparte, during the five first years of her husband's usurpation, exceeded by six millions of livres (250,000*l.*) the total of the expences of which Maria Antoinette has been charged by her enemies, of having squandered during the eighteen years' reign of her royal consort, Louis XVI.* The court of Louis XIV. and even those of the regent and of Louis XV. were parsimonious, compared to that of Napoleon Buonaparte.

Envy and audacity have not dared to deny the charms of the unfortunate Maria Antoinette, though they have dared to make them the foundation of the most absurd and gross calumnies. Of her manners and person, friendship has given the following faint and modest sketch: "Nature had formed Maria Antoinette to sit on a throne. A majestic height, a dignified beauty, a manner of holding her head which is difficult to describe, combined to inspire respect. On those days which were set

* Les Depenses et les Richesses, &c. vol. i. p. 2.

apart

apart to receive the homage of the court, she appeared queen of the universe. Her features, without being regular, were full of charms; they were embellished by her complexion, which spread over her face a dazzling brilliancy. The most engaging manners accompanied those charms. Nobody knew the art of obliging like this princess. The most unimportant favour conferred by her, became doubly valuable, and penetrated the mind with the most lively gratitude, from the winning graces with which it was accompanied."* Add to it that she evinced herself equally great in her dungeon of the Conciergerie, as in the superb apartments of her palace at Versailles; and that she appeared with as much native dignity before her assassins of the revolutionary tribunal, as before her courtiers in her drawing-room. It is difficult to reign with splendour; but, after reigning, it is more difficult to encounter an untimely death with firmness and resignation. Maria Antoinette was as much a queen when bleeding on the scaffold, as when shining on the throne!!!

* Memoires de la Duchesse de Polignac, par la Comtesse Diane de Polignac, page 7.

THE

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

Gallorum fraus nobis bene cognita.
We are well acquainted with Gallic fraternity.

TACITUS.

LOUISA Maria Theresa, queen of Spain, was born a princess of Parma on the 9th of December, 1751; she was married to his present Spanish majesty, Charles IV. on the 4th of September, 1765, and is the mother of three sons and three daughters. Had her royal consort the character of his ancestor, Louis XIV. his people would have been happy, and the independence of his kingdom respected; he would not then have suffered himself to be ruled by a weak princess, governed in her turn by a still weaker favourite, that imbecile upstart, the Prince of Peace, whose pernicious influence has brought disgrace on his sovereign, and ruin on his fellow-subjects. As this personage is by the impolitic partiality of the queen become of great consequence

consequence in the actual concerns of Europe, some particulars respecting his origin, the progress, and the causes of his advancement, must necessarily find a proper place in this sketch.

Don Manuel Godoy de Alvarez, prince of peace, was born on the 8th of March, 1767, at Badajoz, in the province of Estremadura, of very obscure parents. Early in life he was sent to Madrid with his elder brother Louis, to serve in the king's life guards as common soldiers, his family not having sufficient means to support them as cadets in the army. Don Manuel remained in the guards in obscurity until his brother's banishment, which took place in consequence of information received by the late king, inducing a suspicion that the queen, then princess of Asturias, was particularly attached to him. So much was Charles III. alarmed by the intelligence, that he ordered Louis to be exiled from Madrid for life, and he was allowed but two hours to prepare for his departure. He was strictly enjoined never to approach within twenty-five leagues of the court. He obtained, however, a company of the provincial militia in the place of

of his birth, with a cross of the military order of Alcantara. During his exile, which continued until the king's death in 1788, Louis had many valuable presents sent him by the princess of Asturias. These presents were conveyed to him by Manuel, who was introduced to the princess by the duchess of Alva, under pretence of hearing him play, and accompany on the guitar, which he did, as the Spaniards term it, *con gracia*. On the death of Charles III. the same courier who brought this news into the district where he resided, also brought him his pardon, with the commission of a colonel in the life-guards, and orders to repair to Madrid without delay.

Almost immediately after the return of Louis, the elevation of Manuel commenced. A new appointment was created for him, that of adjutant-general of the life-guards, with the rank of a major-general in the army. He had not held that situation long, when he was raised to the rank of a lieutenant-general, and created a grandee of Spain of the first class, under the title of duke of Alcadia, the king granting him the royal domains of Alcadia, together with the revenues of the most valuable of the four military

military orders. His power soon became so considerable, that the proudest grandees found it necessary to solicit his influence to obtain even ordinary favours from the court. Even the grand council of Castile, with the *philosopher* and *patriot* Count D'Aranda at its head, could make no stand against him. At the commencement of the war with the regicides of France in 1793, the pusillanimous opinion of the council of Castile was in favour of defensive operations; that the several passes of the Pyrennean mountains should be strongly guarded, and the army considerably augmented, before a thought should be entertained of sending any force into the French territory. But the Duke of Alcadia thought otherwise, and his opinion prevailed. The council of Castile was dissolved for presuming to resist it, and Count D'Aranda was banished to Saragossa.

The war with France had, from its beginning, been badly conducted by Spain, and the critical situation of that country, in the year 1795, compelled the duke of Alcadia to change his plan, and to think only of the means of repairing the injury the nation had sustained through

through his rashness and folly. A peace was called for by the people, as they seemed to believe that it would heal all their wounds. Peace, upon any terms, appeared to the superficial mind of the duke of Alcadia the best expedient that could be adopted. He, therefore, precipitately concluded a treaty with regicide France equally disadvantageous and dishonourable. It left the Spanish monarchy at the mercy of the French republic, with a territory abridged, her resources considerably diminished, her army almost broken down, and her spirit nearly exhausted. The popular joy and gratitude, however, was extreme; and the king, instead of punishing an ignorant and presumptuous minister, conferred upon the peace-maker the title of Prince of Peace!

The differences with Portugal in 1801 afforded him a *safe* opportunity to indulge his new-born ambition for military honours and exploits. Accordingly, at the commencement of the campaign, he *boldly* took the command, well informed that the Portuguese had no means of resistance against the forces with which they were assailed by France and Spain at the same time. This generalissimo had

envy at his elevation, or whose fidelity he doubted. Those he could not or dared not dismiss or disgrace, he removed by advancement into distant provinces, or sent them with liberal pensions to reside in the country. He observed the same conduct with regard to the offices of the ministers of state; where the most inferior clerks, messengers and attendants, as well as the chief secretaries, all are indebted to him for their places. Such is his jealousy and precaution, that nobody is admitted to the presence of their Spanish majesties, who has not previously asked and received his approbation and consent. Like all other ignorant people he is governed by prejudices, and tormented by illiberal and superstitious notions. Every body who is not a born Spaniard he despises; and those who are not members of the church of Rome, he hates under pretence of pitying them. He thinks that all valour, honour, and virtue, on the other side of the Pyrennean mountains are artificial, and that all religion, not acknowledging a Roman pontiff for its visible chief, and the vicar of Christ upon earth, is not only condemnable and dangerous, but false. He makes no distinction between the faith

faith of the Protestant, or the creed of the Mussulman. In his opinion they are both infidels, and as such, undeserving confidence in this world, and certain of damnation in the next.

The confessor of the king and of the queen is also the confessor of the Prince of Peace; who generally every Saturday (but never less than twice a month) eases the burden of his mind before the reverend father, and receives his absolution. All persons who desire to continue in his good graces, must imitate his devout example.

His nurse, on whom he bestows a pension of four thousand dollars, resides with him at Madrid, as well as in the royal palaces in the country. Her sole occupation is to interpret his dreams, she having, when he was a baby, from one of hers, predicted that he should become a *great* man! His first occupation every morning is to write down what he has dreamt in the night, and to give it to her, that he may have an explication before he goes to bed again. In his day dreams, during his naps after dinner, in the afternoon, he has no confidence, nor she any power to comprehend them. He is so j

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lous of this her precious talent, that he was near turning her off for having once gratified the curiosity of the Princess of Peace on this interesting subject.

His annual revenue, from his numerous places and pensions, and from the many estates given him by royal bounty, amounts to five hundred and fifty thousand dollars, about 125,000*l*. But as he is the master of the royal treasury, no other boundary is set to his expences or cupidity, but his own discretion. He is supposed to have placed several considerable sums in the public funds of England, France, and Holland, in his own name, or in that of his wife. This lady is a daughter of an uncle of the king, whose marriage with a subject was regarded as a *mésalliance*, and never confirmed by the late or present king. So great, however, is his authority, that she is now admitted at court with all the honours and distinctions due to a princess of the blood.*

Such are some of the traits and particulars of a person, who, by his shameful power over the queen, has reduced the Spanish monarchy

* See Le Voyageur Italien. Palermo, 1804, vol. iii. p. 43, et seq.

to

to a tributary state of France. By his dangerous incapacity and impolitic conduct, the throne of Madrid is suspended between a revolution daily dreaded, and the burden of a disgraceful war, which has neither object nor motive; in which success would hasten the ruin of the king, and in which every defeat deserves to be celebrated with a *Te Deum*. Thanks to the Prince of Peace, it is in this deceitful position, it is in the arms of the assassins of his family, that the king of Spain drags his existence, a prey to the perturbation of his mind, the ignorance and indecisions of his ministers, the complaints, the misery of his subjects; to anxiety for the present, and to terror for the future. Slumbering beneath a roof of poignards, this monarch, bound by the ties of an unnatural alliance, can neither break them, nor suffer them to remain unbroken without danger: can neither make peace nor support war. His allies are his scourges, his enemies are his protectors. He would cease to be a king were the English to cease being victorious. Long ago would Buonaparte and Talleyrand have struck off the king of Spain from among the number of crowned heads; long ago would

their regicide and liberticide politics have disposed of the states of this monarch, had not the imposing force of Great Britain, the fear of a new coalition, and the temporary necessity of recurring to artifices, postponed this event.

The weakness of the queen of Spain, in the choice of her favourite, is the only error with which she is reproached. She is an affectionate wife, a tender mother, a faithful friend, and a generous and good sovereign. Not entirely free from the Italian superstition imbibed in her youth, nor from the Spanish bigotry, which a long residence in Spain has almost naturalized; she is, however, tolerant and endearing, more so than either her royal consort or her princely favourite. That her liberal principles and sound judgment have restrained the inhuman authority, and cruel and persecuting spirit, of the so much dreaded Spanish inquisition, suspended if not abolished its judicial murders, is reported in Spain, and believed in most other countries. The fanatics at Rome alone do the Prince of Peace the honour of accusing him of impiety for this act, not of philanthropy but of justice.*

* See Le Voyageur Italien. Palermo, 1804, vol. iii. p. 66.

Of

Of the French Bourbons, the Prince of Conti and the duchess dowager of Orleans are the only persons who reside in Spain, and they lead lives of retirement, of obscurity, and devotion. They, as well as the other members of the proscribed Bourbons, have experienced but little from the generosity, and less from the attention, of their royal relatives in Spain. Except Louis XVIII. who has an annuity of one hundred thousand dollars from Charles IV. no Bourbon prince receives any pension from his Spanish majesty, nor any presents from his queen. This cannot be ascribed to want of feeling or liberality in this princess, but to the littleness of mind of the Prince of Peace; to his avarice, and fear of incurring the displeasure of Buonaparte, or rather of diminishing the number of the queen's *douceurs* to himself.

Madame Napoleone Buonaparte has insulted the queen of Spain, as well as most other continental princesses, with her letters and presents. To the former no written answer has been sent; her Spanish majesty not writing French, and Madame Buonaparte not reading or understanding Spanish. The refusal of the

presents might have been regarded as a declaration of war; they were therefore accepted, but laid up, to remain *untouched*; and may one day in the museum at Madrid be shown as a curious monument of the upstart and revolutionary audacity of the first years of the nineteenth century. These presents, consisting of a Brussels lace gown and veil, and an elegantly embroidered silk gown of the Lyons manufactory, have been estimated by brokers, and their full value returned in a diamond necklace, presented to Madame Buonaparte by the Spanish ambassador Gravina on his first audience.*

Both when at Madrid, and in the royal palaces in the provinces, the king and queen always sleep in the same room in different beds, and often the Prince of Peace obtains the honour of having his bed placed by the side or between the beds of his royal master and mistress. During the journey to the frontiers of the kingdom in 1796, where the king and queen went to meet their daughter and son-in-law, the princess and prince of Brazils, the bed

* See Le Voyageur Italien, vol. iii. p. 96.

of

of the Prince of Peace was every night, in every house where they rested, placed between those of his royal sovereigns, having the queen on his right and the king on his left hand. From the known religious and moral sentiments of the royal couple, and their mutual affection and regard, what in other countries would have excited ridicule, if not scandal, was in Spain merely considered as a proof of their reciprocal confidence and friendship for their favourite.*

The Prince of Peace, though the real, is no longer the nominal prime minister of Spain. In critical affairs, or when transactions of great consequence are upon the eve of being decided, he however always condescends to entertain foreign ambassadors with his dulness,

* Le Voyageur Italien, vol. iii. p. 125. In the summer of 1797, the author met with Count de L——— at Paris, who is a Brabant nobleman by birth, but a superior officer of the Walloon guard of the king of Spain. He confirmed what has been said of the *etiquette* of placing the bed of the favourite in the middle. He was one of the officers on duty during this journey, and spoke of it as nothing extraordinary, or rather as an ordinary occurrence.

in his private audiences. Don Pedro Cevallos is the first secretary of state for the foreign department. Don Joseph Antonio Caballero is the minister of justice, and has *ad interim* the port folio of the war department. Don Domingo de Grandallana is the chief minister of the navy, and Don Miguel Cayetan Soler is the minister of the finances. All these ministers are obliged to communicate their reports, plans, or proposals to the Prince of Peace and the queen, before they lay them before the king; who approves of them, and signs them as soon as he hears that they have not been objected to by his royal consort. It is impossible to pay a greater compliment to the superior genius of the queen of Spain.*

* Le Voyageur Italien, vol. iii. page 145.

should one day be the biographer of revolutionary characters, and in duty obliged to place in his work a princess destined to ascend a throne, as a GAINER by that political, social, moral, and religious overthrow in France, which has produced such general misery. Louis XVI. had just then exchanged his earthly for an heavenly crown, and in the court circle of his Prussian majesty reigned but one sentiment—a detestation of the regicide assassins of the French monarch, and a determination never to lay down arms until loyalty had punished and crushed rebellion. Who could then have foretold that regicide France should in some few years owe to Prussia ALONE, not only her impunity, but her power to threaten the world with an universal revolution.

Whether impolitic errors of courts may as justly be attributed to depraved and immoral courtiers, as shameful and dangerous transactions of cabinets are to ignorant or corrupted ministers, the sovereigns of the Prussian monarchy have certainly since 1795 been encompassed by every thing derogatory to greatness, undermining rank, insulting virtue, humiliating loyalty, and destructive to social order.

What

What can contemporaries think, what must posterity judge of certain transactions, and of certain connections of the cabinet of Berlin? Does it not seem as if every confidential attendant of the Prussian queen was studying to degrade her, and every confidential counsellor of the Prussian king was a traitor conspiring against lawful sovereignty, or at least a well paid pensioner of usurpation, or an artful intriguer in its pay, plotting against all ancient dynasties?

The day on which Prussia forsook the coalition by the treaty of Basle, she inclosed herself in a circle of dangers. She broke the obligation of her alliances without being able to form any, took umbrage at being reproached, resumed that national hatred, which the wisdom of the Emperor Leopold, and the patriotism of Frederick William II. had abjured; and forgot revolutionary France to dread Austria and Russia. Assisted by these fatal dissensions, Buonaparte and his predecessors have pursued their disorganizations, plots, and usurpations.

But admitting the probability of suspicions disseminated

disseminated by emissaries from Paris, and credited at Berlin, against the sincerity of the two imperial courts, is there any comparison between the risks which the Prussian monarchy would run from their alliance and their success, or from the consequence of their being overcome? On the one hand a province or two threatened, perhaps invaded, and perhaps afterwards restored; on the other, all the scourges of the revolution, joined to those of a desperate war, the existence of the king, of his queen, of his children, of his relatives, of his servants, of his nobility, of his government, calamities without remedy, miseries that will whiten the hairs of the youthful sovereigns, mourning in exile the fall of their throne, or borne to their graves in a foreign land. Should another continental war break out, the neutrality of Prussia would be a crime, for which Buonaparte would soon undertake to avenge Europe.

Louisa Augusta Wilhelmina Amelia, Queen of Prussia, was born on the 10th of March, 1776, is the daughter of Duke Charles Louis Frederick, sovereign of the duchy of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and niece of her majesty the queen.

queen of Great Britain. She was betrothed to her royal consort in February, and married on the 24th December, 1793. Handsome in her person, accomplished in her manners, with a mind equally elevated and noble, she possesses talents sufficient, if left unbiassed, to alleviate the burden of state to her royal consort. Misled, or prejudiced, she is, by a fatality belonging to our wretched times, become an indirect instrument to support usurpation in France, by forsaking her native dignity, and condescending to put herself on a level with a revolutionary empress, and by not dissuading her husband from forming those scandalous relations, which unite him with the most atrocious of usurpers; which have made him exchange the insignia of an order of royalty, for the polluted and blood-stained decorations of the assassin of the Duke of Enghien, worn by regicides, rebels, murderers, Septembrizers, robbers, and the many monsters of infamy and crime produced by the French revolution. When a loyal subject sees Frederick William III. accepting from the insolent and barbarous Napoleon the First, with one hand German indemnities, the spoil of his country, and with the other, the cordons

dons of the pretended legion of honour, the trophies of successful rebellion;* and his queen knitting a scarf for the aid-de-camp, and

* As soon as the Prussian Black Eagle decorated the bosom of the Corsican assassin and poisoner, the king of Sweden returned that order, as it is said, with the following letter:

"Sir, my cousin! Equals by the same rank, lawfully inherited from our equally illustrious ancestors, and allied by those ties of consanguinity, which at the present critical period, should make us love each other as relatives, even if policy prevented us from combating together against usurpation as princes, I little expected to be under the painful necessity of declining to wear any longer that order, which your majesty and my grand-uncle Frederick the Great, rendered so eminently honourable. What would this royal warrior say, were he now alive, to witness the Prussian Eagle decorating the bosom of a Corsican usurper, accused of the most enormous crimes, and who, last year, dragged almost from my side, on the neutral territory of my father-in-law, the Duke of Enghien, to become his midnight assassin? He would march at the head of 200,000 men; yes, at the head of the armies of all the insulted or menaced monarchies of Europe; he would tear the Eagle from this criminal, who dishonours it, or perish in the attempt. I, unfortunately, am neither so powerful, nor so popular, but no polluted insignia shall degrade me. There shall *never* be any thing common between me and the most ferocious of men. Whatever your majesty's ignorant or perverse counsellors may state to

and accomplice* of a criminal Corsican adventurer, and wearing a lace gown, presented by his wife, the profligate mistress of the regicide Barras; what must he conclude of the principles, of the sense, of the honour, nay of the honesty, of their Prussian majesties' confidential friends, trusted favourites, and leading advisers?

to the contrary, *provinces, nay kingdoms can never indemnify certain acts, and certain conduct.* Reprieved princes are never pardoned. No legitimate sovereign can reign in safety as long as usurpation tyrannizes over France and the surrounding nations. He who now persuades your majesty to this act of humiliation, will in some time hence command you to resign your crown to some wicked, daring, or desperate adventurer like himself. His own usurpation will not be safe and stable, before he has immolated the last loyal subject on the tomb of the last legitimate prince. May my alarm prove as unfounded as the step I have taken is painful to," &c. &c. &c,

(Signed) "G. A. Rex."

See Les Nouvelles à la Main, Paris 16th Floreal (year xiii. May 6th, 1805), No 11, page 7 and 8.

Did every other lawful sovereign possess the character and spirit of Gustavus Adolphus IV. Buonaparte's reign would soon be over.

* Immediately after his usurpation, Buonaparte sent Duroc to Berlin, provided with bills of exchange of several millions, NO DOUBT FOR HIS TRAVELLING EXPENCES.

Justice

Justice and impartiality require, however, that it should also be remarked, that the lustre of the Prussian monarchy was clouded before their majesties began to reign. It was obscured, if not darkened, by its treaties with the regicide French republic. This was however not surprising. The late king, enervated by debauchery, and influenced by corrupt or depraved mistresses, became the easy dupe of seduction, and a prey to delusion. During his last years the reins of state were directed by revolutionary illuminati, by political quacks, or by abandoned women without principle or virtue. The errors and vices of his government, although reprehensible and complained of, were nevertheless justly ascribed to others, not to himself. But when, shortly after the accession of their present majesties, the ex-Abbé Sieyes, the most infamously notorious of regicides, was admitted as an ambassador at Berlin, loyalty was dejected, and rebellion reared its head in triumph. Notwithstanding any thing a Haugwitz, a Schoulembourg, or a Hardenberg, may have asserted to the contrary, the assassin of one king could never be a proper person to figure in the court of another. But many thought that even this

humiliating

humiliating act was merely a temporary, though a degrading measure, commanded by imperious circumstances.

It was not until the following year (1799), when the most artful as well as the most outrageous of usurpers had seized on the throne of the Bourbons, that all truly loyal and religious men began to be alarmed at the conduct of the Prussian cabinet. The manner in which Buonaparte's emissary Duroc was cajoled and caressed at the court of Berlin did not diminish their apprehensions. He was not only treated with the same ceremony as the representative of a legitimate sovereign, but with a distinction unusual as well as unbecoming. Being one day permitted to be present at the parade of the garrison of Berlin, he expressed some approbation of the scarfs of the officers of the king's body guards. No sooner was her Prussian majesty informed of his *condescension*, than she, or rather her courtiers, caused her to degrade her rank and elevation, and to forget that this Duroc was nothing but the valet of a mean adventurer, who six years before could not have obtained the commission of a subaltern in the Prussian service. The queen IS SAID *to have knitted*

knitted with her own hands a scarf;—it is known that she presented one to Duroc with her own hand on the day he took leave.

This impolitic step, (which took place during the winter of 1799) to say no worse of it, encouraged Buonaparte to send during the winter of 1800, his brother Louis to fraternize with the king, queen, and royal family at Berlin. As might be expected, this prince of Corsican blood was brutal, they were enduring; he was insolent, and they were condescending; he behaved, from want of education, from presumption and vanity, like an upstart sans-culotte; they, like sovereigns, like princes and princesses, who saw that they had advanced too far, but who had not courage or disinterestedness enough to retreat, and instead of entertaining and feasting this ill-bred vagabond at Berlin, at Potsdam, at Charlottenbourg, or at *Sans Souci*, to shut him up among his equals, at Magdebourg or at Spandau.

Every year has since proved that Napoleon Buonaparte has the same ascendancy in the cabinet of Berlin, as in those of Madrid and Florence; the transactions of Prussia seem often to be as much commanded by him as those

those of the Helvetian and Batavian republics. In 1800, in obedience to his plans of ambition and vengeance, Prussia joined the northern league against Great Britain. In 1801, his views of subversion sent a Prussian army to invade Hanover. In 1802, the Prussian government accepted with avidity his dishonourable indemnities. In 1803, the king of Prussia was compelled silently to suffer the electorate of Hanover to be occupied by Buonaparte's banditti. In 1804 a private correspondence was begun between Napoleon the First and Frederick William III.; between Louisa Augusta Wilhelmina Amelia, lawful queen of Prussia, and Josephine de la Pagerie, the revolutionary empress of the French, and the latter presented the former with her famous revolutionary lace gown. In 1805 the fraternity between the legitimate king of Prussia and the unlawful usurper of France was approaching to an organization, and drawing towards a conclusion. Frederick William wore the same order with the regicides Sieyes and Cambaceres, with the drowner, terrorist, and regicide Fouché, with the Septembrizers Tallien, Murat, and Co. and Napoleon was seen with that eagle, which was

rendered

rendered so illustrious, so honourable, by Frederick the Great.*

It has been a maxim with all former revolutionary heroes, as well as with Buonaparte, to degrade in the eyes of their subjects those sovereigns they meditated to dethrone and destroy; and political incendiaries and intriguers have always constituted the advanced guards of their armies. After what has already happened, Europe will probably in 1806 see the Prussian government libelled in the Moniteur; in 1807, threatened in manifestoes; in 1808, the Prussian territory invaded by a French army: in 1809, a Schmetteau, or some other Prussian Buonaparte, declared a Prussian first consul; in 1810, this first consul proclaiming himself an emperor, and offering to the chiefs of the house of Brandenburgh, as an indemnity for their throne, for the throne of their ancestors and posterity, some barren island in the Baltic, belonging to the king of Sweden or of Denmark.

* At Paris they call the cordons of the Legion of Honour, distributed at Berlin by Buonaparte to the Prussian ministers and generals, "Buonaparte's leading-strings."

This

This prediction, if bold, is not improbable, nor the mere reverie of an over-heated imagination. It would be a libel upon the members of the cabinet of Berlin, weak and selfish as they have proved themselves, to suppose that they would dare to advise their prince to subscribe to any more or greater sacrifices, to please the outrageous and ever-increasing ambition of Buonaparte. But the first refusal of his Prussian majesty to submit to the usurper's dictates, accustomed as he is to implicit obedience at Berlin, will be regarded as an object of mutiny, and treated as such. Whether Buonaparte's audacity is then resented with spirit or endured in silence, the consequence must be equally fatal, should those sovereigns who have been deserted by Prussia desert her in their turn. She is unable to struggle alone against Buonaparte's republic, against his armies, artifices, corruptions, crimes, and disorganizations; and an unavailing resistance will only prolong her agony: should, however, her patience not yet be exhausted, the impertinent adventurer, who in 1805 obliged a Prussian monarch to register his name among the regicides and rebels of the

Legion of Honour, will in a short time present this sovereign his decree of deposition, and command it to be signed and obeyed, or he will inforce obedience with his five hundred thousand bayonets. From past occurrences in the south of Europe, it may easily be foreseen what will happen in the north. Of all the states of the European commonwealth, England by her position, by her constitution, the prodigious energy which the present crisis has displayed, and by the valour and patriotism of her inhabitants, is alone able to brave single-handed her cruel and ungenerous foe; but where is the next country, isolated and left to itself, that possesses similar advantages?

But if the situation of the Prussian monarchy is critical, all the misery of the present generation, and the actual oppressed and unsettled state of the continent, may safely be ascribed to the imbecility, treachery, immorality, or selfishness of Prussian statesmen and ministers. Had not Prussia made a peace with France in 1795, Austria would have that year recovered Brabant and Flanders, and on

that

that side forced the French republic within the ancient limits of the French monarchy; and Spain would not have signed her eternal bondage. Had Prussia in 1799 joined the coalition, the Batavians would have broken their fetters; Italy would have been free, and Germany independent. Had Prussia in 1803 evinced any inclination to enter into a league with England, Russia, and Austria, the world would before this time have been delivered of the Corsican monster, enjoyed peace, and never heard of an emperor of the French nor of a king of Italy. May the wrath of Heaven not fall on the heads of those who have paved the way to the slavery of the universe, to the wretchedness of ages!!!

In no other kingdom have the principles of equality and of innovations met with more approvers, than in the despotic military and artificial Prussian monarchy. Even those who have most to lose by a revolution, the higher classes, seem not entirely free from a dangerous anti-social infatuation. To what else can be ascribed the impolitic simplicity introduced at the court of Berlin, an economy bordering

upon avarice, and a condescension approaching meanness? Is this the time to appoint the son and brother of a baker, a man possessing the manners of a German college pedant, a governor over a prince royal destined to reign at some future period? Such a man may make his royal pupil a good scholar, an illuminato, or a sophist; but he can neither instruct him in the difficult art of governing a nation, or, when exercising his power, how to command respect and obedience, as much by dignified and becoming conduct as by elevated rank. Every loyal person who has had the honour of being presented to his Prussian majesty, and who has also had the misfortune to observe Buonaparte in the palace of the Thuilleries, must with regret have seen bashfulness where ease was expected, and ease where it was believed bashfulness was innate, as almost the natural companion of vulgarity and lowness, even when raised to or seizing eminence. In revolutionary times hereditary insolence in princes is to be preferred to hereditary bashfulness.

The queen of Prussia is the tender mother of

six

six children: four princes and two princesses; of whom the eldest was born on the 15th of October 1795, and the youngest on the 15th of January 1805.*

* The winter of 1800 was passed by the royal family, not in the palace, but in a private house at Berlin, to save, as was reported, the expence of many fires, wood being rather dear. Every day, about one o'clock in the afternoon, the king took a walk, without any other suite than one of his majesty's aid de-camps. The queen, at the same hour, took an airing in a plain post-chaise, so plain that not its equal is found in any inn of Great Britain: behind the post-chaise stood two servants, and by her side was either her brother or some lady of her court. She was accompanied with no guards, or any attendants in any other carriage. Among a people, whose religious ideas were shaken under Frederic the Great; whose morals were corrupted under the reign of his successor; and who, under the present reign, have listened with avidity to the revolutionary doctrine of French emissaries, and who have seen their sovereign by treaties descend to a level with the present as well as with former usurpers in France, all base as well as criminal, such an affected simplicity will certainly not augment their loyalty.

Every day during the same winter, when the weather permitted, the young prince royal and his cousin, nearly of his own age, son of the late Prince Lewis, took a walk on a place called the Linden, accompanied with no other person but their governor, a brother, and a son of a baker

at Magdeburg. The children of tradesmen in good circumstances in England are much better dressed than those two princes were; and no merchant's clerk in this country is so shabbily accoutred, as was their governor, an honest man, who would make an excellent usher in a charity school.

THE QUEEN DOWAGER AND REGENT OF ETRURIA.

Que direz-vous, races futures,
Si quelque fois un vrais discours
Vous récit les avantures
De nos abominables jours?

THE French revolutionary system is and will always remain the same, whether the French revolutionary rulers style themselves citizens, sans-culottes, or emperors and kings. To crush grandeur, to ruin wealth, to exalt meanness and to enrich poverty, were the principles and the objects of the French revolutionists of 1805, as well as of those of 1789. Their first undertaking was, by calumnies, sophistry, and ridicule, to make hereditary rank despised, and hereditary property envied and unsafe; to encourage the rabble to insult or destroy the one, and to attack and seize the other. As is unfortunately too well known,

they generally succeeded with regard to titled or rich individuals; but as to sovereigns, except in their own country, they meet with more difficulties, more resistance, in their endeavours to compel them by threats and libels, by plots and arms, to descend to a level with the preachers of the rights of man and the apostles of equality.

What neither the vulgar and abusive language of sans-culottism, and the sanguinary scenes of terrorism under Robespierre, nor the more refined, but no less impertinent and dangerous policy of the Directory could accomplish, the craft, crimes, and cunning of Napoleon Buonaparte and his accomplices have effected.

"In the present state of civilization in Europe, and after the horrors inspired by the bold but political atrocities, perpetrated by our predecessors," said the members at the secret universal revolutionary committee to themselves, it is absurd any longer to hope, that legitimate emperors, kings, and princes will renounce, from philosophy, their supremacy over inferiors of superior merit; or that subjects, from a love of liberty and equality, will

will rise in a mass, and voluntarily elect meritorious men (their equals) for their chiefs; it is therefore necessary to change the plan, and to make hereditary sovereignty contemptible, by making able but contemptible persons hereditary sovereigns. If these preserve their place, an universal revolution will advance with rapid strides; if they are dethroned, they have however by their example and audacity shewn ambitious and daring subjects the way to the throne, and furnished new fuel, new energy, to the revolutionary spirit."

"The victories of Moreau in Germany, had at that period (the Autumn 1800) deprived Austria of all means of resistance, and made it certain that the court of Vienna would soon be obliged to sign such terms as the cabinet of St. Cloud should dictate. To sound the ground, and to humiliate the regal name by princely and kingly impolicy before thrones were openly occupied by upstarts, Talleyrand advised Buonaparte to offer the sovereignty of the grand duchy of Tuscany, in changing it to a revolutionary kingdom of Etruria, to an infant of Spain, to a Bourbon prince, that the same family, which had so lately accustomed re-

bellious subjects to drag their monarchs to execution, might also be accused of having emboldened rebellions, by accepting from them monarchical authority. The Spanish dictator, the ignorant and presumptuous Prince of Peace, swallowed the bait, and for seventy millions (3,000,000l. sterling) divided among the petty and beggarly Buonapartes, purchased the throne of Etruria for a prince of Parma, a Spanish infant, married to a Spanish infanta.

"This first manœuvre of the revolutionary French conspirators succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectation. The treaty of Luneville sanctioned it, and all the other states of Europe remained silent. No complaints of emperors were heard, nor protests of kings were read. When princes did not remonstrate, subjects could not interfere. He who made kings without opposition, nay without a murmur, would have been modest and unambitious, virtuous and patriotic indeed, had he not in his turn made himself an emperor; particularly when such an usurpation completed the plots of former revolutionists, and effected that political revolution meditated

for

for such a length of time; which had already occasioned so much bloodshed, so many wars and such enormous crimes. The proclamation of Napoleon the first as an emperor of the French was the official act of proscription of all ancient dynasties of princes. Such were the resolutions, such the opinions, such the discussions, and such the plans of Sieyes, Cambaceres, Talleyrand, Fouché, Roederer, Garat, and twenty other rebels, composing Buonaparte's secret revolutionary committee for propagating and organizing an universal revolution."*

Maria Louisa Josephina the queen dowager, regent of the kingdom of Etruria, was born at Madrid on the 17th of July, 1782. and is the daughter of Charles IV. king of Spain, and of his queen Louisa Maria Theresa, born a princess of Parma. She was married to her first cousin the late king of Etruria, on the 25th of August, 1795. They were both descendants of Philip V. the grandson of Louis XIV. made by him a king of Spain, and acknowledged as such by England, and all other

* The whole article is extracted from Les Nouvelles à la Main, Ventose, year xiii. No. 1. p. 15 and 16.

countries, by the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713. Having through foreign and upstart influence become the sovereigns of the Tuscans, against the inclinations of that people, ever attached to the princes of the house of Austria, (under whom they had enjoyed such prosperity) the king and queen of Etruria had not only prejudices to remove, but hatred to vanquish; and in a short time they so far succeeded, that their subjects have continued quiet, if not contented.

The late king was a prince of a weak constitution, but of a still weaker mind. He was ignorant and superstitious, irresolute and timid; sometimes vain of his kingly title, at other times regarding his dignity as an usurpation; as a prerogative appertaining to another. At one time he wrote to the king of Spain letters of thanks for procuring him a throne, and at another he reproached his father-in-law with his elevation, purchased of a man who had no right to dispose of it, as a political simony. One day he expressed his intention of abdicating his crown and retiring to a convent, and the next he declared that he would rule as a king to the day of his death.

Before

Before that time, however, his infirmities increased to such a degree, that he was reduced to the necessity of consenting to the appointment of a regency. He died on the 27th of May, 1803, at the age of thirty-two, tormented equally by ambition and by remorse. He was succeeded by his son Charles Louis II. born on the 22d of December 1799, and the queen dowager was proclaimed queen regent during her son's minority.

It was not supposed that a young, interesting and handsome princess, under twenty-three, would continue in an eternal widowhood; public rumour therefore bestowed on her numerous suitors; among whom were archdukes of Austria, infants of Spain, and princes of Naples. But Buonaparte had different views; all her actions were therefore watched by his public and private spies. No sooner was Clark, his ambassador at Florence, informed that the queen dowager seemed to place greater confidence in one person than in another, than he in the name of his master insisted on the dismissal, disgrace, or exile of the supposed favourite. In the space of six months, ten patriotic Tuscan noblemen were obliged

obliged to quit their native country, because they were suspected of being agreeable to the queen regent, their sovereign, or inimical to the oppression, extortion, and plunder of their countrymen by the agents of Buonaparte, in the name of the French Republic.*

The queen dowager found her kingdom involved in debt and pecuniary embarrassments. The finances of the state were in confusion, without credit, without confidence, and almost without resource, on account of the incessant loans, requisitions, and contributions, revolutionary France wrested from her subjects. In vain did she endeavour by introducing regularity, and setting an example of the strictest economy herself to restore order. New loans, new requisitions, and new contributions, demanded by French commissaries, and enforced by French bayonets, again deranged all her regulations, all her ordinances. Her ambassador at Paris in vain negociated, petitioned, remonstrated, and paid; all was ineffectual. When Buonaparte had no ready money to

* See Le Voyageur Italien. Palermo, 1804, vol. i. page 4 and 6.

distribute

distribute among his extravagant courtiers or starving relatives, he gave them a check on the kingdom of Etruria with the same indifference as on his private banker. These checks, or as they were called in France, *bons*, were sold by their owners to the highest bidder, and usually bought up by the agents of the French commissaries in Italy, who took care to be paid both principal and interest. Talleyrand imitated the conduct of his master. At the gaming-table, as well as in his closet, he wrote to the queen-dowager for frequent loans, and these friendly letters were as negociable as bills of exchange, because every one was well aware that the sum demanded would be paid at sight, in whatever distress the princess might be involved. A refusal on her part would have been a resignation of her authority. At length, when Admiral Gravina, the Spanish ambassador, was also acknowledged by Buonaparte as her representative in France, after much trouble, great expence, and many bribes, she at last obtained a treaty, in which the yearly tribute to be paid by Etruria to France was fixed.*

* See Le Voyageur Italien. Palermo, 1804, vol. 1. p. 25.

But

But although several secret articles were annexed to this treaty, in which both the usurper and his minister had made stipulations for their private purse, it was violated by France within six months after its ratification. On the faith of it, the queen regent had instituted a financial commission, composed of her ablest and most disinterested counsellors, charged to contrive the means of settling the claims of the creditors of the state, without imposing new burdens on the people. The pillage, however, of French agents continuing, they soon resigned their trust; being too loyal to deceive their sovereign, too patriotic to oppress their fellow subjects, but at the same time too timid not to dread the threats and the vengeance of France, in case their labour and a faithful exposure of facts should have substituted order for anarchy, and have informed their countrymen, that to Buonaparte alone they had to ascribe their interminable sufferings.*

"When most continental sovereigns had saluted the Corsican as emperor of the French,

* See Le Voyageur Italien. Palermo, 1804, vol. i. p. 33.

a family

a family council was held in the palace of the Thuilleries, where it was resolved to consolidate the usurpation of an upstart adventurer by intermarrying with families of princes, whose pride and interest would, by such a connection, be closely connected with the pride, interest, and welfare of the Buonapartes. To inspire obedience by means of terror even in those nearest to him, Napoleon disgraced his two brothers, Lucien and Jerome Buonaparte, for having formed *improper* matches; that is to say, they had married modest and honest women, whose parents and relations had committed no revolutionary crimes that could make them *worthy* a family alliance with a revolutionary emperor. To prevent the Bourbons from reproaching other sovereign houses that might listen to such proposals, with their degradations of birth and rank, of prerogatives and supremacy, the queen dowager of Etruria was marked as an easy prey to their ambition and vanity; and Eugenius de Beauharnois being the nearest unmarried relation of Buonaparte, he was, by the above-mentioned family council, decreed her husband and *assistant*

sistant regent of Etruria. As a preparatory step, he was, by his mock imperial father-in-law, made a mock serene highness, and with a numerous suite dispatched to Florence. He set out, provided with letters of credit and credentials, with instructions and presents, with offers of aggrandizement and threats of expulsion of the reigning family."

This impertinent resolution of the Buonapartes had fortunately been foreseen, particularly by the court of Naples, which, after some serious expostulations, had obtained from the court of Madrid a promise of an united resistance to such an outrage offered the family of Bourbon. Orders had, in consequence, been expedited to the court of Florence how to act: it was instructed to behave with a condescension agreeable to upstart pride, but also with a dignity evincing a consciousness of superior worth.

It has been already observed of many natives of France, that, to judge from their proceedings, it would seem as if they had been conceived in intrigue and born traitors. Eugene de Beauharnois had not been in the capital of Etruria

Etruria a week, before he was engaged in successful intrigues with the queen's favourite court ladies, and possessed the secrets of her most confidential courtiers and counsellors. Seduced or deluded, they tormented their sovereign's ears with continual praises of his serene highness, of his many good qualities, of his greatness of soul and nobleness of sentiment, of his ardent love for her, and tender affection for her children, &c. Had they not overacted their parts, their insinuations might perhaps have produced the intended effect, or at least have made some impression on a young, unsuspecting, generous, and feeling mind: but their perpetual repetitions became teazing, and their exaggerated zeal suspicious. The queen dowager was soon convinced that misled dupes or debased traitors surrounded her, and that she could not be too much on her guard. Her determination, therefore, remained unshaken; and when Eugene de Beauharnois had the insolence to demand her hand, she declined the proffered *honour* with a firmness so becoming, but likewise so polite, that if his presumption suffered from disappointment, he could not but admire the amiable

dignity

dignity by which it was alleviated. In answer to the letter written by Madame Buonaparte in favour of her son, her majesty is said to have sent the following lines:

"*Florence, May 5th*, 1805.

"Madame and my sister! I am sorry it is out of my power to accept of the honour offered me by your majesty. The king, my son, has not yet seen his first lustre, and has therefore a right to claim the undivided affection of his mother. I descend, besides, from an unfortunate and proscribed race, which might bring evils, instead of reflecting additional lustre, on that fortunate family into which your majesty has entered. A convent is for me a fitter retreat than a palace. I shall always be more willing to pronounce the vows of celibacy to my God, than the nuptial oath to a husband. I am your majesty's affectionate sister,

(Signed)

MARIA LOUISA JOSEPHINE,

QUEEN REGENT."

Notwithstanding this dignified refusal, it is supposed

supposed both in France and Italy, that this oppressed princess will finally be obliged to submit, as Buonaparte has obtained the promise of the vain upstart, the Prince of Peace, and the assurance of his tool, the Roman pontiff, to second his views.*

At no court of Europe was the etiquette less formal than at that of Florence, when the late emperor, Leopold II. was the grand duke of Tuscany. The late king of Etruria and his consort, the present queen regent, have introduced there the stiff pomp and ostentatious ceremonies observed at the court of Madrid. They may be somewhat troublesome to courtiers and foreign visitors; but a throne in the vicinity of a revolutionary volcano cannot be too well guarded against the approach of revolutionary incendiaries.

Besides her son the king, her majesty has another child, a princess, born on the 2d of October, 1804, whose education she has determined to superintend herself, with the assistance of ladies of rank and talents.

The senator Julius Mozzi, a nobleman of

* See Les Nouvelles à la Main, Prairial, year xiii. No. iii. page 9 et 10.

refined

refined manners and profound learning, has been appointed by the queen regent her principal secretary of state. Unfortunately his capacity and patriotism avail but little, as long as the political grand inquisitor, Talleyrand punishes as a political heretic every statesman of an independent mind. Her other ministers are, for the home department, Leonhard Trullani; for the finances, the marquis Nicolas Viviani; and for the police, Joseph Giusti. Count Odard Salvatico is also an honorary counsellor of state; and, suspected by Talleyrand and Buonaparte of being rather a favourite with his sovereign, he has more than once been threatened with their wrath, should the determinations of the court of Florence not coincide in every respect with the commands and interest of the cabinet of St. Cloud. He has for more than twelve months held himself ready to depart into exile at a moment's notice.*

* See Le Voyageur Italien, vol. II. p. 19.

were all equally abhorred. On returning to her house, which had been pillaged and stripped of every thing valuable, and calculating the time of her widowhood, she could not at first comprehend how it was possible for her to be in a family way. Upon a request and complaint of her friends to the new magistrates, less inhuman than their predecessors, and after strict enquiry, it was attested and proved that the monster Fernex, taking advantage of her madness and her calling for her husband, had introduced himself to her bed several nights, and been vile enough to perpetrate the crime, which made her the mother of the child of a man she detested, of the assassin of a husband she adored and lamented.

Her loyal and moral conduct, as well as her misfortunes, inspired the greatest interest and compassion. Her coffee-house became shortly the place of resort of all those who esteemed the good and pitied the unfortunate; who were desirous to encourage or recompense noble actions, or to alleviate extreme sufferings.

The agitation of her mind occasioned a miscarriage, and she began to recover her tranquil-

an education much superior to that generally given to men intended for business, but the narrowness of his circumstances obliging him to seek means of gaining a subsistence more productive than works of literature, he became clerk to a banker at Genoa, at a salary of six hundred livres, 25l. a year. While he was thus situated he was recommended to the banker, Isaac Vernet, at Paris, who, suspecting his fidelity, suddenly dismissed him from his house. He then offered his services to Thellusson, who was the rival of Vernet's successor, Saladin, and received him with no other recommendation than his having been employed by Vernet, and a few false certificates.* He was retained at a salary of one thousand two hundred livres, 50l. and gave such satisfaction by his assiduity and intelligence, that his emoluments were rapidly raised, and he was soon made cashier. In this situation he has been accused of speculating with the money of his employers, and reproached with having raised his fortune by means far less honourable.† The embarrassments of the finances of France, un-

* Anecdotes du Regne de Louis XVI. vol. v. p. 142.
† Ibid. vol. v. p. 144.

der

der the administration of the Abbé Terray, afforded him the means of advantageous speculation; and his employers, conscious of his sagacity, and of the benefits they derived from his intelligence, admitted him a partner. By these speculations, and by his interference in the affairs of the East India Company, but particularly by having attained a previous knowledge of the preliminaries of the peace of 1763, and by gambling in consequence in the English funds, he made a very large and rapid fortune. He was, however, never over delicate in his commercial or financial transactions. He imposed on the East India Company by false pretences, and sacrificed their advantage to his own avarice; and his profits of gambling in England he pocketed himself, without sharing them with his partners.* On his marriage his share in the bank was increased, and on Thellusson's death, he established a house of his own, taking into partnership with him Messrs. Girardot and Haller. The rapidity of his rise, and the extent of his establishment, put it beyond a doubt that he must have been more

* Dictionnaire Biographique, vol. iii. p. 98.

indebted to the mysteries of stock-jobbing than to the regular course of the banking business for his fortune.

Before the revolution a number of gentlemen and ladies, who pretended to be patrons or patronesses of genius and talents, had their weekly dinners where all men of letters or artists of reputation assembled. At those celebrated dinners, courtiers, citizens, and learned men, associated together; there equality reigned, and high rank was only to be distinguished by a finer taste, and a more graceful ease of manners. There the real *ton* of the world taught each to be tenderly mindful of the self-love of every guest; and there the beauty and toast of the day, and the poet in fashion were mixed with the all-powerful minister, and the minion of the court; and good breeding made learning respected and agreeable, and learning conferred stability on good breeding.

Among the ladies, who, during the reign of Louis XV., had organized these literary dinners and parties, were Madame de Tencin, Madame Geoffrin, and afterwards Madame Necker.

Necker. Whether it had entered into the plan of those ladies to attract to their houses the most distinguished foreigners, who came to Paris, and by those means render themselves celebrated throughout Europe; or whether it was the consequence and natural effect of the charm and the lustre their houses received from the society of men of letters, there arrived neither prince nor minister, nor man nor woman of distinction, who was not ambitious of being invited to these dinners, and who did not experience much pleasure and express great satisfaction at seeing the concentration of so many renowned literary characters. Decorum was here never violated, modesty never wounded, ignorance never despised, nor poverty insulted.

Among the persons of rank invited to Madame Necker's dinners was a Marquis de Pezai, who, in the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI., had great influence with the prime minister, Count de Maurepas. Not satisfied with enjoying in brilliant tranquillity their immense fortune, Mr. and Madame Necker manifested a desire to shine in a higher sphere,

and ambition got the better both of prudence and of avarice. From the very able assistance of his wife Mr. Necker had acquired a kind of literary reputation by an eulogy on the great minister of finances under Louis XIV. Colbert, and his financial knowledge, was extolled over all France by the numerous partisans of the Economists, and other *philosophical* innovators, who saluted Madame Necker as their protectress. At first, however, Necker only desired to be chief clerk of the financial department; but after the disgrace of Turgot, he took advantage of the dissipation of that minister's successor, Mr. De Clugny, wrote the Memoirs on the French Finances, in which he exaggerated the resources of the state. These memoirs were given by Madame Necker to the Marquis de Pezai, who laid them before Count de Maurepas, and from that moment, instead of being a chief clerk, Necker intrigued to become the chief director of the finances of the kingdom.* It is said by several writers, that he owed his appointment to an intrigue among the bankers of Paris, who wished to avail

* Dictionnaire Biographique, vol. iii. p. 98.

themselves

themselves of his communications during the American war, and to his own urgency, perseverance, and even bribes, with the Marquis de Pezai, who at last engaged Count de Maurepas in his interest, so effectually, as to remove every obstacle.* On the 2d of July, 1777, he was appointed a comptroller-general of the finances, after having been, during the preceding eight months, an assistant of Mr. Tabourreau des Reaux. He was the first protestant, who, since the revocation of the edict of Nantz, had held any important place in the administration of France, and excepting Law, who was a minister of finance under the duke regent, in the minority of Louis XV., the only foreigner in France on whom ministerial rank and power had been bestowed.

Mr. Necker, however, notwithstanding the assertion of his wife, and the confidence of his boasts, displayed no capacity, presented no plans capable of producing any great national advantage. The American war, in every respect unfavourable to the interests of France, had commenced at this period; and Mr.

* See Bertrand's Memoirs;—Playfair's History of Jacobinism, p. 66.

Necker undertook to carry it on without imposing any new imposts. This he was enabled nominally to perform, by means of his credit among the monied men, and by the exorbitant sacrifices he had made to them at the public expence. His system was the most absurd and puerile ever invented; he borrowed money for the exigencies of one year, and the next borrowed another sum sufficient for the expences of the current year, and the interest of the year or years preceding; relying for a final liquidation on the precarious resource of an untried, and perhaps impracticable economy. By these means he maintained a forced and artificial credit, but set the example of those improvident loans which occasioned the final stagnation of the finances.*

The improvident character of the French, and the triumph of Necker's partisans, prevented the public from speculating too minutely on the consequences of this system. His popularity increased, and with it his own and his wife's vanity; she persuaded him to be no longer contented with the situation of comptroller-general of the finances, unless he could

* Imperial History, vol. i. p. 17.

be

be admitted to a seat in the privy council, for which his religion as much disqualified him as an Irish Roman Catholic is disqualified to be an English privy counsellor. He made application to Count de Maurepas on the subject; but the old minister, wishing perhaps to get rid of him quietly, and make him the author of his own disgrace, advised him to write a letter to the king, requesting a seat, and a dispensation with the customary oath. Necker wrote accordingly in May 1781; and not receiving any answer for two days, was so irritated, that he waited on the queen and tendered his resignation, which, to his and his wife's great mortification, was instantly accepted. This event they attributed, not without some appearance of probability, to the resentment of the parliaments, arising from the establishment of provincial administrations, and the well-founded dislike conceived against him by the queen and the Count D'Artois, who had penetrated into the dangerous views of this democratic upstart.

In January 1781, four months previous to his resignation, Necker published his *Compte Rendu*. This method of submitting the views of govern-

ment and operations of finance to the judgment of a vain, fickle, and unprincipled people, was very impolitic, though other ministers had set him the example. His book, in the composition of which Madame Necker had a great share, was written with much art, and gave his partisans occasion to hold him out, long after his retreat, as the only man capable of restoring order, and re-establishing public credit: it is now justly and deservedly treated as a splendid delusion.

During his retirement, his wife's literary dinners and philosophical parties continued, and he himself was employed in literary pursuits, and in assisting the efforts of his friends to force him again into the cabinet, and in keeping up the prepossesion of the public in his favour. His laborious work on the administration of the finances was the consequence. It was received with enthusiasm, and read with the greatest avidity and admiration. It certainly contains many accurate statements and ingenious deductions, but abounds with that vanity, egotism, and self-sufficiency which are the characteristics of all his publications, as well as those of his wife and daughter. The true character of this book

book may be appreciated from the mention made of it by the regicide and revolutionary historian Rabaud, who said: "It did perhaps more good than a long and wise administration, for it diffused knowledge far and wide, and sowed the seeds of the present *patriotism*."*

Necker's first administration undoubtedly paved the way for all the evils which have befallen France since that period, by putting a new and dangerous mode of supply into the hands of ministers, and by suppressing in a harsh and wanton manner several offices, which diminished the influence of the crown, without producing any real benefit to the nation; and which, though he might imagine them unnecessary, had been of great service to his predecessors, and might have averted many errors of those who followed him. As to his assertion, that at the time of his retreat in 1781, he had left the finances in a "perfect equilibrium," Mr. de Calonne in an essay had proved it to be false, and that instead of a surplus, there was an immense deficit in the supplies. Mr. Necker, notwithstanding the king's express

* Rabaud's History of the French Revolution, p. 29.

 prohibition,

prohibition, published a violent answer to Mr. de Calonne's Essay, which shewed nothing but his extreme petulance and arrogance. For this conduct, and for being very assiduous in procuring writers, painters, and engravers to impute errors to the administration, and to throw ridicule on the person of Mr. de Calonne, he was banished to his country seat at St. Ouen, a punishment and a disgrace too slight to produce either respect or terror; and if intended to weaken his party, the place was ill chosen on account of its vicinity to Paris.*

While he was at St. Ouen the affairs of France were drawing to a crisis. Mr. de Calonne had been driven from the helm by the intrigues of De Brienne, the errors of whose administration embarrassed the court, and rendered the recal of Mr. Necker almost a necessity. In the mean time his party had not been idle in influencing the popular judgment in his favour. His work on the administration of the finances was generally read during the first Assembly of Notables, and the sophistry con-

* Rabaud's History of the French Revolution, p. 41; and Conjuration de D'Orleans, vol. i. p. 68.

tained

tained in it was opposed as facts to the statements of Mr. de Calonne.

Madame Necker, animated by a spirit of dislike to a court, in which, from her low birth, ignoble manners, and pedantic and philosophic jargon, she could have but little hope to play a conspicuous part; and feeling indignation at the banishment of a husband whom she idolized, but whom a Buonaparte for a less offence would have strangled in prison, or transported to Cayenne, persevering in her well meditated schemes, redoubled her efforts to gain popularity, and to prepare revenge. From an ostentatious vanity she had founded a small hospital, and was unremitting in her attention to the necessities of those who were reduced to make it their abode. She also visited other hospitals, the prisons, and even private houses, wherever misery was to be found; and sacrificed a few hundred pounds of her immense fortune in charitable donations, stimulated solely by the selfish and shameful desire of raising a conspicuous reputation, and endearing the name of Necker at a cheap rate, to the populace. The political club of females, of which she, with her daughter

Madame de Stael, were active and distinguished members, and the band of political writers under their direction, whom the imprudence of the minister had exempted from all restraint, contributed much to the recal of Necker.*

The circumstances which marked his return to administration were not calculated to inspire confidence and impart satisfaction. The ferocity which marked the public rejoicings on the expulsion of his predecessor, the riots and military executions which followed, did not presage a calm and stable administration. In fact, the task he had assumed in August 1788, of guiding the helm of state, was at this particular juncture extremely difficult, and much beyond his strength and talents. Circumstances and individuals had undergone an entire change since his resignation in 1781. The people, who were at that time gay, careless, and indifferent about public affairs, now devoted their whole time and attention to the study and discussion of politics. The kingdom was plunged into the greatest distress; and the ferment occasioned by political discussion, was aggravated

* Playfair's History of Jacobinism, page 68.

besides

besides by the prospect of a privation of the first necessary of life. These alarming appearances, however, did not intimidate Mr. and Madame Necker. The public approbation was their idol, to obtain which they forgot honour, duty, patriotism, and even prudence. They flattered themselves that the more unrestrained it was permitted to operate, the greater would be its influence in their favour: they relied with too much confidence on their own sagacity and resources, to feel the least dismay. In fact, Necker's popularity, at this period, was at an unexampled height; the people seemed to look up to him as their only hope, and were ready to lay themselves at his feet. His return was a complete victory of the public voice over the court; and it has been said, with great truth, that the king was reduced precisely to the state of a bankrupt, who had surrendered his effects to his creditors.*

The fatal consequences of the convocation of the States General are well known, and unfortunately are still felt by all nations. So unbounded was Necker's influence at that

* Playfair's History of Jacobinism, page 85.

time,

time, that though all the princes of the blood, except the late Duke of Orleans, had united in presenting to the crown a memorial respecting the inflamed state of the public mind, and the danger of a revolution, if the double representation of the *tiers état* was complied with, his opinion was adopted by the council; and in spite of the remonstrances of some of their more anxious and clear-sighted friends, it was recommended by the queen and sanctioned by the king.* Such confidence ought to have been repaid by a most zealous attention to the happiness and welfare of the royal family; but that was not the case; for though it is notorious, that during the whole of Necker's administration, the most shameful libels on them and on the whole court were profusely circulated, and produced the most baleful effect, he did not take the slightest step towards preventing, or even discouraging them; and though irritable, and even vindictive at the most trifling sarcasm against himself, he suffered those against every other person to go unpunished.†

* Historical Sketches, page 81.

† Young's Travels, p. 104. Bertrand's Memoirs, vol. i. page 159.

After

After the States General had met, the equivocal or treacherous conduct of Necker gave rise to much uneasiness; either his wisdom or his loyalty were very much called in question. Every measure he had recommended to the king had encreased his majesty's embarrassments, while it added fresh laurels to the brow of his minister. Orders for money on the treasury, signed with his name, and afterwards disavowed by him; orders sent into the provinces, signed with his name, forbidding the possessors of corn to carry it to the capital, were brought forward; yet with a supineness scarcely credible in his situation, he was at no pains to detect or punish the authors. He was apprized of the turbulent meetings at the Palais Royal, and the seduction of the military, yet took no care to prevent them, and cautiously avoided sanctioning with his name any of the measures adopted to counteract them. These circumstances, joined to a desponding report made by him to the committee of provisions in the National Assembly, gave occasion to some persons near the throne, to represent him as a monopolizer of grain, a report, which the mercantile occupations of his life rendered not improbable:

improbable. They added, that he was devoted to the faction which agitated the capital; and his conduct was not sufficiently unequivocal to belie the assertion.*

Urged by these representations, the king sent him, on the 11th of July 1789, an order to quit the kingdom in thrice twenty-four hours, a measure, under all circumstances, the most imprudent which the court could possibly have taken. They were acquainted with the fermentation at Paris; they knew they could not depend on the fidelity of the troops, and they were convinced that these agitations and defections were produced by the first prince of the blood. If the king had retained the minister, the explosion then meditated would have wanted at least one pretext; and if he had any attachment to the king, his credit with the people might possibly have been resorted to with advantage. If, on the other hand, he was inclined to the opposite party, his presence would have been a very trifling sanction to their proceedings; and the sight of a king, beset by traitors, ruined by

* See Conjuration de D'Orléans, vol. i. p. 284.

duplicity,

duplicity, and betrayed and abandoned by a minister in whom he confided, would have presented to his subjects a spectacle sufficiently interesting to have induced many to rally around his standard, whom contrary motives drove into the arms of insurgents. Mr. Necker's conduct appears to have been founded on this principle: he thought his own popularity perfectly established, and his self-confidence inspired him with the belief that he could avert all the miseries of France, if his views were not thwarted by those whom ambition led to desire his place, whom interest induced to oppose his economy, or who, in the pride of unquestioned authority, rejected his conciliatory plans, or resented the freedom with which they were proposed, and the earnestness with which they were recommended. He saw in opposition to those a strong party, headed by a weak, profligate, and unsteady character, and apprehended that when success should have enabled him to humble those who formed an obstacle to his views, he could, by means of his popularity, guide and restrain the party, whom he meant to use only as his tools, and when they had answered his purpose

to

to lay them aside. Alas! he did not foresee that he himself was the tool, that his popularity was fictitious, and that the same party which placed the ministerial dictatorship in his hands, could, in spite of his pretended talents and merit, snatch it away for ever. He afterwards became fully sensible of this truth, and acknowledges that, but for the ardent and improper eloquence of M. de Lally Tollendal, he should have sunk gently into oblivion after the 11th of July 1789.*

His banishment at the present moment afforded a pretext to the faction of Orleans, to accelerate their plans for subverting the government. The person who brought the news from Versailles to Paris was considered as a liar or a lunatic, and with some difficulty preserved from the fury of the mob: but when the report was fully confirmed, and many falsehoods added, respecting the intended dissolution of the Assembly, the burning of Paris, and the murder of the inhabitants, they broke out into acts of the most furious violence. They carried the bust of the minister, covered

* Necker sur l'Administration, page 423.

with

crape, about the streets, together with
of the Duke of Orleans, and made them a
ng point for the disaffected. The National
mbly believed, or rather pretended to
e, that in the dismission of Necker their
ruin was involved: they immediately re-
d to intimidate the new ministry, by de-
ıg them responsible for all the events which
d take place in consequence of the public
ntation, and that Necker had carried with
he confidence of the nation.

ortly after the events of the 14th of July,
Assembly were induced, by the interfer-
of the municipality of Paris, to address
ing to remove his present ministry, and
Necker. The effect of this indecent in-
ence in the province of the executive
r is incalculable, had it been resisted;
ıe cowardly ministry, of their own accord,
ıed their situations the day the address
voted, and the king dispatched a message
ecker the same day, inviting his return.
ıd before the arrival of this letter received
gence from the duchess of Polignac, who,
from the popular fury in a less circuitous
ion than the ex-minister, had overtaken
him

him at Basle, and apprized him of recent even
Had he possessed a great mind, he would ha
rejected the proffered return to power, obviou
procured for him by force, and, by neglecti
his extorted commands, have shewn, in t
most unequivocal manner, his compliance w
the wishes of a king to whom he owed so mu
but whom his councils had rendered so unfor
nate. Had he possessed but a moderate p
tion of genuine, *not French*, philosophy, a
felt the pure affection which a virtuous mi
entertains for a high reputation, instead of t
appetite which fools and knaves often posse
in common with wise and honest men, for
pular acclamation, he would have follow
his plan of retirement, carrying with him t
regret and good wishes of a mighty nati
and the merited respect of a great portion
Europe.

Necker however, as usual, followed his wi
advice, and therefore decided otherwise. L
an ambitious and impertinent intriguer,
wrote to the king and to the National Asse
bly, accepting their invitation. To the k
he uses a brutally cruel and chilling phra
" I ret

"I return to receive your orders, and ascertain, on the spot, whether my indefatigable zeal and intire devotedness can yet be of any service to your majesty. *I am convinced that this is your wish, since you deign to assure me of it.*" To the Assembly he says, "Worthily to reply *to that ennobling mark of your regard*, far exceeds my feeble powers; but at least, gentlemen, I may be allowed to offer you the homage of my respectful gratitude."* When Necker had resolved to return, his progress through the country was, in the strictest sense of the word, a triumph. Acclamations of multitudes, an escort of troops, respect and veneration, attended him the whole way. Intoxicated with homage and applause, he was incapable of seeing that his popularity had reached its height, and that its decline was to be dated from that moment. In short, every thing proved that he had risen to as great an eminence in the public opinion as the conspirators and factious judged it expedient to permit; and at the very time his return was celebrated by fireworks and illuminations, his dis-

* See Letters and Answers to Necker on the French Revolution, vol. i. p. 225.

grace

grace was determined. In the course of a few months his reputation declined, his presence gave no pleasure, he was no longer looked up to as the saviour of the country, but merely as a minister of some talents, and a necessary drudge in the mysterious and laborious business of finance.

This indifference was soon converted into disgust. The committee of the National Assembly, employed in carrying into execution his economical plans, required a register of the expenditure, pensions, and donations of the public money by the court for the last twenty years, called the RED BOOK. The king expressed an unwillingness to comply with this request, as it would expose the profusion of his grandfather. Some of the expences of his own reign might also excite sensations of repugnance, in the present state of the public mind, not against him, but against those who had partaken of his bounty. Camus, however, as president of the committee, pressed for the perusal of the book, alledging that it was not to be published, or its contents divulged to gratify idle curiosity; but that it was to be used merely to form the basis of a report,

report, which the committee could not draw up without it. Necker on this, through malice, ignorance, or some ill intention, prevailed on the king to let the book be sent to the committee. To the great surprise of all honest and feeling men, the book was immediately sent to the press and published; and was, some few years afterwards, changed into a list of proscription and death.

Mr. Necker remonstrated with Camus on this subject in such a style as brought on a quarrel between them. The public took part with the treacherous president of the committee, and the press teemed with scandalous pamphlets against the upstart financier. Every incident of his public life, especially since his last recal, was converted into matter of reproach; and truth and fiction were exhausted in search of scandalous anecdotes of his private life.*

Thus was the man who had been exalted to a degree exceeding all reasonable hope for acts of more than equivocal virtue or small importance, degraded in the public mind to

* Necker sur l'Administration, p. 732, 409, et 424.

the state of a criminal, for a mode of conduct which all good men must have respected. He accelerated the downfal of his popularity by a treatise in defence of nobility, a crime utterly unpardonable in the stile of opinions then prevailing in France; and the unfortunate affair of Nancy, which involved all the ministers in blame, completed his humiliation. To an ear long soothed by the acclamations of popular applause, to an eye long accustomed to see every beholder bending with veneration, or animated with hope, nothing can be more irksome and insupportable than the loss of those gratifications, and the substitution of contempt and reproach for reverence and admiration. The man whose virtuous labours are directed to the public good, and to the faithful discharge of the dictates of his conscience, alone can survey with indifference the fluctuations of public opinion, and persist in his duty, though exposed to all the storms of popular outrage; but he who fixes his affections on the unstable and injudicious approbation of the multitude, and sacrifices to it, in the slightest degree, his integrity and his honour, when once deprived of it, feels that dreary dejection which

which results from disappointment in an illicit object of the tenderest solicitude, and for which no internal principles, or consciousness of irreproachable conduct, is left to make amends.

Alarmed at length for his personal safety, he gave in his resignation, which was received with that indifference by the National Assembly, which to upstart vanity makes contempt so much the more galling. His journey through France to Switzerland, so different from his triumphant entry fourteen months before, is narrated by himself in the following pathetic terms:—"At length I set out, and I alone; indulging a long series of recollections, I alone knew my struggles and my heart-felt pain. I had no sooner set out than I found I was preceded by those dreadful letters, those fatal correspondences, which imparted to the provinces sentiments of hatred, injustice, and persecution. Rapid in their effects as the wand of Medea, they appease the furies or excite them at pleasure. I speedily experienced their malign influence: I was taking a few moments repose, free from mistrust, at the post-house in the little town of Arcis-sur-

Aube, forty leagues from Paris, when I was surprised by the appearance of a great crowd of the people, and several armed men, who entered my chamber. They began by demanding my passports: I had three of them, and a special letter from the king. I shewed them; the municipality, the directory of the district, agreed that they were perfectly regular; but some hot-headed individuals persuaded the national guard to think otherwise, and violence was triumphant. They conducted us, Madame Necker and myself, between two ranks of fusileers to an inn which they appointed for us, and where at first they talked of keeping us apart from our servants: but they at length contented themselves with giving a watch-word at the inn door, and prohibiting all communication with us; they multiplied posts of sentinels; and, to fulfil all the dictates of prudence, placed a *corps-de-garde* in the rooms below. I wished to write to the National Assembly; permission was granted, but with a reservation that none of my servants should carry the letter. It was intrusted to two citizens of Arcis, who, when they reached Paris, entered into a consultation with those members

bers of the Assembly who were most inimical to me: they fixed a day and hour for the transmission of my letter to the National Assembly; and after a debate which produced some perfidious, but impotent attacks, it was agreed that I should at last enjoy *the rights of man*, and they forbad any further impediment to the continuation of my journey; but they carefully abstained from expressing any disapprobation of the national guard at Arcis. They were however afraid that the president, who was a *worthy* man (Bureau de Puezy, at present Buonaparte's *worthy* prefect), should in his answer adopt a style resembling that of gratitude; and as one or two members, in a moment of extraordinary boldness, had hinted something of thanks for my *services*, the president was required to communicate his letter before he dispatched it; and he was obliged, contrary perhaps to his own private wishes, to confine himself rigidly to the terms dictated to him." After some melancholy reflections on this *injustice* of the Assembly, he thus continues: "I quitted Arcis-sur-Aube, that town which at this day, perhaps, regrets its conduct towards me; and, reinforced with a fourth pass-

port, that of the National Assembly, continued my route. But on my arrival at Vesoul, I was detained by the people: they stopped my carriage, cut the traces, held out the most threatening language, and I had great difficulty to escape from their undiscerning fury. At night, the servants who were following me incurred a still greater danger; they were tumultuously seized, the trunks which were in their carriage were opened, the padlocks broken, their contents were carefully examined, and from the inside of the house where these iniquities were transacting they cried to the mob without: *Stay, stay, we will give you notice when we find any thing.* They therefore only wanted a pretence to commit still greater violences: fortunately they found none. The papers were a collection of the principal letters of thanks and kindness which I had received for some time past; the manuscript books contained the accounts of my domestic expences: they were therefore obliged to suffer my servants to depart, who for near five hours considered themselves between life and death, and in their danger bound themselves by vows, which after their deliverance they immediately

immediately fulfilled."* Thus, after a journey replete with disgrace, insult, and danger, M. and Madame Necker arrived at their estate at Coppet, never more to return to France. There they justly suffered that punishment which unbounded disappointed ambition always inflicts on itself. They lived miserable and despised, and died unpitied and unregretted.

M. Necker, in defence of his general conduct, very frequently recurs to the force of public opinion: but this is a mere cant word. The public opinion is not the law of a wise man, or a great statesman; it is a powerful machine which he ought to direct, but he should never suffer himself to be drawn in by its impetuosity or crushed by its weight. M. and Madame Necker fell victims to public opinion, after having offered incense to it as their idol, instead of governing it as the slave of experience and genius.

The private as well as general character of Madame Necker has been delineated by a lover, by a friend, and by an impartial tra-

* Necker sur l'Administration, &c. page 426.

veller, who was neither; they are all necessarily inserted in this sketch, as illustrating the virtues or vices of a woman, whose vanity and abilities engaged her husband to play such a deplorably conspicuous part upon the political, financial, and revolutionary stage of France.

Madame Necker had previously to her marriage, excited the tender sentiment in the bosom of Gibbon, the historian, which the repugnance of his father to the match, and his own prudence enabled him to conquer: he speaks of her with the warmth of a lover, and with that eloquence for which he is so much celebrated.* "The personal attractions of Mademoiselle Susan Curchod were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her fortunes were humble, but her family was respectable. Her mother, a native of France, had preferred her religion to her country. The profession of her father did not extinguish the moderation and philosophy of his temper, and he lived content, with a small salary and laborious duty, in the obscure lot of minister

* Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works, vol. i. page 78.

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of Crassy, in the mountains that separate the Pays de Vaud from the country of Burgundy. In the solitude of a sequestered village he bestowed a liberal and even learned education on his only daughter. She surpassed his hopes by her proficiency in the sciences and languages; and in her short visits to some relations at Lausanne, the wit, the beauty, and erudition of Mademoiselle Curchod were the theme of universal applause. The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity; I saw, and loved. I found her learned without pedantry, witty in conversation, pure in sentiment, and *elegant* in manners; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. The minister of Crassy soon afterwards died; his stipend died with him; his daughter retired to Geneva, where, by teaching young ladies, she earned a hard subsistence for herself and her mother; but in her lowest distress she maintained a spotless reputation and a dignified behaviour. A rich banker at Paris, a Citizen of Geneva, had the good fortune and good sense to discover and possess this inestimable treasure; and in the capital of taste and luxury she resisted the

temptations of wealth, as she had sustained the hardships of indigence. In every change of prosperity and disgrace he has reclined in the bosom of a faithful friend, and Mademoiselle Curchod is now the wife of Mr. Necker, the minister, and perhaps the legislator, of the French monarchy."

The friend of Madame Necker who drew her portrait with a masterly hand, was Marmontel, a French Savans, as well known in the literary world as Mr. Gibbon. "It was," says he,* "at a citizen's ball, a singular circumstance, that I became acquainted with Madame Necker, then young, with some beauty, and a brilliant freshness, dancing ill, but with her whole soul.

"She had scarcely heard my name, when she came to me with the genuine air of joy. 'On arriving at Paris,' said she, 'one of my desires has been to know the author of the Moral Tales. I did not expect so fortunate a meeting at this ball; I hope that it will not be a transient adventure. Necker,' said she to her husband, calling him, 'come and aid

* See Memoirs of Marmontel, vol. iii. p. 195.

me

e to engage Mr. Marmontel, the author of e Moral Tales, to do us the honour of visit- g us.' Mr. Necker was very civil in his in- tation. I accepted it. Thomas was the only erary man whom they had known before me. it in a very little time, in the beautiful hotel ere they went to reside, Madame Necker ected and composed her society, on the del of that of Madame Geoffrin.

" A stranger to the manners of Paris, Ma- me Necker had none of the allurements of a ung French woman. In her manners, in her guage, was neither the air nor the tone of a man educated in the school of the arts, l formed in the school of the world. With- t taste in her dress, without ease in her car- ge, without invitation in her politeness; her derstanding, like her countenance, was too mal to possess any grace.

" But she possessed a charm which amply mpensated for these privations, decorum, dour, and kindness. A virtuous education, d solitary studies, had given her all that cul- ation is capable of adding in the soul to an cellent disposition. Her heart was perfect, t in her head, her notions were often ob-

scure and vague. Meditation, instead of clea ing her ideas, only served to confuse them; b exaggerating she thought she expounded them to extend them, she bewildered herself in ab stractions or hyperboles. She seemed to se certain objects only through a mist that mag nified them to her eyes; and then her expre sions became so inflated, that their emphas would have been laughable had you not know that she was ingenuous.

"Taste in her consisted rather in the resu of opinions collected and transcribed into he pocket-book than in any feeling of her own Had she never cited her examples, it woul have been easy to say on what and afte whom her judgment had formed itself. I the art of writing, she only esteemed eleva tion, majesty, pomp. Gradations, shades, th varieties of colouring and of tone, she bu feebly felt. She had heard much in praise o the genuine simplicity of La Fontaine, of th natural manner of Sevigné. She would tall of them from hearsay, while she felt them bu little. The graces of negligence, ease, th flow of soul, were unknown to her. Even i conversation, familiarity displeased her.

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often amused myself with observing how far she carried this delicacy. One day I cited to her some familiar expressions, which, I said, I thought might be received in the noblest style: as, *fair l'amour*; *aller voir ses amans*; *commencer à voir clair*; *prenez votre parti*; *pour bien faire, il faudroit*; *non, vois-tu*; *faisons mieux*, &c. She rejected them as unworthy a dignified style. 'Racine,' said I to her, 'has been less scrupulous than you. He has employed them all;' and I shewed her the examples. But her opinion once established, was invariable; and the authority of Thomas or that of Buffon, was to her an article of faith.

"You would have said that she made rectitude and accuracy the rule of her duties. There, all was precise and severely measured; even the amusements in which she seemed desirous of indulging had their rule, their method. You would see her wholly occupied with making herself agreeable to her society, eager to welcome those she had admitted to it; attentive to say to each, what was most likely to please, but all this was premeditated; no-

thing flowed naturally, nothing created illusion.

"It was not for us, it was not for herself, that she exerted all her cares; IT WAS FOR HER HUSBAND. To make him acquainted with us, to win our favour for him; to have him spoken of with eulogy in the world, and to establish his renown, was the *principal object* of the foundation of her literary society. But it was requisite too that her drawing-room, and that her dinner should be a recreation, a spectacle for her husband, for indeed he was there only a cold and silent spectator. Except a few smart words that he introduced here and there, he sat mute and inanimate, leaving to his wife the care of supporting the conversation. She did all she could, but her mind had none of those engaging graces that are the soul of the familiar dialogue of the table. Not a single sally, not one vivid touch, not one flash of gaiety that could awaken wit. Restless and troubled as soon as she saw the scene and the dialogue languish, she sought the cause of it in our eyes. She had sometimes even the sincerity to complain of it to me; 'How can it be otherwise, Madam,' I used to

to say to her, 'wit is not always at our command, nor are we always in a humour to be engaging. Mr. Necker, himself, is perhaps not always amusing.' The attentions of Madame Necker, and all her desire to please us, could not have extinguished the disgust of being at her dinners merely for the diversion and entertainment of her husband. But those dinners were like many others, at which the guests enjoying themselves, dispense with wit and gaiety in their host, provided he dispense with their attentions.

"During the time Mr. Necker was minister, those who had not known him in his private life, attributed his silence, his gravity, his reserve, to the arrogance of his new situation. But I can attest that, even before fortune had thus elevated the simple partner of Thellusson the banker, he had the same air, the same grave and silent character; and that he was neither more friendly nor more familiar with us. He received his company with civility; but he had with none of us that cordiality which, and which alone, imparts to politeness the semblance of friendship.

"His daughter, Madame de Stael, has said of

of him, *that he had the art of keeping all men at a distance*. If that really was her father's intention, by telling it, she would have betrayed very inconsiderately the secret of a ridiculous pride. But the simple truth was, that a man accustomed from his youth to the mysterious operations of a bank, and absorbed in the calculation of commercial speculation, knowing nothing of the world, but little conversant with men and manners, still less so with books; superficially and vaguely informed on all that did not concern his profession; such a man was obliged, by discretion, prudence, and self-love, to keep himself reserved, in order that he might not discover the poverty and paucity of his ideas; thus he would speak freely and abundantly on subjects with which he was well acquainted, but on every other with reserve. He was therefore adroit and prudent, and not arrogant. His daughter is sometimes rash, though she is always charming.

"With respect to Madame Necker, she had among us some friends whom she distinguished, and I was always of the number. It was not that our opinions and tastes harmonized; I even affected to oppose my simple

and

and vulgar ideas to her high conceptions; and it was requisite for her to descend from those inaccessible heights, in order to communicate with me. But though unapt to follow her in the region of her thoughts, and more a slave to my senses than she would have wished, I was not the less one of her favourites."

The third who sketches the character of this celebrated Madame Necker is a Swiss traveller, one of her own countrymen.* "After marriage," says he, "Mr. Necker became entirely another man. His wife, whom from indigence and dependance, he had raised to comfort and affluence, doated on him. She made him believe that he, who, from a destitute beggar, had in a few years, by his own industry and address, become one of the most wealthy bankers, might aspire to any thing; and in some few years more, as easily and quickly obtain rank, as he had obtained and accumulated riches.

"As the first stage to elevation, she advised him twice or thrice in the week to treat all the wits, or men of letters of any celebrity or talents, who in return would proclaim him a li-

* See Le Voyageur Suisse, &c. p. 384 and 385.

terary

terary patron, a protector of the muses, and with their abilities assist him in any difficult literary undertakings of his own. Thus Thomas corrected and improved his Eulogy of Colbert; D'Alembert revised his Essay on the Liberty of the Commerce in grain, and his *Compte Rendu*; and Marmontel new modelled his book on the administration of the finances. All this progress towards power and immortality did not cost him in the whole twenty thousand livres (625*l.*).

"From the success of these undertakings, he always submitted to the superior judgment of his wife, as to that of a being of a higher order. This submission extended to every thing; to domestic concerns, to financial speculations as well as to literary performances or political transactions and intrigues. She was the soul of his counsels, and his adviser both in prosperity and adversity. Had it not been for her, he would neither have been so surprisingly popular, nor so miserably wretched.

"She accompanied him in his exile,* as she had

* When Mr. Necker in 1781 resigned his place of a minister of the finances, he was accused of peculation by his

had attended him at court, encouraging his hopes, smoothing his disappointments, and alleviating his pains. Madame Necker was upon the whole a wonderful woman. Not possessing beauty, she charmed, and destitute of feelings herself, she inspired tenderness. She wanted neither genius from nature, nor information from study. But though no person had more completely succeeded in subjecting her passions to her reason, and both to her egotism, it was not difficult to discover, that, in her, art was every thing, and nature nothing; and that the sentiments of her mind were as artificial as the expressions of her sensibility were studied and interested.

"Without religion, she passed for devout, and without compassion, for charitable. She

his enemies, and Louis XVI. one day found the following *Quatrain* under his napkin:

"Genève a produit deux grands hommes;
Tous les deux CHERS aux Francais;
L'un emporte bien des regrets,
L'autre emportera bien des sommes."

The other person meant in this *Quatrain* was J. J. Rousseau.

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strove as much as possible to implant in the bosom of her daughter her own notions, her own philosophical phlegm. She succeeded beyond her expectations. Before she was twenty, Madame de Stael thought, spoke, and intrigued like her second self, while her husband had not an idea of his own; not a scheme that was not digested by her, and not a plan, on which she had not meditated, deliberated, and privately determined.

"Many think, that had Madame Necker passed her youth in brilliant societies, frequented courts at an early age, and afterwards married the same husband, Louis XVI. might still have reigned; or, at least, he would never have died on the scaffold!

"Her social vices were few, but her social virtues none. With her every thing was calculation. She would have prostituted herself to make her husband a minister of state; but she would also have sacrificed the universe to destroy any one who opposed him. In him were concentrated all her expectations, all her wants, and all her desires. She would have shown fortitude enough in courageously encountering death with him, while he servilely followed

followed her advice; but her vanity was such, that she would perhaps have delivered himself to the executioner, if proscribed or persecuted, had he deviated from her dictates.

"Madame Necker was in fact a connubial heroine, but also a connubial tyrant. The minister who directed the councils of a great king of a great nation was in leading strings in his own house; and he who so audaciously imposed upon a whole people by his presumption, was the most submissive domestic slave.

"It was not Mr. but Madame Necker, who duped and treated the best of kings with insolence, his queen with contempt and calumny, and the people of France at large as clerks of an humble counting-house, or pupils of a charity school."

Though Madame Necker's character was more firm, and her courage more cool and calm than that of her husband, her constitution was weaker; her health was therefore ruined before her spirits were broken. She died in 1796, when in her fifty-fourth year. Her body was embalmed, and daily visited by a disconsolate husband, who, in her, had lost more than

than the half of himself. He, as well as his daughter, have written her panegyric, and hold up as perfection and sanctity; what was in fact nothing more than a combination of vanity and hypocrisy.

AIMEE CECILE RENAUD,

THE PARISIAN VICTIM.

THE enthusiastic admiration, and servile adulation paid to the Fleming Robespierre in May 1794, were carried to the same shameful height by the French republicans, as their dishonourable elevation of the Corsican Buonaparte to an emperor in May 1804. Their vileness was the same, though their objects were changed. They equally prostrated and debased themselves before the sans-culotte and the imperial assassin.

A man of the name of Henry L'Amiral, formerly a servant in the house of the minister Bertin, and afterwards a keeper of a lottery office at Brussels, attempted in the night of the 26th of May, 1794, to shoot the *ci-devant* strolling player, Collot d'Herbois, first a regicide accomplice, and afterwards a revolutionary

tionary rival of Robespierre. Being interrogated, he declared that his project was to kill Collot d'Herbois and Robespierre, and that during three days, he had looked for an opportunity to dispatch the latter, which, he was sorry to say, had not presented itself, as it might have saved the republic, and delivered France of a monster, whose death would have secured him the admiration and regret of the universe. Fouquier Tinville, wishing to make out of his attempt a long chain of conspiracy against the *worthy* French patriots of that time, confronted him with thirty persons, said to be his accomplices. He declared however that he *alone* had conceived the plan, with which no other individual was acquainted; and addressed the public accuser thus: "Does the devil govern you in accusing every body as my accomplice? Of all the persons present I never before in my life saw a single individual." When his interrogatory was over, he sung with a loud voice—

"Plutôt la mort que l'esclavage
C'est la devise des Francais."

In the same dungeon with him was confined a robber, condemned to the gallies, who acted the

the part of a spy, but he could learn nothing from him, but that he had by his conduct endeavoured to serve his country.*

As this affair made a great noise, and deputations from the jacobin and cordelier clubs, as well as from the commune, had congratulated Collot d'Herbois on his escape, jealousy, envy, and suspicion, the domineering passions of the mind both of a Robespierre and a Buonaparte, were excited, and could only be appeased by a farther effusion of human blood.

Fearing that his popularity would decline, if the eyes of all men were fixed upon Collot d'Herbois, Robespierre resolved to embrace the first occasion to draw back the public attention to himself. The visit of a young girl, who in a very extraordinary manner presented herself at his house, not only gave him the opportunity he sought, and a complete triumph, but afforded the sanguinary tyrant a plan for accelerating his course in the race of blood. He was dissatisfied with the tardiness of the revolutionary tribunal, which, though it destroyed from fifty to fourscore persons a day,

* See Le Dictionnaire Biographique, vol. i. p. 31.

without

without any form of trial or ceremony, save that of calling over their names, seemed too slow for the rapidity of his destructive appetite. He had proposed at the jacobin club to kill three thousand a day with grape shot till the prisons should be emptied; and orders were actually given for enlarging the court of the revolutionary tribunal, so that two or three hundred persons might be dispatched at one time.* Whether his fears of assassination were real or affected, he made use of the reports raised on the subject to gratify his vanity as well as his cruelty. He made a pompous speech in the National Convention, in which he exaggerated the magnitude of his services, and of his dangers; and like his worthy successor Buonaparte, challenged the gratitude of his contemporaries, and the admiration of posterity. He also made use of it for a purpose still more detestable, to obtain the decree for giving no quarter to English or Hanoverian prisoners.

But what pleased him above all at the moment was, that the visit of young Mademoiselle Renaud, without any personal danger to himself,

* See Les Annales du Terrorism, preface, p. 9.

procured

J. G. Renaud.

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depended on the situation in which I found him."

"Did any one employ you to speak to Citizen Robespierre?"—"No."

"Had you any memorial to present to him?"—"I do not see that you have any concern with that matter."

"Do you know Citizen Robespierre?"—"No; for that was exactly what I wanted."

"What were your motives for desiring to know him?"—"To know if he answered my purpose." Being called upon to explain the last expression, she replied, "I have nothing more to say on that subject."

"When you understood that Citizen Robespierre was not at home, did you not betray impatience and ill humour?"—"Yes."

"Do you know the *Rue de l'Estrapade*?"—"No."

"Did you not say to the Citizens who arrested you, that you would shed the last drop of your blood to restore the king?"—"Yes, I did so."

"Do you maintain that language still?"—"Yes, I do."

"What

"What where your motives for desiring at that time, and still continuing to desire, a tyrant to govern France?"—"I wish to have a king, because I prefer one to a thousand tyrants; and I went to Robespierre's house merely to see what was the shape of a tyrant."

Carnot, a member of the committee, then ordered a parcel to be produced to the young Renaud, containing the entire dress of a woman, which she had left with a seller of lemonade immediately before her visit to Robespierre's house, and interrogated her on her motives for providing herself with this apparel. She answered that, well knowing she should be sent to the place where she certainly must go, she wished to be provided with a decent dress for the occasion.

"What place do you speak of?" asked Barrere.—"To prison, and then to the guillotine."

"What use did you purpose to make of the two knives that were found on your person?"—"None. I never designed harm against any living being."

After this examination, the young Renaud was committed to the *Conciergerie* prison, and

the task of punishing her pretended crime was delivered over to the public accuser, Fouquier Tinville, the servant of all work to Robespierre, as Fouché is to Buonaparte. This worthy minister of Robespierre's passions neglected nothing in this affair that would flatter his master. He subjected the young girl to several secret examinations; in the first of which he employed all the means that might terrify her into a confession, and an impeachment of her accomplices. She uniformly and steadily affirmed that she never entertained the idea of assassinating Robespierre, but simply wished to see what was the shape of a tyrant. In another examination he threatened, if she did not acknowledge her guilt, and give up her accomplices, to send her father, mother, brothers, and all her family to the guillotine. "You may send me," she said, "to the guillotine for having formed a desire to behold a tyrant, but it would be the most barbarous injustice were you to destroy my family, who are innocent of that crime."

As she continued to give the same answers upon every interrogatory, Fouquier Tinville fell into a rage at what he called her audacity.

A new

A new species of torture for the discovery of truth was contrived by the ingenuity of this sapient investigator. Perceiving that she loved dress, he gave orders to the keeper of the prison to take her clothes from her, and make her put on squalid, filthy, and disgusting rags in their stead. Thus accoutred, they forced her to appear before the council, where the same questions and menaces were again repeated. Far from being ashamed of her dress, she rallied her examiners with considerable effect on the absurdity of their experiment and the pettiness of their invention. In other respects her answers were exactly the same as before, and she persevered in her denial of the conspiracy. It was then determined to put her and her family to death.

On the 29th of Prairial, or the 17th of June, 1794, this amiable and unfortunate girl was transferred to the revolutionary tribunal, and put to the bar. As she entered the box appropriated to the accused, she saw among the associates of her misfortunes, her father, her mother, and an aunt by whom she had been educated. Her eyes filled with tears at the sight; but in a short time she subdued her

emotion, and recovered her usual serenity. The jury, on only hearing the names called over of upwards of threescore persons, most of whom had been six months in prison, and were unknown to her, but who were all accused of being her accomplices, declared themselves sufficiently instructed, and pronounced sentence of death on the whole party, sixty-nine in number, without listening to evidence or defence. Among them were Saint Amaranthes, mother and daughter, and young Sartines, the husband of the latter, with the two Sombreuils, father and son, and L'Amiral, the assassin of Collot d'Herbois. No less than eight carriages were prepared to conduct her and her accomplices to the scaffold. This spectacle of so many condemned persons, each covered with a red shirt, and surrounded by a strong guard, composed of *gens-d'armes* with pieces of cannon, who appeared as if they were proceeding to a *fête*, was a compliment to Robespierre. All eyes sought for the young Renaud. The approach of death made no change in her countenance. She calmly cast her eyes around upon the multitude. During the long time occupied in the procession from the prison to the

guillotine, which on this occasion was
:ted near the *Barrier du Trône*, in the *Faux-*
rg St. Antoine, she never betrayed the
ıllest symptoms of fear. She was seen to
le more than once, and she frequently cor-
ed with her companions in misfortune.
ıg arrived at the place of execution, she
ended from the cart with firmness, and em-
ing her parents and her aunt, exhorted
n to die with constancy. When it was
turn to mount the scaffold, she ascended the
s with cheerfulness, and courtesying to the
ierous spectators, seemed eager to present
head to the fatal steel.

arious were the conjectures, at the time, of
motives of the conduct of this surprising
; but so far from having any foundation
uth, none of them had even probability on
ıide. Her answers on her various exami-
ons can scarcely justify a suspicion of a
gn against Robespierre. That she was not
ılous of imitating Charlotte Corday appears
her going unprovided with offensive wea-
s; but, at the same time, that she did not
ect impunity is evident from her having
ished herself with a bundle of linen, ex-

pressly because it would be useful to her in prison. Some authors express a belief that insanity was the cause of her extraordinary proceeding. If that supposition were just, her insanity was of a singular species, as it certainly approached more nearly to heroism, than enthusiasm and fanaticism. But whether she was guided by sound reason, excited by disgust of existence from witnessing the horror and impunity of crime, or that daily scenes of blood had exalted her imagination, or deranged her intellects, no other but a French revolutionary and republican tribunal, in the universe would have condemned her; nor any other people, but those vile and wicked Frenchmen, now Buonaparte's subjects, would have suffered not only herself, but her family and threescore persons, utter strangers to her, to perish for an imaginary conspiracy, only existing in the guilty minds and trembling consciences of those criminals, whose enormities would scarcely be believed, had they not been since surpassed, during the reign of the Corsican usurper as a general, as a first consul, as well as when an emperor, who dastardly stabs, strangles, and poisons in the dark

dark, while Robespierre and his banditti boldly shewed themselves as noon-day assassins. Hypocrisy, the contemptible vice of cowardly guilt, was not among the number of their crimes.

The two brothers of Mademoiselle Renaud, though fighting in the army of the north, on the frontiers of Brabant, were arrested, loaded with chains, and sent to Paris under a strong escort, where they arrived on the 25th of July. Most fortunately for them, the pomp which the agents of the republicans designed to display on the second execution causing delay, saved their lives; because, before the executioners had time to bestow their attention on them, the revolution of the 9th of Thermidor, or the 27th of July, which occasioned the downfall of Robespierre, suspended their murderous power.*

Louis Renaud, one of these brothers, in

* For the account of A. C. Renaud's apprehension and execution, Jordan's Political State, vol. vi. p. 462; Miss Williams's Letters in 1794, vol. ii. p. 66; Anecdotes of Celebrated Women, p. 165 et seq.; New Annual Register for 1794, p. 360; and Playfair's History of Jacobinism, p. 637, have been consulted.

1800 occupied the house of his parents, and continued their business as a stationer. Curiosity or compassion, or perhaps both, drew thither a number of strangers and foreigners, who admired the portrait of his sister, which decorated his shop. After the miscarriage of the conspiracy of the infernal machine, these visitors occasioned suspicion, and Fouché ordered him, in the name of Buonaparte, to sell his house and to settle in a country town. Upon a refusal, he was arrested, carried to the Temple, and from thence transported to Cayenna, or removed to eternity, as he has never since been heard of.* The portrait of his sister was seized by Fouché, not to decorate the museum of Napoleon or Josephine, but to be consumed in flames. The house, after being confiscated, was transformed into a *corps-de-*

* See Les Nouvelles à la Main, Vendemiaire, year xii. No II, p. 7. In a note is said, that upon enquiry at the police, made by Maria Renaud, the only surviving child of seven, she was told that her brother Louis had died suddenly in going on business to St. Domingo, in a national cutter, and that he left no property but debts behind him.

garde

garde for the police soldiers. Philip Renaud, the other brother of Aimée Cecile Renaud, a serjeant in the army of reserve, was killed fighting for Buonaparte at the battle of Marengo!

SOPHIA

AND

HENRIETTA DE ST. MARIE,

REVOLUTIONARY SUICIDES.

Tout est bien dans un siècle où la misère abonde,
Où l'orgueil, la folie, ont envahie le monde,
Où l'excès est sans cesse à côté de l'excès!
Tout est Dieu, disons-nous: eh! le siècle ou nous sommes
A peine a-t-il produit, non des Dieux mais des hommes.

WHEN the rebels in France, after undermining, had overturned a throne which had existed fourteen centuries; and the French infidels, after violating, had proscribed, altars that for eighteen hundred years had been the hope of the faithful, the consolation of the unfortunate, a terror to crimes, a barrier to vice, and an encouragement to virtue; the loyal had then no refuge, the religious no protection. Undeserved wretchedness no longer expected any reward in heaven for its sufferings upon earth, and premeditated guilt apprehended

heeded no punishment in an hereafter for the enormities it perpetrated in this world. It was then impossible to take a step in the revolutionary French republic without meeting culpable or miserable beings, hardened by impunity, or made desperate by witnessing the triumph of rebellion, of atheism, the audacity of regicides and of infidels.

Should this country still contain any individuals infatuated by the mania of innovations, of reform and revolutions, let them remember that among those swallowed up in the revolutionary gulph, or swept away by the revolutionary torrent in France, were not only many of the opposers, but also many of the conspirators and promoters of the rebellion; many innovators and reformers, their friends, relatives, parents, and children. Under the reign of the National Convention alone, eighteen thousand six hundred and thirteen persons were put to death by the guillotine. The civil war at Lyons cost thirty-one thousand and two hundred lives, that at Marseilles seven hundred and twenty-nine. At Toulon, fourteen thousand three hundred and twenty-five were destroyed, and in the south of France,

after

after the fall of Robespierre, seven hundred and fifty jacobins, pretended regenerators, perished. The war in La Vendée is computed to have caused the destruction of nine hundred thousand men, forty thousand women, and eight thousand children; and more than twenty thousand dwellings were reduced to ashes. Impressed with images of terror, four thousand seven hundred and ninety persons committed suicide; three thousand four hundred women died in consequence of premature deliveries; twenty thousand are stated to have died of famine, and one thousand five hundred and fifty were driven to insanity. In the colonies, one hundred and twenty-four thousand white men, women and children, and sixty thousand people of colour, were massacred; two towns and three thousand two hundred habitations were burned. The loss of men in the war is estimated at fifteen hundred thousand; and one hundred and twenty-three thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine noblemen, gentlemen, ecclesiastics, and men of property, were banished and outlawed as emigrants. All these atrocities were committed, and all this misery endured, during the short space of thirty-seven months,

months, or from September 1792, to October 1795. In this statement is not included either the barbarous outrages against humanity and property that have preceded, or that have followed the reign of the National Convention for the thirteen remaining years of the French revolution. Their amount surpasses all belief. What an immense population has disappeared in consequence of the plots of some few ambitious individuals, and infamous firebrands. Beware, Britons! of listening to the complaints of the disaffected, to confide in the promise of the schemer; and in troublesome times mistrust even the sincerity of the pretended patriot, who, in Great Britain as well as in France, may turn out to be a mistaken dupe, a lurking assassin, or an artful traitor.*

It is no wonder if, at such a dreadful period, despondence tormented the mind of the good, broke the heart of the tender and compassionate, and despair put the dagger, the poison, the pistol, into the hands of the weak and dejected.

* Les Annales du Terrorisme, p. 150, and Histoire des Erreurs, vol. vi. p. 512. and Tableau Générale by Prud'homme.

Suicides

Suicides generally increase in proportion to the unpunished violation of the law, and when eminent, virtuous, and honourable actions remain unrewarded by a government either neglectful or indolent, incapable or corrupted. The victims who thus perish, are so much the more to be pitied and lamented, as they frequently are the purest members of society, at least unpolluted by plunder, unstained by blood, and irreproachable as citizens. Of this description were Sophia and Henrietta de St. Marie, and their lovers, Adolph and Felix de Fleuriotte.

The father of the young ladies was a knight of the order of St. Louis, and had been a lieutenant-colonel in the colonial troops of the Isle de France, where they were both born. Having two sisters in a convent of noble nuns in Burgundy, their father sent them thither in 1787 for education. He was induced to the sacrifice of depriving himself of their company, by the loss of his wife, who died young, and who, when expiring, had particularly recommended her children to the care and kindness of their aunts.

When they landed in Europe, Sophia had just

just accomplished her twelfth, and Henrietta her eleventh year. Having passed the former part of their youth in domestic retirement, a convent, where every inhabitant was a person of rank, brought up accordingly, and possessed some talent or other to enliven the dulness of retreat, and to vary the sameness of solitude, was to them not a disagreeable situation. Their gentle and pleasing manners, their amiable temper and disposition, and their interesting innocence, procured them as many friends as they had superiors or companions. They were particularly distinguished and pitied for an early and extreme sensibility, dangerous in young persons of both sexes, and particularly so in young females, who, without any knowledge of the arts of the world, or experience of the deceptions of men, are apt to form a judgment of mankind in general from their own generous and private feelings; to give credit to the story of the impostor; to confide in the vows of the seducer, to the honour of the debauchee, and in the sincerity and constancy of the rake.

Early in 1790, when the convulsions and factions, which tormented the mother-country, began

began to afflict the colonies, Colonel de St. Marie disposed of his property in the Isle of France, and took his passage for Europe in a vessel bound to Marseilles. On his arrival, he inquired after, found, and purchased an estate in Dauphiny, where he intended to pass the remainder of his days in the society of his beloved daughters and of his two sisters, whom the destruction of all religious orders, and the confiscation of all convents, had deprived of a home. Here he remained undisturbed until the 16th of September, 1792, his seventy-second birth-day.

Among the amusements and occupations of Sophia and Henrietta, music and drawing had a great share. To celebrate their good father's birth-day they made unusual preparations, and had in particular decorated his favourite apartment, which to the sublime but delightful prospects of the numerous mountains of Dauphiné added even a distant view of the Alps. Several presents were there deposited to surprise him; and, among others, a picture of their own design and execution, representing a birth-day feast, where with their aunts they surrounded their father, and crowned, in his presence, his bust with

with evergreens and flowers. Over this group hovered the celestial spirit of their mother in the form of a beautiful woman, holding between her hands a *bandeau*, with this inscription, "*Je veille sur vous.*" The dinner passed over with the greatest cheerfulness, and at the desert several sonnets composed for the occasion were sung. Every thing seemed to indicate that the day would end as it began, and that the most dutiful children, and the most tender parent, would still enjoy a continuance of merited happiness together. But how narrow is human foresight, and how delusive are human expectations! The most promising appearance of health is frequently the signal of death, and the best founded confidence in future enjoyments often conducts to immediate misery.

The chateau of the Colonel, though at some distance from the high road, was however visible to all travellers. A division of the army under General Montesquieu, destined to invade Savoy, happened to pass by on that day. These citizen soldiers inquired after the name of the aristocrat, the owner of the chateau, and why he had not emigrated. Being informed

informed that he was the father of two beautiful daughters, of whom he was doatingly fond, the whole division *en masse* resolved to begin their military exploits by paying a fraternal visit to the chateau, to punish the aristocrat, and to seize his daughters as a lawful prize.

In a regiment of dragoons belonging to this division served two brothers, who had not yet seen their fifth lustre. One of them had the rank of a captain, the other that of a lieutenant. After having, at the risk of their lives, in vain attempted to dissuade the troops from committing such an outrage, they set off at full gallop to warn Colonel de St. Marie of their approach, as well as of their intention. The veteran without hesitation answered:—"Young gentlemen! your conduct proves that you are men of honour, and that, notwithstanding your age, I can confide to your care my children, whose preservation is dearer to me than my own existence, and whose purity and innocence will be their best protectors against the insinuations of every man not entirely depraved. Take them and their aunts with you, pass through my park, and see them safe to a neighbour's house two leagues distant. They

are

re well acquainted cross road not much frequented; as to I , I am an old soldier, and never feared however, if my countrymen are not ally transformed into gers, they will respect the grey hairs of a arrior, covered with rious wounds in the rvice of his king and ountry."

Some few minutes after their departure, the hateau was surrounded by four thousand rmed banditti in the republican uniform, accompanied by several hundred vagabonds in ags collected on the road. They chose half dozen of the most violent among them as eputies to parley with the Colonel. After a arter of an hour's abuse of aristocrats, and omplaints against conspirators, they informed im, that their demands were, to have his aughters, his money, plate, wine, and liquors, nstantly delivered up. On these conditions lone they would permit him to escape with is life from the chateau, which they were determined to reduce to ashes. "Who are ou," said the veteran, "that dare thus speak o a soldier, and to make such proposals to a ather, and to a man of honour?" "We are," nswered they, "republican volunteers of the army

army of the Alps, going to conquer Savoy; but before we advance farther, we are determined not to leave any aristocrats behind us." "From your manner of speaking and conducting yourselves," said the Colonel, "I am more inclined to think you robbers than soldiers, so little do you resemble those brave men, who, for nearly half a century served under me, fought and bled by my side." "We are not come here," retorted they, "to hear your anti-patriotic language. If you hesitate to submit to our dictates, our comrades, whom we see already tumultuous on account of our stay, will enter by force, seize what they want, act as they please, and finish by burying you in the smoking ruins of your own chateau."

When they left him, he bolted the doors, and ordered his five servants to assist him in defending the entry against men, who, though numerous, must be cowards, because they avowed themselves assassins, robbers, and incendiaries. But before he had time to finish his defensive preparations, some of the troops had, with the aid of a ladder, entered through the windows into the apartments usually occupied by the ladies. Being unable to find them, they

latter, they became outrageous; tearing to pieces and breaking the furniture, pictures, glasses, and every thing that fell in their way: while thus engaged, other banditti forced their way to the cellar, regaling themselves as long as any thing to drink was left. The colonel's last resource was a retreat to his library, there to fortify himself as well as he could. After fastening the door, and placing his drawers against it, he looked through a small window placed over the staircase, where he observed the two officers of dragoons cutting down every thing before them, in hope of opening a way and penetrating to him. But when they had almost reached the door of the library, to his great grief he saw these brave defenders fall, inundated with their own and their opposers' blood. In his turn he thought his honour and duty called on him to rescue them; who, although wounded, gave signs of life. He therefore rushed out armed with two double-barrelled pistols and a sword. Twenty bullets, directed at him in an instant, all missed him, and four of the first assailants who approached him he laid dead at his feet. When his sword broke he took to his pistols, with

which he killed two more, but fell a lifeless corpse by a shot through his head. The chateau was now left to unmolested pillage; and after every thing had been sacked or carried away, it was set on fire. In the confusion that prevailed, some friends of the two officers took the opportunity of carrying them to a neighbouring cottage, rather in hope to relieve their pains than to restore them to society.

It is impossible to depict the dreadful condition of Sophia and Henrietta, when, on the same night, by the indiscretion of a servant, they were apprized that their father was no more! An example of resignation to the will of an often incomprehensible Providence was held out to them by their aunts, and religion preached to them submission without a murmur even in this great calamity. They listened to its voice; and they found strength enough to return to their late dwelling, in search of the corpse of their beloved and unfortunate parent, as soon as the republican division had quitted the neighbourhood. But amidst the many mutilated, half-burned, or nearly consumed remains, their pious zeal did not meet with the sad consolation it expected.

However,

However, that they might not have any thing like want of filial duty to accuse themselves with, they caused the ground to be cleared of all the human bones and ashes; which, after being religiously collected in four large coffins, were deposited in the same grave, over which a monument was erected, and still remains, bearing this simple inscription: "PASSENGER, PRAY FOR THE REPOSE OF THE SOUL OF PHILIP DE ST. MARIE, AS WELL AS FOR THE SOULS OF HIS ASSASSINS, INTERRED WITH THEIR VICTIM IN THIS SAME TOMB."

Their residence in this neighbourhood could no longer be desirable, nor even supportable, to the orphans, whose health was as much impaired as their spirits were oppressed. Their aunts required and persuaded them, therefore, to remove to Paris, and to become inmates with a cousin of their mother, appointed in their father's will their guardian, who was a *ci-devant* counseller of the parliament, and extremely rich. Though this gentleman did not approve of the revolution, he declined to emigrate. Having resolved no more to meddle with or to interfere in the contests of the

factious, than to share in the guilt of conspirators and traitors, he thought himself safe from the fury of the former, and from the punishments merited by the latter. He had carried his prudence so far as to cease all intercourse with his former friends or acquaintances suspected of aristocracy, or not following the same line of conduct he had prescribed to himself. Not having any children, an aged mother and his wife constituted his only society: they all kindly strove to alleviate with their attention, tenderness, and affection, the sorrows of the interesting orphans whom such heavy misfortunes drove under their roof.

Though Paris at that period was in the power of plunderers and murderers, under the appellation of patriots and republicans, its many fine walks, and various places of resort for the melancholy as well as for the gay, afforded some diversion to young persons, to whom they were novelties. But after the murder of the best and most unfortunate king of France, even these assumed a gloomy appearance: the novelty ceased, but the horrors of anarchy and crime remained. Every day increased the apprehensions of the good, the insecurity of the

the rich, and the dread of all who had property to lose, honour to preserve, and no guilt to offer as the only acceptable evidence of civism, of patriotism, and of republicanism. At last, when the decree against suspected persons, (including all individuals of either sex, and of whatever age, belonging to the *ci-devant* privileged classes) had passed, Sophia and Henrietta, as well as their relatives, were proscribed, and flight alone could prevent imprisonment and death. Thus circumstanced, the two sisters, provided with five hundred louis-d'ors, considered it as fortunate to be taken by a sans-culotte mantua-maker as sans-culotte apprentices, and as such they remained unnoticed and concealed until the spring of 1794.

The two officers of dragoons, who had so nobly preserved their innocence, their honour, and their lives, and in such a generous manner devoted themselves for their parent, a stranger, had frequently occurred to their remembrance, and been the subject of their alarms and conversation. Sometimes they deplored them as dead; again they hoped that these warriors had escaped, and lived to witness the gratitude

due to their magnanimity and disinterestedness. On the 23d of April, one of these officers, in the dress of a common soldier, unexpectedly entered the shop where they worked, and while looking at some ready-made linen, put a letter into the hand of Henrietta, and went away. In it, the sisters were told that Adolph, as well as Felix de Fleuriotte, had providentially escaped death, after being dangerously wounded. That they both had been unanimous in never again serving among banditti, disgracing the name of soldiers; but that by this determination they had also been included in the same act of proscription with themselves. That to avoid their assassins, they had, under fictitious names, engaged as volunteers in the corps of citizens doing duty at Paris; where, after long and numerous researches and inquiries, they were finally fortunate enough to find out by accident the abode of ladies, for whom with respect and admiration other sentiments were united, and without whom life would soon be insupportable. They asked and appointed an interview for the next decade, or republican holiday, in the garden of plants *(ci-devant* king's garden).

They

They begged to see them, and to converse once more with those for whom they had been so happy as to suffer, but who were deserving of sacrifices, which it was above their ability, but not above their wishes, to offer.

Many persons in France have by the revolution been so situated and so isolated, that what in orderly times and in ordinary circumstances might justly have been upbraided as indiscreet, or regarded as imprudent, has turned out an inevitable obligation, dictated by honour as well as by necessity. This was the case of Sophia and Henrietta. Unknown to their mistress, their aunts and relations already captured and incarcerated, and they themselves condemned to share the same confinement if detected, their lives and liberty were again at the mercy of two strangers, who, though they once shewed that they possessed honourable principles, might since have been led astray by the prevailing unbridled licentiousness of their countrymen. Although these had learned every thing concerning the family of Colonel de St. Marie, the young ladies knew nothing of their deliverers, or of their parents or relatives. They had only heard

that a noble and respectable family of De Fleuriotte existed in Alsace, but whether Adolph and Felix were members of it had not come to their knowledge. According to their ideas, duty and prudence, however, equally required that they should be punctual to an appointment neither repugnant to their feelings nor inclinations.

Since the day when Adolph and Felix had at so great a risk rendered such an important service to Sophia and Henrietta, new crimes had produced an affinity in their reciprocal misfortunes. The Baron de Fleuriotte, their father, in attempting to emigrate, had been stopped and shot at New Brissac, while their mother and sisters had saved their lives only to partake of the misery of their exiled countrymen in Germany. They themselves were under a triple republican ban; as noblemen, as deserters from their regiment, and as emigrants from their country. Their relations, who had remained in France, were also either in prison, or had perished in the massacres of prisoners. Thus in the midst of their native land, they were destitute, friendless, and proscribed.

The

The first interview, as might be supposed, was extremely affecting, and was followed by others. When they had become better acquainted, sentiments of gratitude and esteem were succeeded by those of friendship and of affection. They found themselves worthy of each other; and concluded, from the similarity of their perilous situations and numerous sufferings, that Providence had intended and approved of their union, as a reward for their virtuous perseverance in the path of rectitude. They therefore agreed among themselves, that as soon as the troubles of France ceased, or they could find an opportunity to emigrate, Sophia and Henrietta were to bestow their hands, the former on Adolph and the latter on Felix de Fleuriotte.

This dream of future happiness was, however, but of short duration. A gens-d'arme who had served under the officers, and knew them again notwithstanding their disguise, denounced them, and obliged them to contrive other means of concealment. They no longer dared to walk out during the day, and it was only after dark that they could converse

a moment with their female friends. Hearing, however, that the spies of the police were in strict search after them, and not to involve those whom they so dearly loved in the cruel fate probably prepared for themselves, at the interview on the evening of the 26th June, 1794, they bade their Sophia and Henrietta a long and doleful adieu. Their plan was to leave Paris, and to try to escape into Switzerland; but the guide whom they had engaged with money lent them by their mistresses to assist them in their flight, betrayed and delivered up those he had engaged to screen and to preserve. On the 25th of June, Sophia received the following lines from her Adolph, delivered to her by a child.

The Prison of La Force, June 24th, nine o'clock in the morning.

"Most beloved of women! The career of my short and wretched existence is closed for ever when you read these lines. My God and my Sophia will be my last thoughts. I enter into eternity, imploring the blessing of the Almighty on you and your sister; his mercy on

on me and my poor brother. Sophia! Sophia! the idea of leaving you behind in this abode of infamy and wickedness, and the thought that so much virtue and so much beauty may perhaps soon fall a prey to audacity and guilt, almost distract me. It is not jealousy; it is not selfishness:—no, it is the purest, most affectionate of sentiments, that makes me bequeath to you this advice:—*Follow my example!!* The blood-stained earth is not worthy to contain any longer such an angel. Remember, dearest, dearest Sophia! your oath—your sacred oath never to belong to another, never to survive the untimely death of your friend, of your lover. I am sentenced to be executed, with Félix, to-morrow—to pass through the hands of the public executioner. No! no!—never! never! shall I be insulted by a sight of him, or my corpse polluted by his touch. I expect every instant to hear that Felix is no more. We agreed to dispatch ourselves before the end of the day, and the sun is setting. Should he have no opportunity of addressing his last vows, his last prayers, to his dear Henrietta, she may read them in mine to you! They are the same; the same tender affection accom-

panies him in the grave, with the same wishes that his Henrietta will not stay behind, exposed by her virtues to all the evils of life, without any hope or prospect of comfort in the den of corruption and villainy of our disgraced country.—I hear the report of a pistol—Felix has lived! and I am expiring in uttering—Sophia! Sophia—I EXPECT YOU.

"ADOLPH."

The same note contained these verses:—

Don funeste du ciel, déplorable existence,
Chef-d'œuvre excellente de la Divinité,
Tyran de la nature et de l'humanité,
Rentre dans le NEANT, où tu pris la naissance.
Que la mort désastreuse exerce sa vengeance,
Qu'aucun être n'échappe à sa rapacité;
Que la flamme en volcans du globe ensanglanté
Détruise les RESSORTS et l'organique essence.
Que, le foudre à la main, sur le trône des airs,
L'immortel Créateur embrase l'univers,
Le sage ose admirer la fureur qui l'anime.
Il s'écrie, à l'aspect de ce dernier fléau:
Perisse le séjour où triumphoit le crime!
LA VERTU VIT EN PAIX dans la nuit du tombeau.

While reading this note Sophia fainted away; and Henrietta seized the paper, the harbinger of such fatal news to them both. Having

g no friend upon earth to consult, no expecta-
on of support, or even consolation from any one
ut themselves, the lamentable loss of the only
ersons that attached them to an existence so
arly miserable, was so much the more severely
felt. They saw in the universe nothing but a
desert, where they were surrounded by tigers
and wolves ready to devour them. Unpitied
and defenceless they therefore did not long he-
sitate in deciding on what part they should
act. Under pretence of enquiry after some ac-
quaintances, they asked leave of their mistress
to pass some days at Chantilly. When they had
seated themselves in the coach for that place,
a newsman was bawling out—" Here is the
Journal des Jacobins, containing great news of
a grand execution of aristocrats and of grand
suicides in the prison of *La Force*." Henrietta
bought the journal, and put it into her pocket.
When arrived at Chantilly, they stopped at the
inn called the City of London. After dinner
they walked in the delightful but quiet park
of the Prince of Condé, once so much fre-
quented, now so solitary, so deserted. On t t
day, a month before, they had passed so
happy hours on the very spot, in the compan

of their lovers; a happiness they were never more to enjoy. What a melancholy change in so short a period! When tired of walking, they lay down under the shade of a venerable oak, where they had sworn eternal fidelity to friendship and love. Henrietta then remembered the journal, and they began to read it in agitation. They had not advanced far before they found the names of their aunts and relatives among those of fifty-four other individuals, executed the day before as conspirators. A flood of tears afforded a seasonable relief to their oppressed bosoms, and gave them strength enough to go through the next pages: all the particulars already mentioned, of the arrest, condemnation, and suicides, of Adolph and Felix; with an addition, that the police was looking after the accomplices of these young men, supposed to be some female aristocrats, to one of whom, under the name of Henrietta, Felix de Fleuriotte had written with charcoal on the walls of the dungeon the following lines:

Puisque par la nature
L'homme au trépas est asservie,
Il faut bien qu'il l'endure.
Un jour de plus, s'il est ravi,
Ne vaut pas un murmure.

Had

lad they then brought with them their arms estruction, that moment would probably have a their last: though before they left Paris, r had fixed on the day, the hour, and the nent, to commit their rash act. After a me- holy discussion of another hour, they rned to the inn, and inquired of the landlady ther any clergyman resided in the village or ts vicinity? "Alas! no," said the good nan: "the curate was guillotined three nths ago, and we are no longer permitted to ourselves christians."

Vhile their supper was preparing, they joined e children dancing in the street to the music a blind fidler. Among these they distri- ed their rings, bracelets, and other trinkets; gave the musicians a double louis-d'or, on dition that he should every night during : week amuse the young folks in the same mer. They caressed several of the girls, ng them to enjoy life now, before reason ld convince them of its little value. "We ," said they, "laughed and danced at your ; but these pleasures were too short, and r remembrance only renders long subse- nt pains so much the more insupportable.

You

You promise us that you will dance to morrow, the next day, and every day until Sunday, and think of us though we are not present. Good night—God bless you."

As their behaviour though strange was collected, and although it indicated affliction, evinced no signs of insanity, they excited compassion rather than curiosity. During supper the landlady tried, but in vain, to enter into conversation with them; and her intrusion was the more troublesome, as, not to occasion any suspicion of their intent, they were obliged to speak cheerfully, while their hearts were almost bursting with grief, and to listen to the village prattle, while their thoughts were wavering towards eternity.

The next morning they were up before sunrise, paid their bill, and went again into the park; where, about noon, they were discovered under an oak-tree, dead in each other's arms, their bosoms pierced with two daggers. Either to prevent the wind from exposing them indelicately, or fearing the same effect from the convulsions of death, they had with several yards of black ribband tied their white gowns on the outside. Each of them held the portrait

trait of her lover in her left hand, with which she was also embracing her sister; and in the right hand was the weapon which put an end to their sufferings. In their pockets were several papers, from some of which this sketch is extracted; and sixty louis-d'ors in gold, which they bequeathed to children made orphans by the revolution. They desired to be buried under the oak where they expired, and the portraits of their lovers to be placed with them in their coffins. Round the handle of each dagger was fastened with a pink ribband, a slip of paper with these words: "Adolph and Felix, your Sophia and Henrietta join you."

In the room where they had passed their last night was dropped a paper with this prayer: "O God! whose bounty we have adored in the midst of our early and numerous calamities, have mercy on two feeble mortals, who hasten to thee without thy command—who hasten to present themselves before thy throne, where their lovers have already appeared, and undoubtedly obtained that heavenly crown which their virtues deserved. To thee, oh our father and our God! is known the misery as well

well as the innocence of our lives; our submission to thy will, and our confidence that thou wilt reward us hereafter for our resignation upon earth. Should however our rash act be a crime, we have erred from ignorance, not from design. Whatever, O God, is thy determination, we must submit: only separate us not from our lovers. Let us with them enjoy the blessings of the elect, or the torments of the reprobated. With them, hell itself will lose its terrors, its horrors; but without them, paradise itself wi l be to us a wilderness!"

O Mort! O destinée! O Dieu de la lumière!
Créateur increé de la nature entière;
Etre immense et parfait, seul être de bonté;
As tu fait les humains pour la calamité?

The last requests of Sophia and Henrietta were complied with by the municipality; and they were both interred under the spot rendered so sacred to them by the fidelity they so sincerely vowed, and so religiously preserved to their lovers. No marble—no monument describes their graves; but on the oak-are rudely carved their names, with these lines, still legible in 1799:

A votre

A votre sang mêlons nos pleurs;
Attendrissons-nous d'âge en âge,
Sur vos amours et vos malheurs;
Mais admirons votre COURAGE *

* The whole of this sketch is extracted from *Le Recueil Lettres*, page 51 et seq. and from *Le Voyageur Suisse*, 15 et seq.

MADAME LE GRAND,

THE LOYAL GRENADIER.

DURING the whole period of the revolutionary war, no city defended itself better, or sustained a longer siege, than Lyons: although it was without ramparts, without an arsenal, without heavy artillery, without magazines, without ammunition, and without any other garrison than its own citizens, chiefly composed of manufacturers and mechanics; accustomed to a sedentary life, and therefore generally supposed to be enervated, and unfit to endure fatigues always excessive during a vigorous defence, particularly when the assailants are numerous, active, or actuated by the usual passions which disgrace civil contests, and having nothing to apprehend from attack or interruptions from external enemies.

Several histories and relations have been published

published of this memorable siege; but the heroic exploits of the Lyonese were so great and so numerous, that to mention all the individual examples of courage, of valour, of resignation, and of patriotism, would require more voluminous works than the extensive and exaggerated memoirs of all the achievements of republican armies since the revolution. An honourable emulation distinguished both sexes: to brave dangers; to receive or to return the fire of their ungenerous and unnatural enemy; to support privations of every description; and in the advanced posts to expose themselves as the forlorn hope, and by the sacrifice of their own lives to preserve those of their fellow citizens, or at least to retard the progress of their implacable foes, who barbarously gave no quarter. Several hundred women were wounded, maimed, or killed, in the batteries by the side of the cannon, or in serving as mounted riflemen or hussars. They handled the sword, manœuvred with the artillery, and charged with the bayonets, if not with more force, at least with more skill and adroitness, than even the men.

Among the female citizens of Lyons, combating against the republican plunderers and sanguinary

guinary tyrants, in defence of their rights, liberty, property, and lives, Madame Le Grand became conspicuous, both by the beauty of her person, and by her undaunted perseverance in military duty. She belonged to the battalion of loyal Lyonese grenadiers, called even by the republicans *the terrible*, from the havoc they made among the latter in the different charges on their ranks. When famine and treachery had opened to the tri-coloured banditti those gates which they had been unable to force either by superior numbers, or a merciless bombardment, Madame Le Grand returned to her home without any other injury than a slight wound on the head.

Citizen Le Grand, her husband, was master of a coffee-house not far from the Place de Bellecourt. By a severe rheumatic complaint, he had been confined to his bed during the whole time of the siege: his name was therefore not upon the list of proscription with those of many thousand other of his fellow-citizens destined to perish by an ignominious death; but his wife daily expected, and with firmness awaited, her impending doom. It was well known to the jacobin and republican assassins, that

that she had bravely carried arms against them. She had however an unknown protector, or rather enemy, who retarded her trial and execution, in hopes of dishonouring her before he sent her to be murdered. The name of the villain was Fernex.

Before the revolution Fernex was a low mechanic, employed in a silk manufactory at Lyons, poor and despised, because he was a drunkard and idle. Having also been accused, arrested, and punished, for stealing and selling silk belonging to his masters and employers, he was of course a fit subject to figure among the French patriots and republicans. In a few years he became one of the most popular *reformers* and staunchest *friends* of liberty and equality in France. To reward his zeal and *patriotism*, the National Convention, on the recommendation of Collot d'Herbois and Fouché (the present minister of police), appointed him one of the judges of the revolutionary tribunal established at Lyons, which, within eleven months, butchered six thousand four hundred and two persons of both sexes.

Some time elapsed before Madame Le Grand could discern the views of this wretch: but his

his declaration of love was heard and answered with that becoming indignation of virtue, when detecting the snares laid for it by treachery and infamy. So much, however, had this culpable and artful man insinuated himself into the good opinion and friendship of her husband, that when she informed him of the attempt against his honour and her virtue, he would not believe it, but continued to share with the viper his confidence, and bestow on him his hospitality.

Several young men who had frequented her coffee-house, and whom Fernex had observed, or supposed to be attentive to Madame Le Grand, were, under the most frivolous pretexts, taken up, tried, and executed, in a summary manner, as enemies to the republic. She guessed the real cause of these atrocious judicial murders, and hinted it to her husband, who was always infatuated with his revolutionary friend. At length none of the customers dared to converse with her, through fear of incurring the hatred and vengeance of Fernex; and her coffee-house was deserted and shunned by all. The terror he inspired did not displease the ferocious ruffian, whose officious insinuations augmented

augmented in proportion as he saw himself the undisputed master of the field of battle. Finding, however, that he made no progress, he one day told her in a rage, that he was certain her insensibility to his advances originated in an attachment to some secret lover, whom he should soon find out, and chastise for his temerity. "This secret lover of mine," answered Madame Le Grand, with contempt, "is no other than my husband; but I cannot, notwithstanding your past enormities, think you barbarous enough to be bent on the unavailing destruction of a man who esteems you as a friend, and whom, if he was removed, you should certainly be the last person upon earth to succeed." The next day Fernex did not make his appearance, but on the following he came as usual. While drinking his dish of chocolate, he said suddenly: "Apropos, my friend Le Grand, they want to speak with you for a moment at the tribunal, and I was asked to send you there." Le Grand, having no more mistrust than guilt, went immediately; and within half an hour he was guillotined as an accomplice in a pretended conspiracy with sixty-two other in-

 dividuals,

dividuals, most of whom he had never seen before.

Fernex had in the mean time taken his usual place by the side of Madame Le Grand within the bar, and was tormenting her with his professions of love, when a neighbour entered almost bewildered, and exclaimed, "Madam! your husband is just guillotined." The woman who had so often dared death and braved misery, now fainted away like a timid and terrified child. Observing, however, on her recovering, that Fernex supported her, she seized a knife, and gave him several wounds in the face. Furious, and threatening vengeance, he went away, and the same afternoon she was lodged in a jail, and her property put into the occupation of her husband's murderers.

These unexpected and melancholy occurrences affected and afflicted her so much, that she was entirely deprived of her reason, and the prison was exchanged for a mad-house. There she remained insensible and raving until she became pregnant, when she recovered at once. Robespierre was then no more; and Fouché, Fernex, and his other tools and slaves,

were

were all equally abhorred. On returning to her house, which had been pillaged and stripped of every thing valuable, and calculating the time of her widowhood, she could not at first comprehend how it was possible for her to be in a family way. Upon a request and complaint of her friends to the new magistrates, less inhuman than their predecessors, and after strict enquiry, it was attested and proved that the monster Fernex, taking advantage of her madness and her calling for her husband, had introduced himself to her bed several nights, and been vile enough to perpetrate the crime, which made her the mother of the child of a man she detested, of the assassin of a husband she adored and lamented.

Her loyal and moral conduct, as well as her misfortunes, inspired the greatest interest and compassion. Her coffee-house became shortly the place of resort of all those who esteemed the good and pitied the unfortunate; who were desirous to encourage or recompense noble actions, or to alleviate extreme sufferings.

The agitation of her mind occasioned a miscarriage, and she began to recover her tranquil-

lity, when, in 1795, a report reached her, that Fernex, who had saved himself in Dauphiny, had imprudently returned to Lyons; where, being known again, the people would have torn him to pieces, but for the intervention of the military, who had brought him before the municipality. She instantly left her house, and furiously rushing through the crowd surrounding the town-hall, penetrated into the presence of the wretch. She had not power to pronounce a single word; but having in her way picked up two stones of the numerous houses he had ordered to be demolished, she threw them at him, wounded him, and fainted away. The clamours of the populace who had followed her now became great; and the municipality to soften their rage, condemned Fernex to prison, and promised his immediate trial. An escadron of hussars was ordered to see him safe to his place of confinement; but though he marched between fifty men on horseback with drawn swords, he was knocked down by a stone thrown from the ruins of the houses along the quay of the Rhone. No sooner did he fall than the hussars set off at full gallop, crying out, *Vive la Republique! à bas les terroristes!* leaving

leaving him in the power of the people; who, notwithstanding his meanness, intreaties, and professed repentance, carried him upon the bridge of Morand, and precipitated him in the river Rhone.

Madame Le Grand had been brought home in a hackney-coach almost lifeless; and it was not until the next day that she was in a state to be informed by her friends, that her persecutor had with his life atoned for his guilt, and to learn that her fellow-citizens had avenged the cruel outrages to which she had been exposed, and the crimes he had committed. This act of popular fury she saw in its true light when more collected, and blamed it very much. From that period her health began to decline, and she died with devotion and resignation in November 1797, when the jacobins had again usurped the supreme republican authority; and under the appellation of municipal officers, of representatives of the people, of generals, and of directors, were issuing mandates of arrest, of transportation, and of death.

Dying without offspring, Madame Le Grand bequeathed all her property to seven destitute and deserted orphans, whose grand-parents,

parents, uncles and aunts, had all perished on the same day with her husband. She finished her will with these lines: "Beware, my adopted children, of acquiescing in, or approving of any punishment in which the violent passions of individuals usurp the place of impartial laws. Never court popularity, or the applauses of an inconstant, unprincipled, and unjust multitude. Remember that these very people who threw Fernex in the Rhone, were the same who had approved of the murder of your parents and relatives, and of my unfortunate husband. If seduced by impostors, purchased by traitors, or terrified by tyrants, they will still at all times be ready to butcher innocence, and obey the commands of guilt."*

* The particulars of this sketch are related in Les Annales du Terrorisme, p. 462 et seq. and in Le Recueil d'Anecdotes, p. 351 et seq.

In June 1796 the author of this sketch was at Lyons; and went with a friend, to whom he was recommended, to the coffee-house kept by Madame Le Grand, and had the pleasure of conversing with her. He heard from her own mouth a confirmation of most of the cruel occurrences he has published concerning her. She seemed to be about twenty-two years of age, well informed, loyal, and rather religiously inclined. When he admired her courage and resignation, she interrupted him by saying, "What are my sufferings compared to those of my innocent

ant king, and my endurance of existence to the christian
m with which he resigned a life of the purest virtue for
ith of the vilest malefactor!" She favoured him with
rous anecdotes of females who had served bravely during
ege of Lyons, and afterwards ascended the republican
ds with the same indifference as they had assaulted their
ies. Some of these anecdotes he shall relate in their
lace.

REVOLUTIONARY RELIGIONS.

MADAME MOMORO,

(THE GODDESS OF REASON.)

IN the Journal of *Le Pere Ducheme*, of the 28th of February 1793, the infamous rebe and blasphemous disbeliever Hebert wrote the following lines: "No sooner was the *virtuou* Louis XVI. arrested, than victory crowned our arms; no sooner were all priests murdered and proscribed, than Savoy and the country of Nice were conquered; no sooner were all churches shut up, and all the mummery of religion banished, than Belgium extended the limits of the French republic; no sooner had Capet (the king) danced the carmagnole under the guillotine, than Breda and a part of the Batavian commonwealth submitted to our irresistible arms. In fact, every act towards our complete regeneration branded by the bigoted, by the malevolent, and by aristocrats, with the names

names of impiety and crime, has been followed by the most unequivocal success and prosperity. If a God exists, he is evidently a republican sans-culotte. If a God does not exist, which is most probable, let us continue without interruption our pretended career of wickedness with renewed energy, and an increase of sacrilegious excesses; and within a short time both the reigns of Gods and kings will be at an end, and the universe contain nothing but a regenerated and enlightened family of atheists and republicans."

Thus spoke this monster, then the official interpreter of the government, and one of the leading men of the new-born French republic. What were the consequences of such a doctrine, and the effects of such principles? The revolutionary tribunal was re-organized to dispatch daily from thirty to ninety victims. Hebert's friend, Merlin of Douai, the present attorney-general of Buonaparte, procured a decree, that every person of the *ci-devant* privileged classes, and all the great proprietors, should be considered and confined as suspected; which occasioned the imprisonment of two hundred and fifty thousand families, and the

murder of fifteen hundred thousand individuals, of all ages, of both sexes, and of both parties, during the civil wars of La Vendée, Lyons, Toulon, &c. By another republican law, licentiousness, libertinism, adultery, and incest, were permitted to be carried to the most shocking excess. Parents were deprived of all authority over their children, and children released from all obligations and duties to their parents. In return, fathers were permitted to cohabit with their daughters; and sons who were depraved, encouraged to commit incest with their mothers. The incestuous cohabitations of brothers and sisters were considered merely as usual occurrences.*

To dissolve still more the ties of civilized society, of morality, and of religion, children were rewarded if they denounced their parents as fanatics if christians, or as aristocrats if loyal sub-

* See Les Annales du Terrorisme, page 417. It is with the greatest repugnance the author publishes these horrible and infamous blasphemies and atrocities. But in the present revolutionary times the display of mental corruption and degradation is not without its use. It shews the dangers of atheism, and its terrible consequences—an universal moral depravity.

jects.

l. If they took a sl r ' n 'a instead enouncing as inform , d as par- sa, the fanatical or a toc ti authors of r days, they were not only pardoned their cities, but applauded and extolled as pa- s. On Monday, September 3d, 1792, at 'clock in the evening, a man, or rather a ster, named Philip, living in the street of Temple, came to the Jacobin Club, of h he was a member, and with a box in hand, mounted the tribune. Here he e a long speech on patriotism, concluding i declaration, that he looked upon every who preferred the ties of blood and of na- to that of patriotic duty, as an aristocrat ving of death; and to convince them of urity and sincerity of his own principles, ened the box, and held up by the grey the bloody and dishevelled heads of his r and mother; "which I have cut off, the impious wretch, "because they ob- ely persisted in not hearing mass from a itutional (an apostate) priest." The h of this parricide received the loudest uses; and the two heads were ordered to

be buried beneath the busts of Brutus and Ankerstrom, behind the president's chair.*

While those whose education and information taught them better, thus erected into a system every thing that was vile and wicked, or strove to make the present generation guilty, and future ages wretched and miserable, it cannot be surprising that the ignorant and weak were easily led astray and seduced to believe every thing that ingenious perverseness could invent, or interested or selfish criminality desire and propagate.

At Paris, in that abode of debauchery, infamy, and crime, called the Palais-Royal, a public brothel was kept by a woman of the name of D'Estainville. Among her inmates was a girl neither young nor beautiful, but well made, of the name of Adelaide Bourgignon. She had from her childhood been brought up in a convent in Champagne, and was destined for a nun when the revolution broke out. Entirely ignorant of her parentage, her only friend was the nun Mother St. Su-

* See L'Histoire du Clergé Francois par Abbé Barruel, page 328.

sanne;

sanne; whom she supposed a relative from the tender care she had taken of her infancy, and from the kindness with which she had instructed her youth, and watched over her maturer age. To her astonishment, when the National Assembly dissolved all vows, and abolished all convents, she was informed that this lady was only a disinterested and generous benefactress, and that probably she had not a relation or any other friend in the world. At her reception into the convent, one thousand louis-d'ors had been paid by an unknown person for her education and her portion when at an age to take the veil.*

Mother St. Susanne, having passed forty years in religious seclusion, was nearly as friendless, as deserted, and as destitute, as her poor pupil. In the hope of finding some resource in her own industry, being very clever in needle-work, she went to Paris, accompanied by Adelaide, whom she determined not to leave exposed either to the temptations of poverty or to the allurements of vice. They

* The greatest part of this sketch is taken from Le Voyageur Suisse, p. 155 et seq.

arrived

arrived in the French capital about the latter end of 1790, and were engaged by a mantua-maker, with whom, in retreat and obscurity, they gained an humble but honest livelihood. After working hard six days, they never failed to attend mass on the Sunday. One day, when kneeling before the crucifix, a sudden noise alarmed them. It was reported that, because the service of their church was performed by non-juring priests, the *patriots* had surrounded it, and no woman could quit it without being subject to flagellation by the hands of the sans-culottes, poissardes, and their accomplices. Mother St. Susanne and Adelaide remained behind in the church the last, and until some of the active citizens dragged them out. They then underwent the same cruel and indecent flogging with other pious ladies, whose faith was firm both against the sophistry and persecution of the revolutionary innovators.

The situation of poor Adelaide was particularly distressing. The exposure of her hitherto concealed charms excited the desire of the profane rabble, and all the libertines who happened to pass by. She was obliged to endure more insults, and to hear more indelicate and impure

expressions,

ressions, than any other. When she was length released, and permitted to depart with loss of a part of her dress, her friend, who l been trembling for her life, was frightened observing that they were followed by several ngers, no doubt dogging them. To avoid ir pursuers, they took several turns in the xemburgh, and in the King's Garden; and vas dark before they ventured home. By this caution they hoped to prevent the acquaint- e of vicious intruders. They were however taken. One of the popular patriots of the r, the *pure* Petion, had engaged a procuress follow her secretly.*

The next morning when Adelaide went out fetch some bread for breakfast, an elderly very decent woman accosted her. She uired whether she knew any body who ld make up some fine linen for her nephew. will pay well," said she, "but it must be a son of sound principles, a staunch royalist, ose discretion I can trust; my nephew hav- left France for Coblentz, and I want each rt marked with a *fleur de lys*." The unsuspi-

* Le Voyageur Suisse, p. 15.

cious

cious Adelaide immediately answered, that she would carry her to just such a person as suited her purpose, and she introduced the stranger to Mother St. Susanne. This lady by her looks told her that she had done wrong; or after the scene of the preceding day, had at least been imprudent. She however received the lady with civility, promised to do her business according to her desire, and by the day she had fixed. On that day the stranger, calling herself Madame Armand, returned, in company with a young girl, whom she presented as her daughter. She brought some more work; and during several weeks continued her visits, and behaved in such an artful manner that Mother St. Susanne thought her first suspicion unfounded.

This old lady had been unwell ever since the ill usage she received at the door of the church; often so much so as to keep her bed. Thus situated, she permitted Adelaide to go to mass under the protection of Madame and Mademoiselle Armand, whose devotion seemed as sincere as their external appearance was modest, and their conversation chaste. Finding her

her end g, she recommended her young l n, whom they promised to regard as one of t r family. Within a fortnight after the death of her benefactress, Adelaide was the mistress of Petion, who soon deserted her. She was then picked up by one of the providers of Madame D'Estainville.*

Another patriot, of the name of Momoro, was one of Madame D'Estainville's most frequent visitors: he was therefore the first person to whom she introduced the new-comer. Before the revolution a printer, he was now esteemed as one of the most active jacobins of the capital, and soon afterw ds became one of the founders of the cl of Cordeliers. In his speeches, as well as in his writings, he preached up the Agrarian law, and invited every one to carry into execution his theory of an equal partition of property. His wish was that all altars might be levelled, as well as all thrones, and the last priest might be sacrificed on the tomb of the last king.† Struck with Ade-

* See Le Voyageur Suisse, page 157.

† See Les Annales du Terrorisme, preface, page 15.

laide's

laide's healthy appearance and inexperience of the world, he made her first his mistress, and afterwards his wife, though in both capacities he treated her as a servant and with harshness.

Momoro, and the other cordeliers, aspired to the reputation of singularity. They banished from conversation the customary compliment of Sir and Madam, from address the ceremony of a bow, from external appearance cleanliness and decency, from manners urbanity, from the conjugal tie fidelity, from the living religion, and from the dying hope. They obliterated every vestige of old customs by a new calendar: they established the law of divorces; took away every thing sacred from the forms of marriage, baptism, and burial; and proclaimed the tenet that *death is an eternal sleep*. The immediate effect of these innovations in the appearance, conversation, and morals of the people, was conspicuous. The dress of the deputies of the nation, sitting in convention, was fit for the porters on the quays; a greasy red cap, with a dirty tricoloured cockade, foul linen, a coarse dirty jacket, daggers and pistols in abundance at the girdle,

and a large pair of pantaloons of coarse cloth. Their conversation was made up ıths, execrations, obscenities, and blas- ıies; and their morals were worthy of accoutrements and dialect.* The con- nation of their enormities was the formal tion of the Christian religion; and the ıl of paganism by the worship of liberty, ity, and reason.

order to vilify and suppress christianity, effort was made to increase the popular mpt of the priesthood, and to augment ıiseries of the order. They were forbidden ercise any trade or calling to eke out their y pittance, which was seldom or ever paid. riests or nuns who had not taken the oath e republic, were deprived of the certifi- of residence, and declared suspected.— ale or exhibition of images of saints, rings, ets, and rosaries, was prohibited; and ıling clubs refused to all priests certificates mission into their halls. Many of these ı might be considered as directed against

* Annual Register for 1794, page 351, 352.—Roland's vol. i. p. 125.

the

the Roman Catholic religion in particular, but not entirely hostile to the general principles of the Christian faith: a new measure of the commune, however, rendered the object of attack indubitable.

Buonaparte's present minister of police, the ex-monk Fouché, being then, as a regicide deputy, on a mission at Nevers, issued a decree on the 17th October, 1793, that all religious signs in streets, squares, and public places, should be *annihilated*, and priests prohibited on pain of imprisonment from appearing any where except in their temples in the clerical garb. Every citizen deceased was also, within eight-and-forty hours after his decease, to be interred without ceremony in a burial-place common to all persuasions, planted with trees, under the shade of which was to be an image representing SLEEP, and on the door of the inclosure an inscription: DEATH IS AN ETERNAL SLEEP. The commune of Paris honoured the letter which announced this edict with loud applauses, and decreed a *similar* measure for the capital.

The jacobin club having voted an application to the convention, to make all priests give

give up their letters of priesthood to be burnt; many anticipated the decree by a voluntary sacrifice. A deputation from the sections, disguised in clerical vestments, appeared on the 27th of the same month in the hall of the legislature, requiring the resumption of the allowance to their curates, and remonstrating against the establishment of bishops and all other classes of priesthood. The general tendency of publications devoted to the ruling party was to destroy all remains of religion; and the convention received with loud plaudits every letter in which a priest proposed to resign his salary, vilified Revelation, and abjured his God.

The cordeliers, who were the most active in promoting these scandalous scenes, obtained a complete triumph on the 7th November 1793; when the constituted authorities of the department and commune of Paris, accompanied by the metropolitan bishop Gobet, his three grand vicaries, and several curates, attended at the bar. Momoro, then one of the administrators of the commune, introduced the members of the clerical body, declaring their intention to divest themselves of the character

racter with which *superstition* had [illegible]. This great example was likely to [illegible] by their colleagues; and no other worship acknowledged but liberty and equality, and no other adoration paid by a people of philosophers than that of reason.

Gobet on this day completed his detestable apostacy, by renouncing his function, throwing off his clerical garb, and together with his vicars and curates, depositing on the desk their letters of priesthood. They were invited to the honours of the sitting, and received the fraternal embrace. Most of the clergy in the convention, among the rest the present senators Bishop Gregoire and Abbé Sieyes, imitated Gobet, and vied with each other in ribaldry and blasphemy. Letters were daily received from the departments, announcing the apostacy of priests; and frequent deputations from most parishes deposited at the bar of the regicide National Convention the remaining spoils of churches and shrines.*

These shameful exhibitions were only pre-

* See Debates; and that excellent work Biographical Memoirs, vol. i. article Gobet.

paratory

paratory to the consummation of national idolatry, in a grand fete on the 10th November 1793; where REASON was worshipped as a deity, and represented as actually present in the person of Madame Momoro, who from the prostitution of brothels was elevated and seated on altars, and reverenced as a goddess. She was carried by four men in an arm-chair to receive the salutations of her worshippers in the National Convention; *all* the members of which attended in the cathedral to celebrate with becoming dignity, in the name of the great nation, this anti-religious festival. She was preceded by fifty virgins, singing hymns to Reason: and escorted by two thousand republicans on foot, and six hundred on horseback; together with the constituted authorities, all the members of the clubs of jacobins and cordeliers, and a crowd equal to that which admired the procession of Buonaparte and the Pope to the same cathedral on the 2d of December 1804. The streets through which the goddess was carried were ined and covered with carpets, and artificial r real flowers were placed in all the windows f the houses of the same streets. The *ci-*

devant

devant cathedral of Paris was decorated the occasion with a temple of Philoso erected for the occasion, adorned with busts philosophers, and illuminated with a flamb denominated THE TORCH OF TRUTH. I fumes were burned upon the altar, encompas with festoons. Over it was suspended a vel canopy; on which was embroidered a tree liberty, equality, and reason, spreading its ro and its light over the four quarters of globe. Above it was a red cap, and the publican constitution; under which lay brol crowns and sceptres, and a bible torn pieces.*

Seated on the altar, the Goddess of Rea thus addressed her worshippers:—This establishes a religious as well as a politi equality. Frenchmen kneel no more before God, than they bow before a king. The tars of the one are involved in the rubbish the thrones of the other. Philosophers spe and freemen instruct; where fanatics preach impostors terrified, fools trembled, tyrants pressed, and slaves cringed. This day;

* Les Annales du Terrorisme, preface, page 23.

the first time, truth purifies a temple which has existed for so many centuries. This day the torch of reason gives light to a temple constructed by ignorance to fear, maintained by the faggots of inquisitions, and darkened for ages by the most absurd superstition. Let us swear, with love of liberty and equality, eternal hatred to all other religion than that of reason, and to all other worship than that of a divinity its representative." All persons present immediately answered:—WE SWEAR! WE SWEAR! WE SWEAR! The Goddess of Reason left the temple in the manner she had entered it, attended by the same suite of adorers to the hall of the Cordelier club, where a fraternal banquet had been prepared. At the end of the repast, heated with wine or by enthusiasm, Chaumette moved, and it was agreed to, that a fraternal address should be forwarded to all the sections of Paris, and to all the municipalities of the French republic, inviting them each to elect a goddess of reason, to organize her priestesses, and for the future to worship her alone on the republican holidays, the *decades*.* Within twenty-four hours Ma-

* Les Annales du Terrorisme, preface, page 24.

dame Momoro had more supplications presented to her for places of priestesses to the goddess of reason, than Madame Buonaparte has since received petitions for places of maids of honour and ladies in waiting to the revolutionary empress.*

On the 11th of November, or the next day after this *religious* fête, the following lines were engraved on the front of the church of St. Roch, in the street St. Honoré :—

Post mortem nihil est, ipsaque mors nihil.
Quæris quo jacent post obitum loco?
Quo non nata jacent.

Over the great door of the church St. Eustace, were painted these lines :—

Après la vie, où pourrai-je être?
Où j'etois AVANT DE NAÎTRE.

Similar verses or sentences were read all over France, not only over the entries of *ci-devant* churches, but on all buildings occupied by the clubs and public functionaries of the republic.†

* See Les Nouvelles à la Main, Pluviose, year XIII. No. iii. page 5.

† Les Annales du Terrorisme, preface, page 24.

That

That her usurped divinity could not insure her immortality, Madame Momoro soon experienced. The jealousy, vanity, and ambition, of the then citizen sans-culotte sovereign of the French commonwealth, Robespierre, gave that death-blow to the fashionable revolutionary atheism, which conscience, policy, and justice, so loudly called for; and the Goddess of Reason, her worship, and many of her worshippers, perished together. Implicated in a pretended conspiracy of the Cordeliers, she was with her husband arrested and sent to the prison called *Port Livre*. There she bore the railleries of her fellow-prisoners with a good grace, and for some time entertained hopes that an insurrection of the people would procure their liberation; but those expectations were frustrated.* Soon after the execution of Momoro, she was transferred to the *Conciergerie*, from the *Conciergerie* to the revolutionary tribunal, and from the tribunal to the guillotine, where she was executed on the 19th of March 1794, four months after her apotheosis. She ascended the scaffold with firmness; and died with a con-

* Les Annales du Terrorisme, page 24.

temptuous smile on observing Buonaparte, Fouché, St. Just, Sieyes, Barrere, and others, who had so *devoutly* assisted at her elevation, now applaud her degrading exit.*

ROBESPIERRE'S FESTIVAL IN HONOUR OF A SUPREME BEING.

Political hypocrisy with its deformities succeeded the horrors of barefaced atheism—a God was decreed to exist by those great criminals whose execrable perpetrations bid defiance to all laws, human as well as divine. In the midst of the terrors he excited, of the executions with which he ensanguined his native land, hardened against the impressions of self-abhorrence which a consciousness of his unrelenting ferocity ought to have inspired, Robespierre had the incredible assurance to propose for the 8th of June 1794, a festival in honour of the Supreme Being, and to propose himself as high-priest. In a prepared speech, replete with pedantic affectation, he asserted, as if it were a discovery of his own, the existence of a deity, and the immortality of the soul. He enforced the doctrine with those trite topics which would

* Les Annales du Terrorisme, page 25.

scarcely

scarcely be thought worthy to fill a page of a school-boy's exercise, expressed in all the florid pomposity of self-conceit, and uttered in the complacent accents of self-applause. The order of the procession of this festival, the decorations of the altar, the ornaments of the houses, and the whole *spectacle* of the *Champ de Mars*, was arranged by the regicide painter David: who then painted the Supreme Being in the figure of Robespierre, and who has lately drawn a portrait of our Saviour with the face of Buonaparte, the ceremony of whose coronation he also directed.* Miss Williams in her Letters gives the following animated and accurate description of this religious farce.†

"David, ever ready to fulfil the mandates of his master Robespierre, steps forth, marshals the procession, and, like the herald in Othello, orders every man to put himself into triumph! At this spot, by David's command, the mothers are to embrace their daughters—at that, the fathers are to clasp their sons; here, the old are to bless the young; and there, the young

* Les Annales du Terrorisme, page 25; and Les Nouvelles à la Main, Pluviose, year xiii. no. iii. page 6.

† Letters in 1794, vol. ii. page 86.

are to kneel to the old. Upon this bouvelard the people are to sing, upon that they must dance: at noon they must listen in silence, and at sunset they must rend the air with acclamations. The citizens of Paris had been invited, and the invitation amounted to a command, to decorate their houses in honour of the festival. Accordingly, Paris on that morning, lighted up by brilliant sunshine, presented the most gay and charming spectacle imaginable. Woods had been robbed of their shade, and gardens to the extent of some leagues, rifled of their sweets, in order to adorn the city. The walls of every house were covered with luxuriant wreaths of oak, and laurels blended with flowers; civic crowns were interwoven with national ribands; three-coloured flags waved over every portal; and the whole was arranged with that light and airy grace which belongs to Parisian fancy. The women wore garlands of fresh-blown roses in their hair, and held branches of palm and laurel in their hands: the men placed oaken boughs in their hats, and children strewed the way with violets and myrtle. The representatives of the people had large cockade-coloured plumes in their hats, national scarfs

scarfs thrown across their shoulders, and nosegays of blended wheatears, fruits, and flowers, in their hands, as symbols of their mission. A great amphitheatre was raised on the gardens of the Thuilleries, immediately before the palace, now the seat of the Convention. Upon a tribune in the centre of the Convention, Robespierre appeared; and having for a few hours disencumbered the Square of the Revolution of the guillotine, this high-priest of Moloch, within view of that very spot where his daily sacrifices of human victims were offered up, covered with their blood, invoked the Parent of universal nature, talked of the charms of virtue, and breathed the hope of immortality. When the foul fiend had finished his impious mockery, he descended from the tribune, and walked with great solemnity towards a grotesque kind of monument that was raised upon the basin in the front of the palace, which had been covered over for that purpose. On this monument was placed a misshapen and hideous figure, with ass's ears, which for some hours served as an enigma to the gaping crowd, who knew not how to account for this singular appearance; till Robespierre having set fire to this image of

deformity, which was declared to be the symbol of atheism, its cumbrous drapery suddenly vanished, and a fair and majestic form was suddenly discovered, emblematical of *wisdom* and *philosophy*. Atheism being thus happily destroyed, the Convention, attended by a numerous procession of people, and preceded by triumphal cars and banners, marched to the *Champ de Mars*; where with much toil and cost a rocky mountain had been reared, upon whose lofty summit the tyrant and his adherents climbed, and from whence he once more harangued the people: and the festival closed with hymns and choral songs in honour of the Supreme Being."

While this abominable monster, by this sacrilegious ceremony, seemed to place himself point-blank in the very aim of an offended Deity; while making his puerile harangue, he waved in one of his blood-stained hands a nosegay, in the other his hat. Doubtless, many who had to require of him the blood of parents, children, relations, and friends, lifted up their hands to the God he profaned, in ardent and pious ejaculations for an effusion of divine wrath to rid the earth of its greatest pest, next

to

to Napoleone Buonaparte. Their prayers were heard. From that day he seems to have stood marked as a person on whom the stroke of death was ready to descend. On the 28th of July the high-priest of infidelity finished his revolutionary career on the same scaffold where the Goddess of Reason had expired.

THE THEOPHILANTHROPISTS OF LA REVEILLIERE-LEPEAUX.

After the execution of Robespierre, some momentary freedom existed, during which the mass of the French people shewed a desire to return to the faith of their forefathers. Another revolutionary apostle, however, started up, and in his turn attempted to inforce a new religion on the debased and tormented inhabitants of France. This apostle's name was La Reveilliere-Lepeaux; one of the five directors of the French republic, who marched into power in October 1795, upon the bleeding carcases of eight thousand men, women, and children, butchered by Buonaparte's cannons in the streets of Paris. The person of this man was remarkably ugly; more fit to be the model

of a devil than of a preacher, of an apostle, or high-priest of God. His visage is expressive of cowardice and malignity, his back crooked, and his whole appearance filthy and deformed. A fellow-director and regicide, Carnot, says: "'There exists not a greater hypocrite, nor a more immoral man, than La Reveilliere: nature, having formed him disgusting to the sight and smell, seems to have cautioned those who approach him of the falsehood and depravity of his heart." In France the characters drawn by accomplices are seldom overcharged.*

Such was the man that collected around him all the remaining worshippers of the Goddess of Reason, and adorers of Robespierre's Supreme Being, and with their aid composed and published a catechism of the sect of theophilanthropists. The tenets held by him and them were nearly those of the religion of nature, intermixed with some ridiculous revolutionary sophistry. To that sect La Reveilliere gave those christian churches, the priests of which he punished with all the relentless fana-

* Carnot's Reply to Bailleul, p. 150 and 151, English translation.

ticism

ticism of a sectary, and a sectary in power; hundreds of whom have, according to his mandates, perished in dungeons in the wilds of Cayenne, for refusing to submit to the articles of his pretended faith.

The adherents of this sect had their regular priests as well as churches, and the republican decade was their holiday. The priest, after several hymns to nature had been sung, ascended the pulpit, and read a speech on some moral subject, and the service finished with another hymn to nature. The creed of the theophilanthropists was posted up in their churches, decorated with three-coloured flags and ribands. The dress of the priests (chiefly clerks in the director's offices) was a white shirt with a blue stripe of silk before, and a red one behind. The writer of this visited several of these congregations, but found the audience neither decent nor numerous. It was mostly composed of the low and guilty rabble which had figured in all the revolutionary catastrophes, whose language was vulgar and noisy, and who, in the hope of impunity for their crimes, courted the protection of the director by the profession of his gospel. When in 1799 La Reveilliere was forced to re-

sign, his sectaries dispersed, to prostrate themselves before some new idol; whether a goddess of reason or a Roman pontiff was the same to them, and equally edifying to their enslaved fellow-citizens.

BUONAPARTE'S PROFESSION OF THE MAHOMETAN RELIGION.

Had not Sir Sydney Smith put a stop before Jean d'Acre to Buonaparte's progress towards Constantinople, it is probable that the most christian emperor of the French would have in 1799 proclaimed himself the most Mahometan sultan of the Turks; transformed his forty thousand republican soldiers into so many adorers of Mahomet and propagators of Islamism; and have endeavoured by their bayonets and zeal to banish the christian religion not only from France, but from Italy, and perhaps Europe. Buonaparte's private and official acts evince that this supposition is not too bold.

After Buonaparte had, without any previous summons, on the 2d of July 1798, stormed the friendly city of Alexandria in Egypt, and after a display there of a thorough disregard of all laws

laws of nations, of war, and of humanity, he issued a proclamation, which will signalize to all ages his contempt of divine institutions; a proclamation treacherously designed as a trick to allure the confidence of the natives, but which, whenever viewed impartially, must plunge into the most degrading contempt the character of that military adventurer, who, in a piratical pursuit of plunder, not only committed the most unprincipled barbarities, but voluntarily published the renunciation of his faith; which, when performed through compulsion, stamps on the delinquent the name of renegado, and is justly considered as the last test of a depraved mind, devoid of integrity, and incapable of honour. This proclamation, it will be seen, began by expressly denying Jesus Christ, and proceeded to affirm that the French adored the Supreme Being, and honoured Mahomet and his holy Koran.

Translation of the Proclamation issued by General Buonaparte in the Arabic language, on his landing in Egypt.

"In the name of God, gracious and merciful. There is no God but God, he has *no* son or associate in his kingdom!

"The

"The present moment, which is destined for the punishment of the Beys, has been long anxiously expected. The Beys coming from the mountains of Georgia and Bajars have desolated this beautiful country, long insulted and treated with contempt the French nation, and oppressed her merchants in various ways. Buonaparte, the general of the French republic, *according to the principles of liberty*, is now arrived; and the Almighty, the Lord of both worlds, has sealed the destruction of the Beys.

"Inhabitants of Egypt! when the Beys tell you the French are come to destroy your religion, believe them not: it is an abominable falsehood. Answer those deceivers, that they are only come to rescue the rights of the poor from the hands of their tyrants, and that the French *adore a Supreme Being, and honour the Prophet and his holy Koran.*

"All men are equal in the eyes of God: understanding, ingenuity, and science, alone make a difference between them: and as the Beys, therefore, do not possess any of these qualities, they cannot be worthy to govern the country.

"Yet are they the only possessors of extensive

sive tracts of land, beautiful female slaves, excellent horses, magnificent palaces! Have they then received an exclusive privilege from the Almighty? If so, *let them produce it.* But the Supreme Being, who is just and merciful towards all mankind, wills that in future none of the inhabitants of Egypt shall be prevented from attaining to the first employments and the highest honours. The administration, which shall be conducted by [redacted] of intelligence, talents, and foresight, will be productive of happiness and security. The tyranny and avarice of the Beys have laid waste Egypt, which was formerly so populous and well cultivated.

THE FRENCH ARE TRUE MUSSULMEN.

"Not long since they marched to Rome, and *overthrew the throne* of the Pope, who excited the christians against the professors of Islamism (the Mahometan religion). Afterwards they directed their course towards Malta, and drove out the *unbelievers*, who imagined they were appointed by God to make war on the Mussulmen. The French have *at all times* been

been the *true* and *sincere* friends of the Ottoman emperor, and the enemies of their enemies. May the empire of the Sultan therefore be *eternal*; but may the Beys of Egypt, our opposers, whose insatiable avarice has continually excited disobedience and insubordination, be trodden in the dust and annihilated!

"Our friendship shall be extended to those of the inhabitants of Egypt who shall join us, as also to those who shall remain in their dwellings, and observe a strict neutrality; and when they have seen our conduct with their own eyes, hasten to submit to us; but the dreadful punishment of death awaits those who shall take up arms for the Beys and against us. For them there shall be no deliverance, nor shall any trace of them remain."*

A REVOLUTIONARY CHRISTIANITY BY A REVOLUTIONARY EMPEROR AND A REVOLUTIONARY POPE.

Ali Buonaparte, the Mussulman of July 1798, apostatized again in November 1799,

* See this Proclamation in part the first of Intercepted Correspondence, Appendix No. I. p. 235.

when

when as a first consul he usurped the sovereign authority in France with an unfeeling duplicity, which has seldom been surpassed; public honours were in 1800 by him conferred on the remains of Pius VI. a pontiff who fell a victim to his infidelity and his brother Joseph's conspiracy, whom in Egypt he calumniated, and whose religion he abjured. That very general who boasted in Africa, with all the zeal of a good Mussulman, that France had overthrown the head of the Catholic faith, now ordered a pompous funeral service to be celebrated to the memory of the pontiff he had caused to be murdered.

This hypocritical act of increasing cruelty by insult, a Sextus V. would have resented by a fulminating excommunication, and by calling on all the faithful to arm against a wretch, an apostate to Christ as well as to Mahomet. the feeble, ignorant, timid, and trembling Pius VII. neither fulminated nor exhorted. By an imbecile impolicy, he introduced into the church of Christ that revolution which atheists, rebels, and regicides, had already effected in the state. This Pope, by a convention with the First Consul on the 10th of September

tember 1801, not only acknowledged thi apostate to possess all the privileges of th ancient monarchy, so far as concerned publi worship, but new and essential immunitie were obtained for the revolutionary Gallica church. His Holiness agreed to procure wha he could not effect, the resignation of ALL th prelates who had remained faithful to the God and to their king; and he solemnly co venanted in behalf of himself and his succe sors, that those sacrilegious plunderers wh had seized the alienated property of the churc should not be disturbed. This dangerous con vention was soon followed by a still more dan gerous concordat. By it the new modelled revolutionary, apostolical, and Roman faith was declared to be the religion of the revolu tionary state; and the revolutionary Catholic were to pay one-tenth of their taxes to defra the expences of this revolutionary public wor ship. On the other hand, the revolutionar chief consul was to be declared the HEAD o the revolutionary Gallican church, and the re volutionary bishops and priests were to mak a solemn promise of fidelity to this their worthy revolutionary sovereign.

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The natural consequence of these preliminary transactions was the Pope's journey to Paris, there to consecrate a Corsican assassin and poisoner an emperor of the French, and, if possible, to surpass impiety by adulation. The Pope's disgraceful allocution, to the eternal shame of legitimate princes and dignified pontiffs, and to the horror and scandal of the loyal and faithful, establishes, beyond a doubt, this revolutionary fraternity between Napoleon the First and Pius VII. and gives a death-blow to Romish christianity as well as to French loyalty for a long time to come.

ALLOCUTION

Of our Holy Father Pius VII. by Divine Providence, Pope; delivered in the Select Consistory, held the 28th of June, 1805.

"REVEREND BRETHREN,

"Since the first moment of our return from France to this city, we have ardently desired, reverend brethren, to assemble you in consistorial council, in order that we may make known to you our true design and object in making that journey, for the purpose of decorating our most

most dear son in Christ, Napoleon, with t
ensigns of imperial dignity, and to commu
cate to you, without delay, the salutary co
sequences which, by the blessing of God, ha
resulted to us from that journey. Neverth
less, we are not yet fully able to gratify tho
our anxious wishes, because various matte
relative to the churches, respecting which
had made propositions, have not yet been s
tled; nor have the examinations of the bishop
on whom those churches ought to be conferre
been yet completed. We, however, congr
tulate ourselves in being able to communica
with you this day, so near the solemn festiv
of the holy apostles Peter and Paul; in ord
that, after having described the benefits
have experienced chiefly by their holy assi
ance, we may proceed to celebrate the m
mory of those glorious martyrs with a pie
the more ardent, and with souls overflowi
with gratitude.

"The 2d day of November last year we d
parted from Rome. You will remember, on th
occasion the fervent wishes expressed by t
Roman people for our welfare; and the nu
bers who, inspired by a holy affection for o
perso

person, accompanied us many miles on our route. These excited in our breast the liveliest emotions of paternal love, and were considered by us as an auspicious omen for the success of our journey.

" On the frontiers of Etruria, and more particularly on our arrival at Florence, we are unable to express the satisfaction we then felt, on beholding such a concourse, such myriads of people, who came to venerate, in an humble person, the successor of St. Peter, and the vicar of Christ on earth. Among the foremost to shew us marks of veneration, was our daughter in Christ, Maria Louisa, Queen of Etruria; who not only, in the most solemn manner, manifested her pious affection for us, but intreated us to take the opportunity of conferring the sacrament of confirmation on her dear son Louis, king of Etruria. This sacred ceremony was solemnized with appropriate magnificence; and we had to admire on the occasion, in common with all present, the becoming piety of the mother and the son.

" In continuing our progress through Italy, we received the most consoling proofs of a general veneration for our sacred functions, as well

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as attachment to our person, particularly at Modena, at Reggio, at Parma, at Placentia, at Tortona, at Alexandria. On our approach to Turin, our reverend brother, his eminence the Cardinal Cambaceres, and our dear son Salmatoris, advanced to receive us; and, in the name of the emperor of the French, to wish us a happy arrival in France, and to express the emperor's wishes for our presence in his dominions. In effect we were then in France; and the people of that illustrious nation, rejoiced at our arrival among them, gave the most striking manifestations of their piety and their religion, not only in their professions, but in every mark of their respect and affection. In every part of the empire through which we passed, the prefects of the provinces, and all those invested with civil or military authority, delivered the most affectionate and respectful addresses, as well towards our person as to the concerns of the Holy See. At Lyons we were received by our reverend brother his eminence Cardinal Fesch, the archbishop of that province, with a magnificence the most generous, with the most affectionate hospitality, and with an anxious solicitude for every

thing attached to us, in a way beyond owers to express. The concourse of ex- it and pious inhabitants of that town was eat, when we celebrated the holy mys- , that the immense area of the metro- an church could not contain them. How then must have been our holy raptures! what fervent adoration did we express gratitude to the Father of Mercies for ing so wonderful, so blessed a change! were inspired with the most lively gra- e also to the most potent Emperor of the ch, to whom that happy people owe the ration of the true religion, the public exer- of which has been established under the *ordat* which has passed between us.

We had not an opportunity of witnessing complete triumph of the true faith at s so long as we could have wished. We impressed with a lively desire to be pre- with the emperor, to consecrate him, and that to confer with his majesty on the rns of religion, and the affairs of the h; considerations for which we braved difficulty, and had undertaken the ey.

"We

"We proceeded on our route to Fontainbleau, where at length we had the pleasure of beholding the most puissant prince who is so dear to us. What pleasure, what joy we experienced in our first interview with this emperor, whose fame has sounded to the extremities of the world, and whom God has chosen to restore his true religion in France to its former publicity and splendour! We shall always with the most pleasurable sensations recollect that and the following days; which, by the invitation of this most excellent prince, we spent at Fontainbleau, in refreshing ourselves after the fatigues of our journey.

"From the castle of Fontainbleau, where we experienced and had to admire the just sentiments and the munificence of the emperor towards us, we repaired together to Paris. There, on a day remarkable in itself, the first Sunday in Advent and the second of December, in the midst of all the triumphal pomp and splendour of that imperial city, in which all the population of France seemed to have been congregated, were celebrated in the most solemn manner the consecration and the crowning of the emperor, and that of our most dear

dear daughter in Christ, Josephine, his august consort.

"This splendid ceremony being terminated, we directed all our attention to the affairs of religion and the church; we placed the greater confidence in the emperor, because, as we apprised you, he had testified by his letters that he desired to confer freely with us respecting the means of re-establishing the ancient splendour of religion and of divine worship; and we cannot recollect without particular sentiments of gratitude, the ingenuousness, the politeness, the good-nature, the affectionate regards towards us, with which he listened to the desires, which in terms of apostolic freedom we expressed; and also enumerated the demands which we had to make of him for the advantage of the catholic religion, the glory of the Gallican church, and the authority and dignity of the Holy See.

"One consideration which we had particularly at heart was the sincere return of certain bishops to the catholic unity, who, before they received their canonical institutions at our hands, ought to have given adequate testimonies of their reconciliation: but who on

the contrary, after receiving them, behaved in such a manner as to render us very uneasy with respect to the sincerity of their sentiments. These anxieties however have ceased after an interval of some days; for either by oral or literary communication with us, they earnestly declared that they cordially adhered and sincerely submitted to the dictates of the Holy See, with respect to the ecclesiastical affairs in France. What precious consolation we experienced when afterwards we blended our tears together on our embracing them with sensations of true paternal charity! In order to render this consolation the more enduring, and that it may even increase, we fondly hope that they will continue to give certain and manifest signs of the sincerity of their declarations, and that in future we shall be free from all solicitude in those respects. To this end we ardently supplicate God, the searcher of all hearts, to finish and secure by his grace the good work they have undertaken.

"Having disposed of a consideration of such importance, we proceeded to the discussion of others which concerned the advantage of religion, the liberty of the church, the honour of

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the clergy, the augmentation of the number of her sacred ministers, and suitable means for their support. Encouraged by the confidence with which this excellent prince inspired us, and using that dignified freedom of communication with which our apostolic functions should be exercised, we exhibited to his majesty, both orally and in writing, the injuries and wounds which the Gallican church had received in the destructive conflicts of latter times, and from the preponderance of hostile opinions; in short, we manifested what was due to us in those respects. The answers of the Emperor were replete with *professions* of consideration for our person—for that merit of which we were in some degree conscious; and they afforded us the greatest *hopes* that the Gallican church, rising insensibly from its state of languor, would recover its pristine form and vigour. These are evils of such a nature, as, though they might have been suddenly produced, yet to attempt an immediate cure would be to aggravate rather than to remedy them.

" Think not however, reverend brethren, that we do not still entertain the greatest hopes.

Several acts have been performed which operate as a pledge, as a security, for future conduct. The societies of the Prêtres de la Mission, and of the Filles de la Charité, which St. Vincent de Paul had so beneficially founded, have been since re-established, and authorised to wear those habits which formerly distinguished them. By a public decree the necessary funds for the repairs of cathedral churches and the exercise of public worship have been provided; and suitable edifices have been allotted as seminaries for young ecclesiastics. It has been decreed that these seminaries shall be eligible to receive testamentary bequests of monies or of funded property; and the expences of those attached to the metropolitan churches shall be defrayed from the public treasury. The revenues destined for the bishops and canons of the cathedral churches have been augmented. The municipal administrations of the provinces have been charged with the providing for the repairs, and for furnishing the ordinary churches. The society of the Missions Etrangéres, originally destined to carry the true faith to the extremities of the earth, has been restored through

through the paternal care of the emperor, so as to be able to recover the property it once possessed, and even to acquire new. Missionaries who have been sent to the most distant climates for the propagation of the true religion, are encouraged and protected by the government of the emperor. We have ourselves given with the most heartfelt joy the apostolic benediction to certain distinguished priests who made part of the mission to China. Among such a number of provident cares, we could not have forgotten our patriarchal church of the Lateran, the mother and chief of all the churches in the world. This church, by the munificence of the most generous of emperors, has been compensated for the loss of its property in France which the fury of the times had wrested from her. Other measures of considerable importance have also been adopted. It has been decreed that the bishops shall freely exercise their powers of judging with respect to spiritual offences, and those which relate to ecclesiastical discipline, and to punish as provided for by the canonical law. That the attempts made by the civil officers to shackle in a manner at once unjust

and oppressive the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, shall be discontinued; that the obstacles which existed to the entrance of young men into the ecclesiastical state shall be greatly diminished; and those which prevailed with respect to the religious education of youth; to the affording spiritual comfort to the sick, to the soldiery, or the inhabitants of the country, entirely done away. These benefits, which we have derived from our discussion with this great prince, guarantee, as we have already observed, the effect of the other demands which we have made from him, and which we have every reason to *expect* from *his religion*.

"We cannot however pass over in silence those other spiritual benefits which God, the father of mercies, has designed to grant us in France. You know with what zeal, with what pious ardour, the French people have in our person revered the supreme pastor of the catholic church. That which you have been apprised of, far from surpassing, even falls short of the truth. It is beyond the powers of language to express the love, the zeal, and the external veneration, which the people of France bear towards religion. The God of mercies

mercies has vouchsafed to shower down so many blessings upon our journey to France, that the bishops have not hesitated often to assure us, that those are beyond conception as tending to the spiritual advantage of the people. We have not discontinued that general facility of access to us, that we may hear the complaints of the aggrieved, and remedy as far as in us lies those spiritual evils which still exist; and that we may promote the principle universally among the people. We have visited all the parishes in Paris, and there, as we afterwards did at Lyons, we distributed among many thousands of the faithful the Eucharistical bread. We also visited the hospitals where the sick received the succours of christian charity, or which were consecrated to the religious instruction of youth. An innumerable crowd of catholics followed us everywhere, as well at our return as on our going out, and appeared never tired of receiving our apostolic benedictions.

"What shall we say of the illustrious French clergy? The sentiments which they loudly expressed in our favour, were of that description that we know not how to express

how deeply we have been affected by such avowals! We are also incapable of describing that ardent zeal, that vigilance, those indefatigable cares, with which the bishops especially governed the flocks entrusted to their cares; thus doing honour to that religion of which they are the ministers, and insuring respect even from its enemies. Having been ourselves witness, we have judged it our duty to decree these just praises, in the face of the universal church, to the meritorious clergy of France.

"Neither have we neglected while at Paris to fulfil those duties which more properly belong to our ministry. We assembled in conclave our reverend brethren, those cardinals who accompanied us, as well as those who resided at Paris, and we presented the hat to Cardinal de Belloy archbishop of Paris, and to Cardinal Cambaceres archbishop of Rouen, with those rites and solemnities prescribed by the apostolic constitutions. We provided the vacant dioceses with new bishops, and we ourselves have consecrated some of them in the extensive church of St. Sulpice, amidst an innumerable concourse of the faithful. A few days previous

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to our departure from Paris we performed the ceremony of baptising the Prince Napoleon, nephew to the Emperor, with the greatest magnificence, and in presence of the great men of that splendid court assembled at the palace of St. Cloud. The Emperor himself, and his august mother, in the most devout manner presented the imperial infant at the consecrated font.

"Such have been our labours in France—such have been the works of the glorious Emperor of the French—such have been the marks of the attachment of the French for religion—and such are the results of our journey.

"The discussions being terminated, and the return of spring favouring our journey, we deemed it incumbent on us to return to our city and to our see. Having fulfilled our duties towards the invincible emperor, from whom we were now forced to separate, and after receiving from him numerous testimonies of his favourable sentiments towards us, we commenced our journey hither. At Chalons we celebrated those days solemnly consecrated to the memory of the Passion and the resurrection

of our Lord. How inconceivable was the ardent piety of the inhabitants of the city and those of the neighbouring towns! What affectionate but respectful eagerness to be near our person! At Lyons the people manifested if possible still greater veneration for our person and sacred functions than on our first visit, and reiterated their professions of love and devotion toward the Holy See. Our reverend brother, the Cardinal Fesch, archbishop of Lyons, rendered to us a second time with equal magnificence the offices of hospitality. We rejoice in this opportunity of publicly acknowledging our gratitude to his eminence. We should not forget that during our stay at Lyons the celebrated chapel de Tourviere, dedicated to the holy Virgin, was re-opened by us in the presence of an incredible number of the citizens, and restored as formerly to public worship. At Turin, where a second time the inhabitants loudly expressed their veneration for us, we had the inexpressible happiness of again beholding the Emperor Napoleon, and of conferring with him. We took the opportunity of earnestly recommending again to his consideration the ecclesiastical concerns of

France

France and Italy, and after returning his majesty our sincere thanks for all the benefits he had conferred on us and the Catholic religion, we proceeded on our route to Etruria, and arrived at Florence.

"Our entry into that city was attended with much splendour, and productive of great public rejoicings. The illustrious Queen of Etruria again received us in the most magnificent manner, evincing at the same time the most becoming piety. The Lord in his unbounded mercy had prepared for us in this city the most gratifying of all consolation.

"In our former route through this city, we had a presentiment that our reverend brother, Scipio Ricci, ancient bishop of Pistoya, seriously intended to be reconciled to us and the holy Roman church; a thing which we had desired for some time in common with all good men. He acquainted us with truly filial confidence, that he was ready in the sincerity of his heart to subscribe to the formula which we should please to propose to him. He has performed his promise; for the formula which had been transmitted by our reverend brother, the archbishop of Phillipo, has been acknow-

ledged and signed by him. By this declaration, which he has requested may be published in reparation of his former scandal, he has testified that he has received purely, simply, and in full sincerity and reverence, the constitutions of the holy apostolic see, by which are proscribed the errors of Baius, of Jansenius, of Quesnel, and their sectarian followers; and especially the dogmatic Bull Aucthorem Fidei, by which are condemned eighty-five propositions taken from the Synod of Pistoya, which he had himself collected and published. Farther he has declared, that he reprobates and condemns all these propositions and each of them, under the qualifications, and in the sense expressed thereof, in the Bull above-mentioned. And finally he declares his determination to live and die in the faith of the holy Roman and Apostolic church, and in perfect submission to her, and also to us and our successors in the chair of St. Peter, in our qualities of vicars of Christ on earth. After this solemn declaration, we have called him into our presence, we have heard him protest anew the sincerity of his sentiments, and his implicit submission to the dogmatical decisions

sions of Pius VI., his attachment to the orthodox faith, and to the apostolic see, which, he said, had in fact preserved him in the midst of his errors. We thereupon paternally embraced him; we have acknowledged all the merit of his conduct, and in the full affection of our charity we have reconciled him to ourself and the holy Catholic church. In congratulating us in his letters on our happy return to Rome, he declares his adherence to the recantation made by him at Florence, which consideration affords us the greatest pleasure.

"Reverend brethren, we have conceived it our duty to communicate these important matters to you; in consideration of which it behoves us to prostrate ourselves at the foot of the throne of the Author of all these benefits, and humbly to supplicate him, through the intercession of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul, to protect, and accomplish in his mercy, all that we in our weakness have endeavoured to begin, for his glory, the extension of the true religion, the safety of all souls, and the advantage of the church and the holy apostolic see.*"

* This curious paper is translated verbatim from the Moniteur of the 8th of July 1805.

If

If this scandalous paper is compared with the preceding infamous proclamation of Buonaparte to the inhabitants of Egypt; and if it is also remembered that within a few years, in the same cathedral, the Goddess of Reason blasphemed, Robespierre profaned, Theophilanthropists preached, Buonaparte apostatized, and a Pope consecrated; the moral and religious notions of the revolutionary French nation are easily and at once explained and exemplified.

MADAME TALLIEN.

On a les yeux bouchés à la ville, à la cour:
Plutus, la fortune, et l'amour,
Sont trois aveugles nés qui gouvernent le monde.

AT the age of eighteen the rich and beautiful daughter of the Spanish Count de Cabarrus, was married to Mr. de Fontenai, a counsellor of the Parliament of Bourdeaux, seven years older than herself, of a distinguished family in the magistracy, wealthy and esteemed. Three years afterwards, to save his life at the expence of his property, he emigrated and joined his other loyal countrymen on the banks of the Rhine. After Prussian *faith* had rendered the campaign of the royal emigrant army unsuccessful in 1792, Mr. de Fontenai embarked for Spain, and went to reside with his father-in-law, in expectation that the league of lawful princes would soon annihilate the armed banditti of rebellion; or that those guilty hordes would

would be dispersed by anarchy, divided by licentiousness, or devoured by their employers, by those great criminals at the head of a regicide republic, covered by the blood of their virtuous king as well as with that of their innocent fellow-citizens.

Not wishing to expose a woman he pretended dearly to love either to the hazards and dangers of war, or to the perils, contempt and sufferings of exile, Mr. de Fontenai, when emigrating himself, left his wife at Paris, to wait there the issue of the pending contest both between states and factions. Because Frenchmen formerly were equally gallant and hospitable, he supposed that her sex and her foreign birth would then insure her there not only safety but protection and respect. But what duty have French rebels respected? What laws have they not infringed, and what customs have they not despised? It has, notwithstanding past experience and frequent warnings, been the constant error of governments and individuals, to trust to the faith, and to consider the promises of the ephemeral revolutionary usurpers in France as obtained from legal and moral authorities. Even in 1805 audacious deception still continued

nued to delude into an incomprehensible infatuation.

After the unfortunate queen Marie Antoinette had in October 1793 been murdered in such a barbarous manner by the regicide assassins of her royal consort, Madame de Fontenai easily perceived that her sex no more than her country would be a safeguard for her; and therefore, by some pecuniary sacrifices, procured from the *incorruptible* republicans a passport for Bourdeaux, with permission to sail thence in a neutral vessel for Spain.

On her arrival at Bourdeaux, the Septembrizer Tallien, and the apostate priest Ysabeau, both regicides, resided there as representatives of the people and as national commissioners; and had proclaimed dungeons and the guillotine, imprisonment and death, the order of the day. Having taken her passage on board an American vessel for Cadiz, she presented herself, according to the law at that time, before the revolutionary committee to have her pass verified previous to her embarkation. Being the daughter and wife of noblemen, instead of obtaining leave to quit France, she was arrested as a suspected person, and as such

such confined in those loathsome gaols that provided daily preys for a military commission established by Tallien, Baudot, and Ysabeau, and sanctioned with the approbation of the National Convention.

With the manners and language of sans-culottes, with the mind of robbers and assassins, but also with the pride, insolence, and vanity of upstarts in power, these deputies, and pretended friends of equality, reviewed as often their imprisoned victims as Buonaparte does his military slaves, attended by aid-de-camps, with the suite and pomp of kings. Immorality and tyranny marched hand in hand, but ferocity outstripped them both.

It was at one of these cruel and revolutionary reviews, that Tallien for the first time saw Madame de Fontenai. Struck with her superior beauty, he immediately was enamoured of her. Forming his opinion of her however from many other gay, indiscreet, though arrested ladies, he addressed her thus with his usual sans-culotte impertinence: "My pretty female citizen, I shall call on you here as soon as it is dark—you understand me—I want to see you alone." "But I will not see you alone," answered

answered Madame de Fontenai: "throw your sultan handkerchief to some person more complaisant, and more *worthy* of such insulting and humiliating distinction."—"You shall shortly repent of your haughtiness," said Tallien, ferociously quitting her.*

The very next day her name was upon the list of the military commission; or, which was the same, she knew herself to be one of those unfortunate persons intended to be tried and executed within twenty-four hours. While she was meditating on her fate, Madame Sautreuil called on her. This woman's love of life had extinguished honour; and though of a reputable family, she to escape the guillotine had degraded herself to become one of the purveyors of the profligate republicans and representatives of the French people. She informed Madame de Fontenai, that it depended upon herself to choose between the recovery of her liberty on that same day, or cease to live in the course of the next. If she would consent to pass the night with Tallien, on the following

* Most of the particulars of this sketch are extracted from Le Voyageur Suisse, page 361 et seq. from Recueil d'Anecdotes, page 91 et seq and from the different numbers of Les Nouvelles à la Main.

morning

morning she would obtain permission to sail for Spain; but if she continued foolishly obstinate, her death was inevitable. "Go," said she, indignant and without hesitation, "and tell your infamous master, that it is not by threats or by terror that he can command the good opinion of a female of my sentiments, nor effect her dishonour. I would rather submit my neck to the axe of the guillotine, than open my arms to the embraces of such an outrageous villain." Upon a signal from Madame Sautreuil, Tallien suddenly entered, having secreted himself in a closet where he could hear the conversation. He threw himself at the feet of Madame de Fontenai, and began with professing his sincere and *purest* affection from the first moment he had seen her, which her late dignified behaviour had increased, and he avowed himself her slave though she was no longer his prisoner. So far from intending to terrify her by cruelties, he was determined to erase by humanity past criminality in being guided by her advice. "Here is the list," continued he, "of the prisoners once destined to perish with you. Your name is already omitted; erase those of other persons whom you wish to save; they shall

shall all be set at liberty to-morrow morning." "I shall convince myself," continued Madame de Fontenai, "whether you are sincere or not; lend me but pen and ink." With one single stroke she at once crossed all the names on the fatal list. Within twelve hours afterwards all these individuals of both sexes came to thank her for their deliverance, being informed by Tallien that they owed it to her interference alone.

From that period he visited her regularly in prison, with all the delicacy of demeanour indicating the tenderness of a true lover. She refused however to be indebted to him for her release, or to show him any esteem, until that revolutionary commission which had committed so many enormities had been dissolved. At last, one morning in February 1794, Tallien brought her his and Ysabeau's decree, which suspended this commission as vexatious and oppressive to the people. He gave her also a passport for the capital, where he promised in a few days to join her, having already demanded his recall.

Thus the personal charms and firmness of character of Madame de Fontenai tamed the ferocious

cious nature of a revolutionary tiger, and transformed a sanguinary wolf into a submissive pliant dove. How many hundred inhabitants of Bourdeaux and of the surrounding departments are not obliged for their existence to such a seemingly trifling occurrence, as the love-intrigue of the son of a French porter with the daughter of a Spanish noble!

Before Mademoiselle de Gabarrus was married to M. de Fontenai, her affection had been fixed on another French gentleman in the magistracy at Bourdeaux, who from previous engagement, or preferring mental accomplishments to external beauty and elegance of form, declined an honour which so many strove to obtain. Of the preference she then gave to M. de Fontenai, this ill-bred and vicious man seemed but little to know the value. Some few days after his till then faithful and amiable wife had been delivered of her first child, he had the indelicacy and brutality to introduce under the same roof in his house a common prostitute. The indiscreet fidelity of a maid informed Madame de Fontenai of the infidelity of her husband. With feelings acute as well as indignant, not considering the weak and dangerous

dangerous state of her health in consequence of her recent *accouchement*, she rose from her bed, and flew towards the room polluted by impurity. She found the door bolted, and was refused admittance. Smarting however more from the insult offered than regarding the strength she possessed, in endeavouring to force an entrance she fainted away, and was carried almost lifeless back to her bed.

At the time when Tallien paid his addresses to her, and was master of the lives and properties of all the citizens at Bourdeaux, both the lover who had slighted her and the husband who had outraged her were confined within the walls of a prison in that city, where the latter had imprudently returned from Spain. Before she set out for Paris passports were presented them, and they were permitted to quit France in a neutral vessel; and she preserved the life of him who so sensibly had wounded her feelings and vanity, as well as of him who so cruelly had attacked her honour, neglected her charms, and provoked her resentment.

A woman, the victim of the seduction, corruption,

ruption, or negligence of one sex, is also frequently the persecuted object of the jealousy, envy, pride or uncharitableness, of the other. Without enquiring whether her first deviation from chastity was not the exclusive fault of a husband, or is not chiefly to be ascribed to the dangerous example of the despicable partner of her bed, her misfortunes excite no compassion, whilst her faults expose her without pity to contempt, to reproach, and even to calumny. Had M. de Fontenai been prudent and pure, his wife might still have been innocent and chaste. The woman who has the generosity not only to forgive wrongs but to confer favours on her enemies, on those by whom she had been exposed or injured, has no common share of virtue to oppose to the allurements of illicit temptations.

M. de Fontenai must have been well acquainted with the generous and forgiving temper of his wife, when in return for the life her influence alone had saved he carried secretly away his only son, whom he knew she adored. Whether Madame de Fontenai had then already ceased to be a dutiful wife is not certain; but her every sentiment and action shewed

shewed her the most tender of mothers. No sooner did she therefore hear of the treacherous ingratitude of her husband, than she procured orders for the recapture of her child. The same boat contained her first lover and her first husband. It was descending the river Garonne to join the neutral ship waiting for them at some miles distance; when, to the great terror of the travellers, it was overtaken by a government cutter; but after the child had been delivered up they were permitted to proceed without further molestation. This anecdote, which has been communicated to the author by the most respectable authority, evinces in its true light the real character both of the husband and of the wife.*

When at Paris, Tallien of course often visited Madame De Fontenai, who easily obtained a divorce from a husband proscribed as an emigrant. She refused however to regard Tallien in any other light than that of a friend, as long as France groaned under the tyranny

* In 1799 M. de Fontenai resided at Lubeck with a vulgar woman, a jewess, who cuck——d him, plundered him, and beat him.

of Robespierre, more barefaced, more violent, but less artful and less oppressive than that of Buonaparte.

Jean Lambert Tallien was born at Paris in 1770, and though only the son of a porter, had, from the kindness of his father's master, been educated above his birth. He was at the beginning of the revolution successively the steward of Marquis De Bercy, clerk to an attorney, and in the office of the treasury; secretary to Brostaret, a member of the Constituent Assembly, and assistant to the proprietors of the Moniteur. In 1791, he published his own journal, called *l'Ami des Citoyens*, which did not meet with success. He was also often one of those wandering speakers employed by the factions to mislead and misinform the people by their declamations in all public gardens or walks. So much zeal acquired him the confidence of the multitude; and on the 10th of August the new and self-created commune of rebels made him its secretary. It is from this time that he was first publicly dragged forth from his native obscurity. In September following he plotted and encouraged

encouraged the massacres of the prisoners at Paris. The department of Seine and Oise elected him the same month as a deputy to the National Convention, where he often ascended the tribune, and always defended the crimes of the terrorists. He shewed himself one of the most ungenerous and indefatigable enemies of his virtuous king, whose trial he pressed, and for whose death he voted. During his several missions as a representative of the people, he committed the greatest excesses and cruelties. It was not till after his acquaintance with Madame de Fontenai that he became more moderate; to please her he had spared Bourdeaux, and to obtain her hand he saved the lives of thousands at Paris by the decided part he took in the destruction of Robespierre; and though his motives were dictated by personal interest alone, he notwithstanding rendered great services to his wretched country. His conduct and actions were afterwards inconsistent and contradictory, by turns the panegyrist or the accuser of revolutionary criminals; he was therefore suspected by all factions, and defended by no party. As to his political inte-

grity, his answer when reproached with the animosity with which he pursued the infamous Girondists to the guillotine evinces it: "I may have concurred," said he, "in the death of some real patriots, but such was our fate, that republicans were doomed to die by the hands of republicans; a circumstance much to be deplored, but always attendant on a great revolution, which like a second Saturn devours its own children." He was in 1795 a deputy of the National Convention in Brittany, and instituted, after the unfortunate and deplorable affair at Quiberon, the military commissions which, under the guidance of the cruel Hoche, sacrificed so much loyalty and virtue at the shrine of rebellion and wickedness. From that period he never ceased to denounce pretended royalist conspiracies, and to profess those exaggerated principles which must always finally inspire hatred mixed with contempt for the fanatic, or pity for the enthusiast. When a member of the Council of Five Hundred, he spoke and intrigued as when a deputy of the National Convention, and was with Barras, Buonaparte, and other jacobins

and

and terrorists, one of the co-operators in the revolution of the 4th of September 1797. In return for this assistance, when Buonaparte sailed for Egypt in 1798, he was made a directorial pro-consul in Africa, and a spy on the military commander; who, after his usurpation of the consulate, disgraced him, and broke off all further fraternity with him.

Such was the regicide to whom Madame de Fontenai united herself on the 20th of August 1794, thee weeks after the death of Robespierre. He was then one of the most popular revolutionists, and she soon became one of the most fashionable belles of the French republic. It was however almost as difficult a task for her to exchange decency for Vandalism, to produce order in place of confusion in the region of fashion, as for French political revolutionists to fix and constitute a regular government on the republican basis of anarchy and licentiousness. At once to attempt the restoration of former usages and customs, from which five years of revolutions had made a distance of five centuries, would have been a vain attempt. The court, gala, or full dress, could not immedi-

ately supplant the sans-culotte and carmagnole vestments of filth and rags. Instead, therefore, of commencing with a progressive advancement towards a reform of apparel and appearance, Madame Tallien went to the other extreme in inventing the *haut ton* of nudity. The ungallant savageness of Robespierre, and the ungenteel brutality of his accomplices, had already necessitated every lady awaiting death from the revolutionary tribunal, or only confined in consequence of the revolutionary tyranny, to cut off her hair and to cut down her gown, if she wished to avoid the insults of a public executioner, or the horrors of his unfeeling operation when on the scaffold.

It must also be confessed that a nation vicious to the highest degree before the revolution, had not improved its morals since; and that the fair sex in France, naturally coquets, vain, dashing, and bold, were much more inclined towards the naked than towards the covered or cloathed system. Nakedness, absolute nakedness, and nothing but nakedness, was therefore seen at the play-houses, at the opera, at the concerts, routs, and in public walks as well as in private

private assemblies. When one lady left off a *fichue*, another laid aside a petticoat. When one uncovered her arms, another exposed her legs. Had the progress of stripping continued a little longer in the same proportion, it is very probable that most French ladies would in some months have reduced themselves to be admired, envied, or blamed, as the Eves of the eighteenth century.

But Madame Tallien did not enjoy undisturbed the dictatorship of the fashions; envious, seditious, or facetious rivals often opposed her.—Among these Madame de Beauharnois, the gay widow of the guillotined viscount of the same name, was most ingenious and most active, though at first not the most apprehended.—Under a clear muslin gown, she put on flesh-coloured sattin pantaloons, leaving off all petticoats, but at the same time lowering the sleeves of her gowns to her elbows, whose long elastic gloves of grenoble combined to conceal even her clumsy fingers. Madame Tallien, who prided herself on the beauty of her arms, in her turn wore gowns without sleeves; and to distract the notice of amateurs from the flesh-coloured pantaloons, affixed borders of large Brussels

lace, not only to her white silk petticoat, but to her cambric chemises. These fashionable contrarieties entertained many, and scandalised few of the republican beaus and belles; though the partisans of short sleeves lampooned those of long gloves, and the cabal of under-petticoats wrote epigrams on the motives of the wearers of pantaloons. Every thing remained unsettled, and a civil war was by many judged inevitable, when a cessation of hostilities took place, a treaty of neutrality was concluded between the adverse parties, and the year 1795 passed over without further disturbances or innovations.

When, during 1796, fortune had crowned her new sans-culotte husband Buonaparte with undeserved successes in Italy, the ex-viscountess was tempted to encroach on, and even to infringe, preceding engagements. Until the peace of Campo Formio, when the Parisians saluted Madame Buonaparte as *Notre Dame de Victoires*, and abused Madame Tallien as *Notre Dame de Septembre*, the former had not many or great advantages; but then the latter, under pretence of ill health, prudently withdrew from the scene of contest. As soon however

ver as the glorious victory of Lord Nel-
at Aboukir was known at Paris, Madame
en shewed herself perfectly recovered,
ed the lists with fresh vigour, and obliged
proud rival not only to shift her quarters
to change her colours. That year, 1798,
ird and dangerous pretender started up in
elegant person of the celebrated Madame
mier, whose appearance was sufficient to
form rivals into allies. She however,
from prudence and modesty than from
of the formidable *veteran* forces of her op-
ns, soon made an honourable retreat, and
uillity has rewarded her sacrifice of va-

1 November 1799, after Buonaparte had
ed the supreme authority in France, Ma-
Tallien, from a certain coolness attended
certain airs of hauteur, concluded that
vife of an upstart, who endured neither an
nor a superior, would not long respect
es which put her on a level with a person
n she considered not only as an inferior
is a subject. She therefore made over-
to Madame Recamier for forming a com-
league against a common foe. While

their plenipotentiaries were discussing, the battle of Marengo occurred, and broke off all further conferences; and had not another intruder, Madame Murat, presented herself, Madame Buonaparte would have been as much the undisputed sovereign of toilets as her husband is of cabinets.*

A republican writer thus complains of Madame Tallien's fashionable *incivism:* "Possessed of an ample income, the whole of which is at her own command, she indulges in all the extravagance of dress and decoration. One day her shoulders, chest, and legs, are bare; on the next they are adorned with festoons of gold chains, while her head sparkles with diamonds; and instead of the simplicity of a Roman matron, she constantly exhibits all the ostentatious luxury of a Persian sultana. France may be termed a commonwealth, but these surely are not republican manners befitting the wife of one of the most eminent of her citizens."† The author should have added

* This whole article is taken from Les Nouvelles à la Main, Ventose, year X. No iv. page 2.

† See Biographical Anecdotes of the Founders of the French Republic, vol. i. page 57.

that this *eminent* citizen then resided in a simple cottage, of which the furniture alone cost four thousand louis-d'ors. As to French republican manners, are they not nearly connected with drowning, shooting, massacring, murdering, proscribing, and plundering? Society has suffered but little from Madame Tallien's vanity, while humanity will for ever deplore and condemn the barbarous excesses of the *most eminent* citizen, Tallien, her republican husband.

It is averred by all classes in France, that the young, handsome, and accomplished Madame de Fontenai, who so long continued the fashionable idol of men, and the fashionable model of women, divorced and married Tallien only to save her own head, and the lives of hundreds of other innocent persons. She never had any affection, not even inclination, for an individual it was impossible for her to esteem, and she therefore treated him rather as a valet than as a husband; he was used still worse by her father, Count de Gabarrus.

This nobleman, descended from rich and respectable merchants at Bayonne, had himself been first a banker of the court of Madrid,

and afterwards, under the appellation of *surintendant*, a minister of finances in Spain. Accused by Count Florida Blanca of misdemeanour in his office, he was imprisoned; but in December 1795, a sentence of the privy council of state perfectly justified him, and he was appointed an inspector-general of the roads and canals of the kingdom. It was much against his consent that his daughter had given her hand to Tallien; but the Spanish cabinet believing the credit of this sans-culotte greater in France than it really was, and being under the necessity of keeping on good terms with the French republic, nominated Count de Gabarrus in 1796 as ambassador to the Directory, in hope that the power of his daughter over her husband might be useful to the views of Spain. Arrived at Paris, the Directory, under pretence that he was descended from French parents, refused to acknowledge him in the character of an ambassador. But this insult was not his sole disappointment. He soon observed that his daughter was unhappy, and his son-in-law, without one virtue to atone for his numerous vices, despised by one party and abhorred by another. Before he

he returned to Madrid he had forbidden Tallien his house; and that he might not meet with him any where, he seldom went to see Madame Tallien, and that at hours when her husband was absent.

In the eye of strict justice and sound morality, no provocations whatever can extenuate the violation of matrimonial duty. A wife, however, circumstanced like Madame Tallien, who had no choice but between the embraces of an unworthy and a worthless husband, or a cruel and degrading death from the hands of the executioner, if disgust or revenge led her astray, though she must certainly be to blame, is less culpable than the unprovoked adulteress, whose vicious propensities injure and confer wretchedness on a partner, the free selection of her heart, deserving her love and her fidelity, as well as her regard and tenderness.

That Madame Tallien has been very gallant, and very indiscreet in her gallantries, cannot be denied; but that also numbers of persons have boasted of her favours, and published anecdotes of their successful intrigues with her, to whom she had scarcely ever spoken, is equally

equally true; and will be believed by every one who has studied the character of the vain and presumptuous French *petit-maitres*, who are greater gasconaders under the colours of Venus than even under the banners of Mars.

A work* already quoted contains another paragraph, either the production of ignorance or misrepresentation, but equally unfounded. It is well known at Paris, that the regicide Barras, in exchange for her favour, offered to receive her father as a Spanish ambassador, but that she retorted: "No! I am dishonoured enough by the forced embraces of one regicide," meaning her own husband. "Madame Tallien," it has been observed, "is *unfortunately* very elegant in her person and splendid in her attire. She is said to be much charmed with the manners and conversation of the young director Barras (who was then 46); and if we are to credit the scandalous stories circulated in Paris, is not altogether exempt from that *suspicion* which Cæsar warned his wife not to

* See Biographical Anecdotes of the Founders of the French Republic, vol. i. p. 57.

incur."

incur." In the spring of 1799 such was Barras's inveteracy against this lady, who did not conceal her sentiments of him more than what she thought of his friend Tallien, that he had already signed a mandate, ordering her as a Spanish subject, and of course a foreigner, to quit France, and not to return during her husband's absence. The interference of Madame Buonaparte and Sieyes alone prevented it from being carried into effect.*

Though Madame Tallien had declared to Barras that she had already been too much dishonoured by her connection with one regicide, if the following extract can be depended upon, she is the mother of two children by a Swede, a convicted accomplice of those regicides, who conspired against and murdered the royal father of his present Swedish majesty.

"Madame Tallien," says the writer,† "when Madame de Fontenai was esteemed not only one of the most beautiful and amiable persons

* See Les Nouvelles a la Main, Vendemiaire, year ix. No. 11, p. 6.

† Ibid. Brumaire, year xi. No. 111, p. 9, 10, and 11.

of

of her sex, but also as one truly respectable and virtuous: she resided at Paris eighteen months after her first husband's emigration, and was constantly surrounded by admirers and adorers; but she afforded no more occasion for the rumours and clamours of malignity, than for the calumny and accusations of envy and scandal. She quitted the capital in October 1793 as pure as she returned to it in March 1794. She never admitted even Tallien, to whom she thought herself both obliged and engaged, but in the presence of a third person; and she never went out to plays, walks, or parties, but in the company of some female friend, or followed by attendants, who never lost sight of their mistress. She frequently protested long before her second marriage, that gratitude and humanity alone had occasioned her divorce, and that she believed she should fall a victim to her feelings for the sufferings of others. She repeatedly complained to her friends and relatives how disagreeable Tallien was to her, and how much resignation it demanded on her part to unite her destiny with that of such a vile person.

"After

"After her marriage, notwithstanding her invincible repugnance to Tallien, she remained faithful and irreproachable; but this vain upstart shewed himself as immoral and indelicate as cruel and unprincipled. He abandoned a wife, then the pride and perfection of matrimonial loveliness, boasted of the impure society of courtesans, and afterwards vaunted before her of his depravity as of glorious achievements. She still, however, resisted the incitements of revenge, the gratification of her passions, the temptations of pleasure, and the allurements of love, and the pleasing prospect, or rather certainty, of being beloved by a gentleman, her equal by birth, and of principles congenial with her own. At last she happened to be acquainted with the loyal and witty, though not handsome, Count de ———, who hated her husband as much as she despised him. To his first question, Can a lady of your rank, of your accomplishments, love a moral and political monster such as Tallien? she answered only with a significant blush. He took advantage of her bashfulness, embarrassment, nay humiliation, and she ceased

that

that day to be a virtuous woman, a faithful wife.

"When once the nice but strong limits which separate virtue from vice are transgressed, the road to ruin is smooth, enticing, easy, and nearly irresistible. In the course of a few weeks she entertained as great a contempt of herself as dislike of her husband; but familiarity with debauchery soon engendered indifference towards morality or even decency. Every gentleman whose manners she liked, whose conversation was agreeable to her, whose figure pleased her, or whom her fancy adorned with real or imaginary excellencies, was certain, without much difficulty or long perseverance, to be counted among her favoured gallants. Her favours and distinctions finally became so common, that they ceased to be either enviable or desirable.

"Thus was she situated when in June 1708 Tallien sailed for Egypt. At that period a tall, handsome, well-made young man of family, fortune, and education, became very fashionable in the fashionable societies of the French capital. He was introduced there as a Danish traveller

traveller by the name of Fredericson; but was shortly and usually known by the appellation of the *beau regicide*. His real and family name and title was Count de Ribbing, a Swedish nobleman by birth, but implicated in the murder of Gustavus III. the late king of Sweden.

"If report was true, he might not only be branded as a regicide, but cursed like Junius Brutus as a parricide. It is a matter of public notoriety at Stockholm, that the Countess de Ribbing, a young and elegant lady, was married to an old senator, Count Frederic de Ribbing, by whom she had no children until the assiduities of Gustavus III. then Prince Royal, were supposed to have made her mother of a son. Accused as an accomplice in the conspiracy against the same prince, this son, the young Count Gustavus de Ribbing, was, after a fair trial, convicted of having with Count Horn and Ankerstrom drawn lots who should dispatch their sovereign at the masquerade on the 19th of March 1792; and sentence of death was passed on him. The clemency, however, of the Duke of Sudermania, the Prince Regent of Sweden, changed the capital punishment

nishment into a perpetual exile. This outlaw settled in Denmark, where he was naturalized under the name of Gustavus Fredericson.

"Shortly after Tallien's departure, the *beau regicide* was lodged with his wife, and continued with her until 1801, when Buonaparte, having heard of a *penchant* of Josephine for him, dispatched to him an order to quit France immediately, *as the First Consul could not suffer in his dominions an assassin of the father of his ally the king of Sweden.*

"Madame Tallien had promised her father to obtain a divorce from her present husband as soon as he returned from Egypt. A petition for a divorce was therefore ready drawn up and presented to Tallien at her first interview in 1801, accompanied with two living arguments, her two sons, who had been born during his absence, and of whom she acknowledged that the *beau regicide* and Co. were the fathers. After many complaints, reproaches, oaths, and threats, he at length consented, and in 1802 the daughter of Count Gabarrus was still unmarried, with two husbands alive.

"When Buonaparte became emperor-mad, he

ndered his wife to be empress-proud, and nounce all former acquaintance with one nd to cease all fraternity with the other. First Consul had already, with a delicacy lignity so natural in all upstarts, and partily in him, publicly rebuked Madame Tal- n his wife's drawing-room, for presenting lf *pregnant* in such a place, and told her thdraw. To convince her that his wrath not an impulse of the moment, or a sudden of passion, but a fixed determination to ide her from the society of his wife, with e *purity* she was so familiar, his mute, the ct of the palace, Duroc, signified to her he part of his master never to appear at the consular court, Madame Buona- not being able to endure a female cour- who had two children during her husband's ice. 'Tell your *mistress*,' answered Ma- Tallien, 'that if all Paris knows that I two children during Tallien's absence in ot for near four years, her miscarriage during ral Buonaparte's absence of only sixteen hs has also been admired by all Paris as the ffort of nature in an old woman.' "*

* See La Sainte Famille, p. 44.

Madame

Madame Tallien is an incredible composition of virtues and vices; of good qualities and shameful irregularities. From habit more than from inclination she is, with Madame Buonaparte, one of the most profligate female characters of revolutionary France. Above remorse as well as repentance, she seems to care as little about what others say of her as about her own conduct. She is now (1805) in her thirty-fourth year, but does not appear to be twenty-five; she certainly still is one of the finest, best formed, and handsomest women of the French capital, though she no longer has any great influence in the fashionable world.

Since the above was written, the author has been favoured with the following lines, written in August 1805 by a lady at Paris: "You have no doubt heard, that Madame Tallien last spring married M. de Caraman, much against the wishes of the family of the latter. She has now three husbands alive, besides two children, of whom neither of them is the father. Hitherto her behaviour, since her marriage with M. de Caraman, is as irreproachable and prudent as during her first marriage with M. de Fontenai, who often visits his *ci-devant* wife.

She

She has publicly declared her intention to regain her lost reputation, which she says would always have been preserved *had not her first husband been a fool, and her second a rogue.* She is now united to a gentleman of sense and honour, to whom she seems sincerely and affectionately attached."

FRATERNAL AND SISTERLY BANQUETS.

THE pedantic affectation of the French revolutionists in collecting their wretched accomplices, dupes, and victims, into one family, and constituting millions into one of its branches, may be dated as far back as July 1789. Buonaparte's western family is not therefore the production of his own brain, or of his own revolutionary fertility. It originates in the civic feasts and national confederations of La Fayette and Petion, and in the fraternal and sisterly banquets of Hebert and Robespierre, his *worthy* predecessors.

At the sacrilegious inauguration of the Goddess of Reason in the cathedral of Paris, and at the no less sacrilegious festival when Robespierre proclaimed himself the high-priest of a Supreme Being, fraternal and sisterly banquets were invented, and put into requisition by an *invitation* of the commune and of the National

tional Convention; *invitations* that amounted to commands, and disobedience to which made them become mandates of arrest and warrants of death.

On the 10th of November 1793, as well as on the 8th of June 1794, the days of these religious fêtes of the French revolutionary devotees, famine ravaged France, and augmented the horrors of the uninterrupted depopulation by the guillotine, by shooting, and by drowning. At those periods thousands daily met with untimely and premature death; and those still remaining, expecting their dismal turns, had each the scanty allowance of four ounces of bread and of two ounces of meat during twenty-four hours. To command feasts and force rejoicings at such times from such a people, was only adding mockery to barbarity; and as unfeeling as it was impudent to speak of humanity, when an indiscreet expression was subject to the same punishment as a murderous deed, and death was inflicted equally on a suspected person as on a convicted assassin.

At the fête of the Goddess of Reason on the 10th of November 1793, these fraternal and

sisterly banquets were held, on account of the bad weather within doors. Tables were spread in the halls of the National Convention and of the Commune, and at the Jacobins' and Cordeliers' clubs. Every person allured by curiosity, or called by inclination, was permitted to partake of the poor entertainment of their *civic Lent*; or, what was the same, to witness even in their merry hours the sufferings of want, the consequence of anarchy, popular tyranny, licentiousness, and civil troubles.

Tri-coloured ribands and flags, red caps, and trees of liberty, however, ornamented these halls. Each table covered with coarse and dirty linen, with pewter spoons and forks, had inscribed over it in gold letters: "Here the *free* and *regenerated* brothers and sisters of the Grand Family of the French Republic eat, drink, and rejoice.—*Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, Sisterhood, or Death.*"

When the repast was over, the fraternal and sisterly banquets were removed, and a revolutionary music engaged the brothers and sisters to dance; persons of both sexes then put off their wooden shoes, and joined in cotillon barefooted,

footed, as it was contrary to the true sans-culotte fashion to wear either socks or stockings. During the dancing, they were frequently regaled with table-beer, brandy, gin, and other liquors: wine, though cheap, was not used, being considered by the brothers and sisters as an aristocratic drink. Bougies and candles were excluded for the same reason, being modern inventions of aristocracy, unknown to the ancient Greek and Roman sans-culottes. About four o'clock in the morning, the oil of the lamps ceased to burn, and the musicians to play. The fraternal and sisterly dancers then retired arm in arm, and extended their common and reciprocal hospitality even to their beds. After sufficient rest, the brothers went to their usual occupations in their clubs, in their revolutionary committees and tribunals, and the sisters to their official duties in the galleries of the National Convention, at the Commune, in the Jacobin or Cordelier clubs, or in the Revolutionary Tribunal.

Chenier, Fabre d'Eglantine, and several other revolutionary poets, celebrated this day with odes to Liberty and Equality, and with

hymns to the Goddess and Religion of Reason.*

The fine season and the fine day, when on the 8th of June 1794, Robespierre had the daring audacity to insult the Almighty with his outrageous profanation, as a revolutionary high-priest, and to increase ferocity with blasphemy, extended his scene of patriotic sans-culotte hilarity, without diminishing the wants of the starving, the agonies of the dying, or the pains and terror of all.

When Robespierre had finished acting his part of a high priest, the fraternal and sisterly festival immediately began. At a given signal fraternal and sisterly banquets were placed before every house in the street of St. Honore, and in all those near the Thuilleries and Palais Royal, as well as most others of the capital. In all the public squares, in all the public gardens, in all the public places, banquets of a larger size were spread at the expence of the Commune and of the Committee of Public Safety. The members of the National Con-

* The whole of this narration is translated from Le Voyageur Suisse, p. 317 and seq.

vention

vention fraternized in their hall, the Jacobins and the Cordeliers in theirs, where sans-culotte sisters of known patriotism had been invited. All the fraternal and sisterly banquets, public as well as private, were decorated with festoons of natural flowers; and every brother and sister wore tri-coloured ribands in abundance, and red caps covered their heads. Every passenger in the street was, *according to orders*, pressed before every house to partake of what the banquets afforded; of every thing except bread, which, as usual at that horrible period, all guests, whoever they were, and however engaged, always carried with them in their pockets, as each citizen had the same and equal allowance of four ounces in twenty-four hours.*

The passenger and the visitor were plentifully served with all the vegetables of the season, but *unseasoned*, as pepper and salt were scarce, dear, and by staunch sans-culottes judged aristocratical superfluities. *Vin ordi-*

* See Voyageur Suisse, page 317. The writer of this has often, during 1794 and 1795, dined even with the richest bankers at Paris, who, however, always accompanied their invitations with a P S. of "You are expected, citizen, to bring your own bread with you."

mire, that is to say, common wine, which then sold at Paris for four pence a bottle in assignats, which lost 500 per cent. was permitted by Robespierre to be drank in honour of a Supreme Being. The dress of all the brothers and sisters was plain; though they, according to a written permission of the commissaries of police, had leave to put on and wear on that day clean linen, the sisters to wash themselves, and the brothers to shave, without incurring the suspicion of aristocracy.

A foreigner of a neutral nation gives the following description of what he observed during his rambles on that day.

"The fraternal and sisterly banquets of the National Convention, of the constituted authorities, and of the clubs, were abundantly supplied with dishes, compared with those of the mass of citizens. They were however either not relished, or suspicion of poison took away the appetite, notwithstanding that the brothers were pressing the sisters, and the sisters inviting the brothers. Upon the whole it seemed tobe the fraternity of Cain and Abel. Even the dessert of fruit was left untouched. If an able artist had delineated the traits of all these

persons,

persons, every one, without knowing the original, would have sworn that they were those of traitors, conspirators, plunderers, and murderers. Every brother, and even many of the sisters, were armed with pistols and daggers, which they did not conceal. Add to this, the revolutionary trophies, stained with blood, surrounding them; the profane oaths that accompanied every word they spoke, their brutal and beastly conversation, and their indelicate and profligate gestures; the *tout ensemble* indicated the determined perverters, instead of the philosophical regenerators, of the human race!

"Such was the tyranny even on this day of republican festivity, that the brothers and sisters dining in the streets were not at liberty to quit their banquets before the constituted authorities left theirs, nor could they begin their fraternal and sisterly dances before the signal came from their sans-culotte superiors. Every morsel they ate, every glass they drank, every word they spoke, and every step they took, were all regulated beforehand; and woe to them who dared to shew themselves neglectful or refractory! As to the dance of the brothers and sisters,—Oh, Holbein! how many new

figures would not those meagre, hollow, enervated, and trembling republican slaves, have furnished for your dance of death!

"In the evening all Paris was illuminated: and on the discharge of artillery, were engraved on all churches and public buildings: 'The French people acknowledge a Supreme Being, and the immortality of the soul!' Over them, in still larger letters, were: 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or DEATH.'"*

* See Le Voyageur Suisse, p. 325 and 328. In a note it is said, that the day ended with numerous imprisonments, and many of the brothers and sisters before the next evening were no more.

SUSAN SOREL,

THE FEMALE ATHEIST.

Mais tout passe, et tout meurt, tel est l'arret du sort;
L'instant ou nous naissons est un pas vers la mort.

THAT the hardened criminal should silence or repulse the clamour of his conscience, and in a trembling despair call out "THERE IS NO GOD!" cannot be surprising; his enormities bid defiance to a divinity; he cannot endure to think of what he has such dreadful reason to fear; the very idea of an omnipotent God must to him be a hell upon earth. But that modest virtue, pure morality, honour, and loyalty, should be misled to embrace the shocking, despairing, and destructive tenets of atheism, and disbelieve and deny a remunerator of good and evil, after all the abominations witnessed in France since the revolution, loudly proclaims the dangerous progress infidelity

has

has made in that country, as well as the dangerous effects of the sophistical notions disseminated in the works of a Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Helvetius, Raynal, and other French philosophers.

Susan Sorel had inherited from her parents property producing about nine thousand livres (375l.) per annum, near Metz, in *ci-devant* Lorrain. She had from her youth evinced an inclination for literary information and for a studious life; and when at the age of twenty-five, by the death of her parents, she became mistress of her fortune, she declined all offers of marriage entirely, to avoid all interruption to the gratification of her leading passion for reading. The revolution, and the famine and the horrors that accompanied it, gave her an opportunity to gain the admiration of all her neighbours by acts of generosity, that announced a heart as tender and liberal as a mind noble and philanthropic. She not only distributed among the poor all her superfluities, but frequently refused herself the necessaries of life to relieve suffering humanity. She paid no visits, and received but little company. Though she never went to church herself,

self, she advised her servants never to neglect mass or vespers. She frequently presented the curate of her parish with liberal donations; and when in the beginning of 1794 the republicans proscribed and pursued him with all other christian priests, she, at the risk of her own life, concealed him in her house, and paid the same attention and respect to him as if she had belonged to his flock, or been one of the faithful. Four days before her death she presented him with a purse containing one hundred louis-d'ors, and a passport which would carry him safe to Germany, for which she had paid the same sum.*

On the 21st of May 1794, she invited forty-four children of her neighbours to a dinner and ball, which continued till past midnight. She seemed not only composed and tranquil, but lively and gay, partaking with pleasure in the enjoyments and amusements of innocence and youth. When they retired she gave them each a louis-d'or in money, to be spent when monarchy was restored in France, and six yards

* This narration is extracted from Les Annales du Terrorisme, p. 301, 302, and 303.

of white riband to decorate themselves with on the same occasion.*

A few weeks before, she had caused a small summer-house, or rather hut of dry wood, to be constructed in her garden, which she furnished in a neat and plain manner. Half an hour after the children had left her, the gardener heard reports of pistols, and looking out observed the hut on fire on all sides; and before he could procure any water or assistance to extinguish it, the hut was consumed, and Mademoiselle Sorel reduced to ashes. She probably had this hut built only to serve her as a funeral pile.†

As soon as it was day-light the servants sent for the justice of peace (in France they have no coroners), who, after taking an inventory of her effects, put a seal on the house. He found upon the table in her study a letter addressed to himself. In it she made him a present of fifty louis-d'ors, desiring him to have her ashes

* Les Annales du Terrorisme, page 301.

† Ibid. 301. In Recueil d'Anecdotes, p. 71 and 79, this anecdote is also related nearly in the same manner as in the other work.

collected

collected to be thrown into the river Moselle. She informed him that it was not by accident but by design, that she had burned the hut and herself, having chosen that death as the most agreeable and the most clean in departing from a world she detested so much, that she preferred to it even an annihilation, of which she was certain. She stated that, not to survive the day she had calmly fixed on for her exit, she had set the hut on fire before she shot herself. She asked him to have her last will read at the department, as well as the papers accompanying it, some of which she hoped would give consolation to the wretched, and explain and palliate her conduct to the good and loyal.

MY LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

"In the name of no God! I, Susan Sorel, sound in mind and body, do bequeath all my landed property and estate, all my household furniture, money, and valuables; in few words, every thing that can be called mine upon earth, (after two years wages have been paid to each of my servants), to his Majesty the king of France and Navarre, Louis XVII. or his heirs

heirs and successors, to be disposed of by him or by them, as he or they judge and think proper, to some unfortunate sufferer whom the revolution has ruined for his attachment to his lawful sovereign. Until the restoration of royalty, Nicholas Nerein and Jacques Meunier, my neighbours, whom I appoint my executors, are requested to see that my lands are well cultivated and my rents paid; and to distribute the same to the full amount among all the poor of our parish, deducting only six hundred livres (25l.) a year each for their trouble. They may either let or occupy themselves my principal dwelling, upon condition of keeping it in the best possible repair, until it with every thing else can be delivered up to the rightful owner; such a one as is nominated by the first Bourbon who is acknowledged a King of France and Navarre. Written, signed, and sealed by myself, at ten o'clock in the morning, May 21st, 1794; or, in the republican jargon, Floreal 30th, year II. of the republic, one and indivisible.

(Signed)

"SUSAN SOREL." (L.S.)

* Les Annales du Terrorisme, p. 302.

MY

MY LAST CREED.

"The world has never been created, but produced by incomprehensible, mechanical causes and occurrences, and has by degrees become nearly as it is. It will remain with little variation in the same state to all eternity.

"A God is the invention of fear, and the idol of folly and ignorance. I too in my youth worshipped a God, adored his Son, prayed to a virgin-*mother*, and knelt before *human* saints. I too confessed, fasted, subjected myself to mortifications, and wore relics. I too attended church, followed processions, prostrated myself before the host, sung hymns, and made vows. My sincere piety, my ardent devotion, was first shaken by seeing the prosperity of crime, the sufferings of innocence, and the misfortunes of virtue.

"When I saw the best and most virtuous king that ever ruled France, in return for his pure and patriotic wishes to make his subjects free and happy, rewarded by ingratitude, insults, and pains—I said, No, there is no God!

"When

"When his loyal life-guards were murdered in doing their duty, and their known assassins remained unpunished—I said, No, there is no God!

"When this good king was carried to Paris, and there detained a prisoner by those very subjects to whom he had offered liberty, and outrage was added to confinement—I said, No, there is no God!

"When with his nobly resigned queen and family, he was arrested and ill-treated in a journey he had undertaken to restore order to his kingdom, and tranquillity and happiness to his subjects—I said, No, no, there is no God!

"When first treacherously assaulted in his own palace, and afterwards barbarously dragged from the throne he was so worthy to occupy, to a prison his virtues purified and sanctified—No! no! no! said I, there can be no God!

"When, in the course of a few months, his innocent blood was shed by the hands of criminals on a scaffold erected for criminals—It is impossible, said I, it is impossible there can be any God!

"When

"When I saw honour and loyalty bleeding and flying, and robbers, rebels, and regicides victorious—No! no! said I, there is no God!

"When I saw altars erected to Marat, and heard that his sanguinary accomplices pronounced his apotheosis, without being crushed by the thunder of heaven—No! no! no! said I, there is no God!

"When I read that a prostitute was worshipped upon an altar consecrated to a God who did not revenge this sacrilegious outrage—No! no! said I, there is no God!

When Marie Antoinette, whose courage, sufferings, and resignation, were so great and so edifying, and whose faults and errors were so few and so exaggerated, ascended the same scaffold where her royal consort Louis XVI. had bled—No! no! no! said I, there is no God!

"When the model of female virtue and purity, of religious sanctity, of parental and sisterly heroism, the royal Princess Madame Elizabeth, was condemned by regicide murderers to die like the parricide or assassin—No! no! no! said I, there never has been, there never can be a God!

"It

"It is time, said I, to depart from a world where every thing vile, corrupt, and guilty, is fortunate, and where every thing elevated, good, generous, and honourable, is wretched. If there is another world, what have I to apprehend? My life is pure; the blood of no being have I shed; the property of no person have I plundered; the rights of no individual have I invaded, and the reputation of no person have I injured. I may therefore, said I, reduce myself to ashes, to annihilation, with as much indifference as I strip myself of my garment when I undress to go to bed. Should a God, a supernatural being, whom I am unable to comprehend or to believe in; should he really exist, and have created such vile creatures as man and woman, I—humble I—am no shame, no disgrace to his work, to his performance! Though not confiding in him myself, I have not only not prevented any body from doing so, but have encouraged and even joined many to trust in his justice and his bounty. It is also true, I observed that those I thus advised had neither energy of character, nor strength of mind, to see in themselves every

every thing inferior, equal, and above them. For their repose they required some terrific superior—a Robespierre in the heavens to BOW to, TO TREMBLE before."*

To my young neighbours, whose innocent enjoyments made my last hours so happy, and my journey into the shades of oblivion so easy.

"Sweet children! die soon, or misery is your lot; die soon, or you will deplore existence as a curse. Die soon, or the assassin's dagger will stab you, the poisoned tooth of the calumniator wound you; or, what is worse, and more insupportable, the arrow of wretchedness will pierce your tender bosom without killing you, suspend you for years between existence and annihilation, and leave you just enough of life to feel all its horrors. Die soon, or you will, like myself, witness that what disgraces human nature prospers, what degrades it succeeds. Die soon, or you will

* See Les Annales du Terrorisme, p. 302; and Recueil d'Anecdotes, p. 72.

see

see modesty trampled upon by impertinent or rude audacity; folly and impertinence tyrannize over wisdom and prudence; and unpunished ferocity intimidate equally the brave and the coward, the good and the bad, the virtuous and the wicked. Die soon, or you will die a thousand times before you expire. TO DIE IS NOTHING; you must all die sooner or later: it is *only* the agony of death that is terrible, insufferable.*

" *To my good neighbours, Nicholas Nerein and Jacques Meunier.*

" My will and the charge entrusted to you, my friends, prove how sincerely I esteem you, and my confidence in you. Shew yourselves worthy of it by discharging your duty faithfully. You know since the death of my nephews I have no relations left: I therefore do not infringe on the ties of consanguinity in presenting my offering to loyalty. As the last proof of my friendship for you both, when tired of living, I bequeath you my example

* Les Annales du Terrorisme, p. 302.

of

dying. Embrace your wives and children on part of your and their departed friend,

"SUSAN SOREL."*

The department of the Moselle, instead of proving of the will of Susan Sorel, considered her as an enemy of the republic, who by cide had prevented the effect of national *tice*, and therefore confiscated her property the benefit of the nation. Nicholas Nerein d Jacques Meunier they caused to be arted as suspected, and delivered up to the volutionary tribunal, which condemned them th to death as accomplices of Susan Sorel. ey were executed on the 28th of May, 94.†

On the back of the paper containing what e called HER LAST CREED, were written the lowing lines:

On a vue souvent des athées
Vertueux malgré leurs erreurs:
Leurs opinion infectées
N'avoient point infectés leurs mœurs.

* Les Annales du Terrorisme, p. 303.

† Ibid. p. 303, and Recueil d'Anecdotes, p. 72.

Spinosa

Spinosa fut doux, juste, aimable;
Le Dieu que son esprit coupable
Avoit follement combattu,
Prenant pitié de sa foiblesse,
Lui laissa l'humain sagesse,
Et les ombres de la vertu.*

* See the last work, and the same page, in the note.

LYONESE HEROINES AND REVOLUTIONARY SUFFERERS.

FELICITE CHAUSSEE,

THE GENEROUS INFORMER.

GUILT unfortunately too often assumes the mask of innocence, and vice frequently disguises itself in the garb of virtue: but it very seldom happens, at least such examples are scarce in history, that persons possess sufficient strength of mind or noble resignation to enable them to endure contempt and scorn, calumny and insults, in performing the most hazardous services and the most generous offices; and courageously expose themselves to certain contempt and loss of character, in the uncertain prospect of succeeding in their endeavours, or to survive their disgrace and dishonour.

France since the revolution has witnessed the

the perpetration of the most abominable atrocities, but she has also beheld the most sublime acts of self-denial, of liberality, of compassion, of affection, and of tenderness; and, to the honour of the sex, women have been heroines, where men have shewn themselves assassins, traitors, cowards, and slaves. Wives who hated husbands to whom they had been wedded against their inclination, and daughters neglected and ill-used by parents whom they regarded as their tyrants, have flown to prisons infected with disease, or ascended scaffolds inundated with blood, to lengthen the days, to alleviate the pains, or to share the fate of those whom when in prosperity they detested or accused, but when in adversity they admired and defended.

During revolutions, in times of civil troubles, amidst proscriptions and all the misery which ever accompanies successful rebellion, the friendship of woman is as much preferable to that of man, as light is to darkness. A woman identifies herself with the sufferer she pities; her acute feelings penetrate into his wants, his foibles, and his hopes; his existence becomes her own, she lives and expires with him.

him. Oh Providence! as it will probably be my destiny to perish by the hands of revolutionary assassins, let me in my last moments be blessed with such a friend, with such a consoler!

At Lyons resided a rich, and *of course* respectable, silk-manufacturer, of the name of Giverte. He had at twenty-one married a widow twenty years older than himself, not because he loved her, but because her fortune was ample! By this marriage he had a single daughter, whose feelings he judged to be the same as his own; and therefore, without her advice or consent, before she was eighteen, he bestowed her hand on another rich manufacturer, Mr. Chaussée, a man of twice her age. This union was so much the more repugnant to Felicité, as her husband was careless in his person, disagreeable in his manners, and avaricious in the extreme; and she had fixed her choice on another, a young man of her own age, then absent as a commercial traveller. Mr. Chaussée finding himself disliked, and not having claims to much delicacy, treated as a servant a person of a most sensible and delicate mind, whom parental authority

and filial duty had made his wife. But notwithstanding his brutality, her conduct was pure and irreproachable; she was the model of submission to wives, as she had before been of obedience to daughters.

When the revolution broke out, her father and mother were no more, and her husband, with most other men of property, was alarmed, and did not approve of the attempts of bankrupt innovators and corrupted conspirators to produce a general overthrow. He was therefore noted an aristocrat, and as such his name was placed on the blood-stained pages of destruction by the French patriots and jacobins. Chance also made him acquainted with some of the emigrants residing at the court of Turin, whose correspondence with their friends and adherents in France he had the imprudence to receive and to forward. Though from cowardice he feigned illness during the siege of Lyons in 1793, and by it avoided doing military duty, he contributed pecuniary assistance to those who carried arms against the republican banditti. After the latter had by fraud obtained possession of the city, he, together with all the other rich citizens,

zens, was arrested, and deprived of all access or consolation of his friends. He could not be accused of being among the loyal and armed Lyonese *rebels*; but as his great wealth was known, it was necessary to invent some excuse or other for seizing and plundering him of it.

Collot d'Herbois and Fouché (now Buonaparte's minister of police) were the members of the regicide national convention, who acted as national deputies at Lyons. They were surrounded with cruel and greedy accomplices, and employed numerous spies to discover and denounce some real or imaginary crimes against those whom they wanted to dispatch. These were soon informed that Chaussée had been suspected of corresponding with emigrants, and that he lived upon indifferent terms with his wife In his papers, which had been seized, nothing was found that could imply guilt; but the revolutionary judges ordered Madame Chaussée to appear before them, in expectation that matrimonial vengeance would be the consequence of matrimonial complaints. To this order she submitted with great seeming pleasure. Arrived before the judicial assassins,

she was asked whether she would subscribe to the only possible means to escape death herself, that of becoming an informer against her husband? She answered, "that she wanted no threats to induce her to desire an emancipation from those conjugal ties which had been formed under the most inauspicious circumstances, and so contrary to her own inclination. That she, therefore willingly came forward to denounce her husband, and to be a witness against him. That if they would permit her to be confronted with him, he should find himself confounded and convicted at once." But republican tyrants being equally suspicious and unjust, she was notwithstanding this declaration, detained in a separate room until the next day, when her husband appeared before the tribunal of blood.

Her supposed infamous and unnatural behaviour, when it came to be known, excited general animadversion. She was loaded with reproaches, shunned by her fellow-prisoners, and all Lyons held her out as a wretch, base as well as wicked. Even her own maid, whom she had brought up from infancy, refused to have any further connection with such a mistress;

tress; and wrote a letter, telling her, among other severe reproaches, that though infamy acquitted virtue of all forced obligations, she could not survive the idea of owing gratitude to the basest of her sex, and that therefore that day should be her last on which her master ceased to live. Two of her cousins sent her messages to the same purport; and informed her, that after her present treachery, she must no longer consider them as relatives, but as acquaintances, who both despised and detested her.

The next day, when she ascended the staircase of the hall of the Revolutionary Tribunal, she was met by her nurse and foster-mother, who, almost suffocated with her tears, and nearly fainting from indignant feeling, had only strength enough to utter these words: "I have nursed a viper. Had I known your venom, you should have been strangled in your cradle." On every side she saw signs of scorn, in every face she read looks of abhorrence and the hootings of the populace accompanied her before the judges. They were obliged to order the gens-d'armes to surround and protect her

from personal violence, and perhaps from being torn to pieces, so highly were the spectators exasperated against her.

At this tribunal then presided a man of the name of Parrein, notorious in the annals of French republican barbarity. This villain, one of the most infamous and sanguinary characters produced by the French revolution, had previously been struck out of the roll of attornies for several frauds which he had committed. In 1790 he associated with some forgers of assignats, whom he afterwards denounced, and for which the National Assembly on the 5th of May 1791 gave him a gratification of twelve thousand livres. He acted in September 1792 as judge-assassin in the prisons at Paris and at Versailles. For these exploits he was made a general, and in that character headed several military commissions in La Vendée, particularly one at Saumur; where in three weeks he ordered three thousand and fifty two women and children to be drowned, shot, or guillotined. These *patriotic* deeds procured him the friendship of Fouché, who made him president of the revolutionary tribunal at Lyons, which surpassed in cruelties all

all those he formerly had directed. He is now a general under Buonaparte, and a commander of his legion of honour.*

It was before this man that Madame Chaussée presented herself as an informer against her husband. When in his presence, she was exhorted and encouraged by Parrein to declare what she knew, or what her patriotism had to denounce against the prisoner. She was reminded that communities are of older date than marriages—that citizens existed before husbands; that she was born a female citizen of her country, France, before she was the wife of her countryman, Chaussée. She was admonished not to be intimidated by the threats or insults of the ignorant populace, but to serve and save her country, and to renounce all other sentiments but those of patriotism, of liberty, and equality.

She then began a story equally diffuse and improbable. Among other things she asserted that her husband had made several journeys to

* See Dictionnaire Biographique, vol. III. art. Parrein; and Les Annales du Terrorisme, p. 414.

Turin, and to Coblentz; and that during the siege he had concealed Count d'Artois in their house, and afterwards purchased him a pass to escape to Toulon, at that time in the occupation of the English troops. Being ordered to answer these grave accusations, Mr. Chaussée said: "Being bent upon my destruction, I am almost inclined to believe that my wife's wickedness has deprived her of her reason. I am ready to prove by a hundred witnesses the falsity of every one of her statements." "You would not dare to contradict me," interrupted Madame Chaussée, "*were you not certain that all your papers in the secret closet of the chimney had been burnt.*" At these words her husband fainted away; and upon the proposal of Couchand, one of the members of the revolutionary tribunal, his trial was put off to the next day, when even several jacobins came forward, and declared that to their knowledge citizen Chaussée had never been absent from Lyons, for the last five years, for forty-eight hours together. His wife's own cousins swore that they resided with him during the whole siege; and that no stranger, much less Count d'Artois, had entered his house. To the great rejoicings

rejoicings of all persons present, he was therefore acquitted; and upon the demand of the public accuser, the tribunal took into consideration what punishment could be adequate to the inveteracy and perjury of his wife.—"To the guillotine! to the guillotine, with the worthless woman," resounded from all sides, both within and without doors; and sentence of death was going to be pronounced, when Parrein observed, that such a severity might discourage real patriots from informing against aristocrats or federalists; and that his opinion was therefore, that the female citizen Chaussée should be exposed on the scaffold of the guillotine during the execution of the seventy-two individuals condemned that morning to death, and placed in such a manner as to be besprinkled with their blood. This opinion the tribunal changed into a sentence, and it was carried into effect amidst all the outrages that a savage and inhuman mob could or dared to inflict.

During this hard test of virtue, Madame Chaussée was as calm, as unmoved, as resigned, and as contented, as if she had been in her own house amidst those friends and relations who had so long and so justly esteemed her,

but whose society she was now obliged to relinquish for ever, if she would not undo what she had so nobly achieved, the preservation of the life of her husband. So universal was the prejudice and hatred against her, that although it was a cold and rainy night in December 1793, nobody in Lyons would shelter her from the inclemency of the weather; and she found no refuge but in a poor cottage at two leagues distance. From thence she sent a note to her husband, advising him to demand an immediate divorce, which he easily obtained. She also gave her address at Paris, where he might send her some succours. Either insensible of, or not comprehending the motive of his wife's generous behaviour, or perhaps, for fear of exposing himself, he never wrote to her. For nine months however she supported with the same firmness, ingratitude and poverty, a lost reputation and a distressed solitude: but then the reign of terror had ceased at Lyons; the guillotine was then no longer the order of the day, and her husband was out of all danger. Disgusted with the world, or tired of her sufferings, she determined on the 19th of October 1794 to put an end to her life. For mere subsistence

ence she had already parted with all her trinkets and most of her clothes; and on that morning she exchanged her wedding-ring for an old pistol, which she loaded and discharged through her head in a retired part of the garden of the Luxemburgh. In her pocket was a short letter addressed to her cousin Julia Santiere: "I die," said she, "as I have lived, worthy of your esteem and friendship. Acquainted with the weak mind of my husband, that his death would be certain had the papers secreted in the chimney been found, and all means of communicating with him being cut off, to inform him of their destruction, I assumed the basest of all base characters. As long as Robespierre lived, this explanation to my dearest beloved friend might have been fatal to a husband I never had reason to like; whom I pitied; but who I fear has no claim to my esteem. What am I to think of him who having my address, and enjoying my property, leaves me without news, and without support? I forgive him with all my soul! Without him I should never have known that in a virtuous heart pity is the first and most disinterested of all passions. I intended once last week to go

from personal violence, and perhaps from being torn to pieces, so highly were the spectators exasperated against her.

At this tribunal then presided a man of the name of Parrein, notorious in the annals of French republican barbarity. This villain, one of the most infamous and sanguinary characters produced by the French revolution, had previously been struck out of the roll of attornies for several frauds which he had committed. In 1790 he associated with some forgers of assignats, whom he afterwards denounced, and for which the National Assembly on the 5th of May 1791 gave him a gratification of twelve thousand livres. He acted in September 1792 as judge-assassin in the prisons at Paris and at Versailles. For these exploits he was made a general, and in that character headed several military commissions in La Vendée, particularly one at Saumur; where in three weeks he ordered three thousand and fifty two women and children to be drowned, shot, or guillotined. These *patriotic* deeds procured him the friendship of Fouché, who made him president of the revolutionary tribunal at Lyons, which surpassed in cruelties all

LOUISA LA RAY,

THE FEMALE COLONEL.

DURING the years 1792, 1793, and 1794, the armies were in France regarded as the safest refuge both against the guillotine and against the famine then ravaging that guilty but unfortunate country. To escape a death too long and too lingering by hunger, or an exit too expeditious by the revolutionary axe, not only a number of young and valiant men, but many young and amiable women, preferred the fatigues of marches, the dangers of battles, the inconveniences of encampments, and the hazards of the fire and swords of enemies on the frontiers, to the fraternity of brothers and friends in an interior, subject to the tyranny of merciless terrorists.

The virtuous Pichegru frequently said that his best recruiting officers in 1793 were Citizen Guillotine

lotine and Citizen Famine; that out of one hundred thousand men he was indebted to them upon an average for sixty thousand at least. They sent Dampierre to be killed near Valenciennes, and Custine, Houchard, Biron, and Beauharnois to be guillotined at Paris. By them the royalists Andreossi and Dumas were forced to assume a republican livery, and by them Moreau was compelled to combat for the assassins of his father and of his king. It excites astonishment to reflect on the number of royalists they sent to fight for a republic they detested, and to die for a cause they abhorred.

After the massacre of the unfortunate prisoners in September 1792, two young persons residing in the section of the Luxembourg at Paris enlisted in a battalion of volunteers marching towards the Rhine. They would accept of no bounty; but required instead the written promise that they should not be separated, but serve in the same corps, and if possible in the same rank, as they were brothers as strongly attached to each other by fraternal affection, as to their country by true patriotism. Their names they gave in as Adolphus and Louis La Ray.

The next day after their engagement, they quitted the capital, and within a fortnight joined the army headed by General Custine. They there evinced such traits of genius and valour, that the commander in chief in a few weeks promoted them both to the rank of captains; a rank insignificant at that time in the republican armies, where not many persons of education were to be found. Some of the new republican generals, and most of the republican officers, could neither write nor read.

On the 2d of December 1792, when the Prussians, or rather the Hessians, commanded by the late king of Prussia, carried Franckfort on the Maine by assault, Adolphus La Ray was killed, and Louis severely wounded, which procured him leave to repair to Strasburgh for a cure. He had not been there long before he was joined by his wife, who in a month afterwards was brought to bed of a fine boy. The satisfaction they felt for this occurrence was but of short duration. The arrival of St. Just and some other terrorists and representatives of the people at that city, in the summer of 1793, prevented Captain La Ray from obtaining a perfect cure; being, notwithstanding

ing the weak state of his health, ordered by them to depart for the army under General Carteaux, in march against Marseilles, and the insurgents in the south of France. In the defeat of the Marseillois troops he distinguished himself so much as to be advanced to a Chief de Battalion or Lieutenant-colonel on the field of battle. As such he commanded a corps during the siege of Toulon, where being again wounded in the head during a sortie from one of the outer forts, he was taken prisoner by a detachment of Spaniards, but was rescued by the French, who finally repulsed the enemy. After many entreaties of his wife, who always accompanied him, he at last obtained leave of absence to reside at Avignon, instead of being shut up in the military hospital at Marseilles.

He had however scarcely been six weeks at Avignon, before Toulon was evacuated by the combined powers, and he received orders instantly to head his battalion marching under General Dugomier against Spain. At the battle of Alberdes on the first of May 1794, after having two horses killed under him, and the calf of his leg shot away, he was made a prisoner.

prisoner. As soon as his situation was known to his wife, she asked and received permission to join and attend her husband. Being exchanged in the beginning of 1795, he was appointed a Chef de Brigade or Colonel, and employed as such in the army of the Sambre and Meuse. After the passage of the Rhine near Dusseldorff, he was again wounded in the attack on that city, after evincing the most surprising traits of valour, and obtaining the commendation of General Jourdan, who gave him leave to repair for the cure of his wounds to Aix-la-Chapelle. In three months he was however sufficiently recovered to resume his station, and to collect the remnants of his regiment on the left bank of the Rhine, after the army under Jourdan had, by the victories of the Archduke, been not only defeated, but almost dispersed on the right bank of that river.

The impolitic armistice granted by Austria to France, in October 1795, put a stop to hostilities until June 1796, when he again crossed the Rhine under Moreau, and penetrated into the interior of Germany as far as Munich, where

in

in the attack on the troops under the Austrian general Nauendorff, he was wounded in the arm. General Moreau, in his official reports, often speaks very favourably of Colonel La Ray, who continued to merit the approbation of his chief during the famous retreat through the Black Forest in September and October 1796, though with his left arm in a sling.

When, in November following, General Dessaix was made commandant of the fort of Kehl, and the *Tête du Pont* opposite Strasburgh, Colonel Ray was among the officers he chose to serve under him. Here an end was put to this officer's military career as well as to his life.—In a sortie against the Austrians on the 2d of December he was mortally wounded, and being brought to Strasburgh, he there expired in a few hours. But what must have been the surprise of all present on undressing Colonel La Ray, to find in this valiant warrior a female covered with numerous wounds!

The pretended wife of this pretended husband, had, on hearing his situation, been seized with a fit, and carried almost lifeless into another room while her friend was expiring.

ing, otherwise this discovery would probably never have been made. This occurrence excited the more curiosity; and occasioned so many more inquiries to be made, as the pretended widow had with her two children, who had been baptized and inscribed in the municipal registers as sons of Colonel Louis La Ray. In a week however this mystery was cleared up; as the marchioness de St. L——, the real name of Madame La Ray, had sufficiently recovered to explain and prove all the particulars of this mysterious affair.

Adolphus La Ray, who had been killed before Frankfort, was the younger brother of the Duke of F——, married in 1791 to Louisa the Countess de la V——, the younger sister of the marchioness. Included with all other persons of their rank and wealth in the cruel proscriptions of the republicans, they were under the necessity of concealing their respective names and situations, by entering among the volunteers marching towards the frontiers, where they hoped to find an opportunity to emigrate.

The death of her husband, and what she heard

heard of the insults, ill-treatments, and misery, to which her exiled countrymen were exposed, made the countess resolve to continue in the republican service. In revenging the death of her husband and in serving her country, she endeavoured also to assist the distressed emigrants; and as much as lay in her power, to avenge their sufferings, by chastising those ungenerous German princes and unfeeling subjects who rewarded with unkindness, contempt, and persecution, the zeal and fidelity of those loyal men, who, faithful to their God and their king, had sacrificed a home for exile, and affluence for distress.

She left behind her a list of all those emigrants whom she had saved or assisted in France as well as in Germany and Spain; she related that to be enabled to carry them support or to preserve them from death, she had often put on her female dress, that she might thus attired the better escape suspicion or denunciation. Twice had she however been arrested by the guards of the prisons; but in making herself known as Colonel La Ray, such was the admiration of the troops of her

courage

courage and humanity, that she was not only released, but the very guards helped her in her kind and benevolent undertakings and performances.

But she was esteemed by the officers as much as she was beloved by the men, who were all greatly disappointed when, in the spring of 1796, she declined the rank of a general of brigade, for which General Moreau had recommended her to the Directory. She refused it for fear of not being able to conceal her sex so well in that rank, where she would have been attended and surrounded by aide-de-camps and officers of the staff, as while a colonel, when she needed not to admit other officers than those she chose, and when she was prepared to receive them.

She asserted at the same time that being in her heart a sincere friend of royalty, and a constant adherent of the house of Bourbon, she always attempted to gain the confidence and friendship of those generals in chief under whom she served; not, as many of her comrades first suspected, from any ambitious motives, but to find out whether any of them had honour,

nour, firmness, and character enough, to play in France the parts of a General Monk. She was however greatly disappointed. Though not one of them was a republican, and all ridiculed and despised the republican form of government, yet none of them possessed those great and united talents absolutely necessary for men who pretend to conduct the spirit of a nation agitated by so many opposite interests to the wish of altering an unusual crisis, and to conclude the catastrophe of a grand epocha.

"Those generals," she thus wrote, "who were courageous in the field, were weak in council; and those who from their political talents might with ability have headed councils or cabinets, trembled at the very idea of hearing the murmur of a battalion, though they frequently had with indifference braved death in leading armies to carnage, in storming entrenchments or fortified camps defended by hundreds of cannons. They were all made to serve, to propagate, or to continue, revolutions, but they were also all unfit to finish them. They were all soldiers, but not one amongst them was at the same time a patriot."

While

While the Count and Countess de la V—— were thus combating, bleeding, and dying for their country, its ungrateful tyrants had put their names upon the list of emigrants, confiscated and sold their property, together with the estates of their relations; among others those of the Marchioness de St. L——. They therefore left behind them two sons totally destitute as well as orphans, a charge to their friend, ruined herself. Notwithstanding repeated petitions, accompanied by the certificates of Moreau, Jourdan, Dessaix, and other generals, neither the Directory nor the consulate paid any attention to their demands, and much less agreed to restore three small estates yet unsold, the only remnants of their paternal fortune, amounting in 1792 to ninety thousand livres, or 3,750*l.* per annum. They addressed themselves to Madame Buonaparte in 1800, as an acquaintance of their unfortunate parents. She *kindly* offered them places as charity-boys in her husband's Prytanées; which, by the advice of their friends, they excused themselves from accepting. It is worthy of the great rulers of the great nation thus to *indemnify* those

those whom their injustice and outrageous ambition had made orphans, and whom their cruelty and cupidity had plundered and reduced to beggary.*

* See Les Annales Militaires, page 44, 45, 46; and Le Recueil d'Anecdotes, page 333 et seq. From those two works the particulars of this narrative are translated. In a note of the latter work, page 334, it is said that the Count de la V—— was killed in his twenty-second year, and the Countess de la V—— in her twenty third.

LOUISA CARBINOT,

THE LYONESE DAUGHTER.

LOUISA Carbinot was only fifteen when the revolution destroyed all the convents, and obliged her to return to the house of her parents, who from her infancy had destined her to a monastic life. Mr. and Madame Carbinot having two other children, a son and a daughter, of whom they were dotingly fond, and for whom their fortune enabled them to provide amply, were much disappointed at not being able to rid themselves of Louisa for twelve thousand livres, 500l., the usual portion of nuns in the religious house of which she was intended to become a member. This disappointment, and perhaps some unnatural antipathy or dislike, often without cause, but always disgraceful to the feelings of parents, rendered Louisa an object, not only of neglect and scorn, but of hardships and oppression,

 though

though her virtues, submission, and affection, merited a conduct the very reverse. Her brother and sister, haughty, insolent, and greedy, considered her as an intruder encroaching on their rights, and treated her as such. She yielded, however, without a murmur to such repeated insults, to so much unkindness and injustice. For fear that her complaints might be thought reproaches, she patiently endured rather to be used as a servant than to claim that tenderness due to her as a daughter and as a sister. It could not escape the observation of visitors, neighbours, or relations, that she was cruelly wronged and suffered undeservedly; but when they pitied her, or reprobated the conduct of her parents, she always excused them, and avowed herself guilty of some fault or errors, not perceived by strangers or acquaintances.

In May 1791 her brother and sister were both married. They had previously proposed to her, in consideration of an annuity of twelve hundred livres, 50l., to renounce her rights of inheritance to the property of their common parents. Had her father and mother commanded her to subscribe to such an act, it is probable

probable that she would have obeyed without hesitation; but her duty and obedience to them could not bind or blind her so far as to reduce herself to penury, if not absolute want, merely to furnish the means of wallowing in affluence and luxury, to those who had discarded all ties of consanguinity, and so ungenerously returned selfishness and aversion for love and liberality. She continued, therefore, to reside in the paternal dwelling after her brother and sister were settled abroad; but though several advantageous matches corresponding with her own inclination were offered her, as they were either opposed or not countenanced by her parents; at the expence of her own happiness their will and determination were obeyed as her guide, and respected as her law.

Mr. and Madame Carbinot had never been in any business; but were what the French call *rentiers*, that is to say, annuitants subsisting chiefly on the interest of their capital in the public funds. They did not appertain to the *ci-devant* privileged classes, but were descendants of financial families and farmers of the revenues during the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. When, however, in the beginning

of 1792 the anarchy increased, they justly apprehended the fate that threatened people of property and probity of every description, and therefore emigrated. Their house they left under the care of Louisa, for whom indeed they were under no great concern, but with whose moderation, honour, and prudence, they were well acquainted.

De Sery, the husband of Louisa's sister, had been killed during the siege of Lyons in 1793. After the republicans had obtained possession of that city, his widow was happy to find a refuge with her whom she had hitherto ridiculed, calumniated, and despised.

Since the emigration of her parents, Louisa had not been without new suitors. Among others a young man of the name of Fresnay, a relation of one of the then popular jacobins in power, had paid his addresses to her. She consented to unite herself with him if he would procure her a passport to join her parents in Switzerland. This (at that period) precious document she obtained from his hands the very next day. In the mean time the republican banditti were every where in search of Madame de Sery, whose husband it was well known

known had perished in combating against them. Suspecting that she was concealed with her sister, a domiciliary visit was ordered in the house of Carbinot. To save her from certain destruction, Louisa without hesitation delivered her the passport, and suffered herself to be arrested in her stead.

Being carried before the revolutionary tribunal she acknowledged herself, and gloried in being the widow of the loyal M. de Sery, who died nobly with arms in his hands, defending the altars of his God and the throne of his king against atheistical blasphemers and regicide assassins. This language did not alleviate the fury of the revolutionary judges, nor plead in favour of the prisoner before them. She was consequently condemned to death, and her property confiscated for the nation; a cant word used at that time by the republican marauders, to appropriate to themselves the spoils of those they had proscribed or massacred.

Young Fresnay had during these transactions been at her house, which, to his great surprise, he found shut up and under the national seal. Concluding that she had

emigrated without him but with the passport he had procured her, he suspected her of infidelity if not of treachery, and his resentment almost silenced his affections. He immediately went to the Committee of Passports to procure a permission to pursue her. Just as he was entering this committee he saw the woman whom he had so dearly loved and had so unreasonably mistrusted, ascending the scaffold of the guillotine, fixed opposite the door of the town-hall. He rushed through the crowd in an instant, and flew to the arms of his mistress, who had only time to tell him these words: "Your temporary love of me will now be changed into everlasting esteem. This, thank God! is the most, if not the only, fortunate day of my existence. By my death I save the life of a sister who hated me, and restore to parents whom I worship a daughter they adore for a child they detest. They, together with yourself, will now respect my memory, pity my destiny, and know my worth. I trust to your honour and generosity not to disclose, that the passport you so kindly gave me is in the hands of my sister. Upon the brink of eternity I conjure you, if ever you had any tenderness

derness for me, to succour her, should she not have escaped the vigilance of my assassins, or be taken by them. Heaven bless you—embrace your Louisa for the last time." At that moment forty-three persons had already perished, and Louisa's name was the forty-fourth upon the list of that day's butchery; and notwithstanding her lover's intreaties, prayers, and protestations, the executioner tore her from his arms.

Fresnay, struck with horror and stupified with astonishment, became motionless until his mistress was no more. He then seized her head, and after pressing it to his bosom ascended with rapidity and intrepidity the hall of the revolutionary tribunal, calling out: "Abominable monsters! here is another innocent victim slaughtered by mistake." He could say no more before he fell down in convulsions, accompanied with a burning fever, which for four months deprived him of his reason. As soon as he recovered he left France, and visited the parents and sister of Louisa, at Lausanne, with whom he resided until 1795, when with him they returned to Lyons. By the interest of his relation they recovered a great part of

their confiscated property. At an estate three leagues from that city, they erected a monument, recording the noble sacrifice of Louisa, and their own repentance of their former behaviour towards her; an unavailing reparation for such great injuries.

In consequence of the terror experienced during and after the siege, and grief for the loss of her husband, Madame de Sery soon died broken-hearted, and her brother had some weeks before been drowned in crossing the Rhone. Thus old Mr. and Madame Carbinot were, at an advanced period of life, bereft of that hope and support they expected from affectionate and virtuous descendants. Not to be entirely deserted, they adopted Fresnay for their son; an act of continual reproach for their injustice and cruelty against poor Louisa. It was a punishment which all unkind and unnatural parents always deserve, and always have to dread from an all-remunerating or chastising Providence.

The work from which this narrative is extracted mentions, besides Louisa Carbinot, six other daughters, who, at Lyons during 1793 and 1794, voluntarily sacrificed themselves for their mothers

mothers or sisters; and two mothers who, during the same period, by their deaths preserved the lives of their daughters. Such examples of self-devotion and heroism cannot be too much extolled nor too often narrated. If humanity shudders at the spectacle of the misery to which rebellion and infidelity reduce mankind, their publication, it is hoped, will serve as a warning to other states, where the unprincipled intrigue and the free-thinkers blaspheme.*

* See Les Annales du Terrorisme, p. 28, et seq.; and Le Voyageur Suisse, p. 22, et seq.: Recueil d'Anecdotes, p. 91, et seq. also relates the particulars of this narration.

THE COUNTESS DE SAUVIGNAC

AND

HER DAUGHTERS:

VENDEAN VICTIMS.

SEVERAL eminent writers have not without reason declared, "that the latter part of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century may justly be called the age of egotism and selfishness." Legitimate princes then fraternized with usurpers to share indemnities with robbers: laws made by plunderers protected plunder! Self-interest and avidity crushed and erected thrones, destroyed and constructed altars! They might have added, that a kind of confusion and social anarchy had perverted the sense and all former moral definitions of words. In some countries, as in France, Italy, Holland, and Switzerland, an assassin and a patriot, a robber and a republican, a conspirator and a reformer, an atheist and

and a philosopher, signify the same: and it has not seldom happened that *rebels* have sat in judgment on loyal subjects, and condemned and executed them as *rebels*.

Many may think that all those shameful facts and occurrences are to be ascribed to a revolutionary mania, to revolutionary crimes, and to revolutionary power; but in many countries distant from the revolutionary focus, in many states where the inhabitants are supposed to be as religious as loyal, the rich man and the honest man are synonimous, and no man is called *respectable* if not wealthy; should any one inquire the character of a rich rogue, if ever so infamous or culpable, he may depend on receiving for answer, that he is a very *respectable* man.

These remarks are occasioned by the remembrance of a most sanguinary murderer and contemptible thief of the name of Pierre Foucault: who, after committing the most enormous atrocities and heinous crimes in La Vendee and Britanny, saved himself with his ill-gotten booty in Hamburgh and Lubeck, where he was received, on account of his riches, as a *respectable* man; while those poor emigrants, whose

parents, relatives, and friends, he had assassinated, whose property he had pillaged, were not only scorned but insulted.

This fellow, the son of a cobbler, was found by the revolution an idle drunkard and bankrupt cooper at Paimbœuf. He then first enlisted as a soldier, and afterwards turned wine-merchant. After the murder of Louis XVI. he was advanced to the rank of lieutenant in the national guard, a judge of the revolutionary tribunal, and a temporary commander of that town. In that quality he acted under the French representative of the people, Carrier; and assisted him in drowning, guillotining, and shooting, in less than nine months, twenty thousand men, women, and children. Tried as the accomplice of this monster, the following shocking depositions were among others made against him:

"Delamarre a witness informs the tribunal, that there was a heap formed of the bodies of the women who had been shot, and that the soldiers, laughing, called this horrid spectacle the *mountain*, alluding to the mountain of the National Convention.

"The same witness deposes, that Foucault having

having said one day to Bachelier, that he had *ten cargoes to dispose of that night*, Bachelier flings his arms round his neck saying, 'You are a brave fellow, the best revolutionist I know among them all!'

"This same Foucault *fired at his father* with a pistol; and was looked upon as the inventor of the plugged lighters for drowning the prisoners, by which invention nine thousand men, women, and children, were sunk in the river Loire, without any trial or condemnation whatever!*

"Foucault, being asked by the judge what was become of his pillage of the priests who had been drowned or shot by him, replied, that having consulted Carrier on the subject, he answered: 'Who the devil should have it but those that did the work?' Foucault declares that the effects of the priests were lodged on board the covered lighter, whence the priests had been precipitated into the water, and on board of which Lambertye, another chief in this expedition, gave a grand dinner the next day, which

* Procès Criminel des Membres du Comité Revolutionnaire de Nantz, &c. vol. ii. page 227-231.

cost

cost forty thousand livres, 1700l. From other witnesses it appeared, that Carrier assisted at this repast, and that he even proposed dining on the scaffold of the guillotine."*

The following cruel *order* was laid before the tribunal in Foucault's own hand-writing:

"Nantz, 5th Ventose, second year of the French Republic: (or 27th of February 1794.)

"Citizen Malé is hereby ordered to conduct the *forty women* under his *care* to the top of the cliff Pierre Moine, and there throw them head foremost into the sea.

(Signed) "FOUCAULT."†

Encouraged by impunity, this villain had the impudence to cast his eyes on a young and beautiful lady, of one of the most ancient and noble families in Britanny. Lust and a thirst of blood were the frequent companions of the French marauding *regenerators*.

The Countess de Sauvignac had the misfortune to lose her husband before she was twenty-five, after being a mother of four daughters,

* Procès Criminel des Membres du Comité Revolutionnaire de Nantz, &c. vol. ii. page 27.

† Ibid. vol. v. page 35.

the

the oldest of whom was nineteen, and the youngest not twelve, when the revolutionary banditti began to ravage her country. Though mistress of a splendid fortune, she lived very retired, occupying herself solely with the education of her children, and in relieving the distress of all the unfortunate that applied to her. She was therefore so universally beloved in her province, that when several of her neighbours emigrated, the inhabitants of her parish sent a deputation to her, praying her not to leave them, offering to defend her against every one who should dare to attack, or attempt to injure her or her family. She continued therefore to reside upon her estate, and to perform her usual acts of kindness and benevolence.

In March 1794 Foucault performed a domiciliary visit in her house, during which he confiscated and carried away all the Countess's plate, *in the name and on the part of the nation*; cant words used by the republican robbers to cover their theft. On this occasion he observed, and pretended to admire, the charms of Lady Caroline de Sauvignac, who had just reached her sixteenth year. He attempted in the presence of her mother and sisters to take some

some sans-culotte familiarities with her, but these were repelled by a firm but becoming dignity. A few days afterwards the Countess received the following fraternal message:

"Nantz, 20th of Germinal, second Year of the Republic one and indivisible. (April 12th, 1794.)

"*Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death.*

"FEMALE CITIZEN,

"You and your children belong to an aristocratic proscribed class, and the lives and property of you all are in my power, and at my disposal. It depends however upon yourself, female citizen Sauvignac, not only to escape death and danger, but *honourably* to enjoy your lives and property undisturbed and with safety. Only unite your daughter Caroline by a republican marriage, with me a sans-culotte patriot. I will purify you of all your aristocratic sins, and take upon me to be responsible for your *civism* to my fellow sans-culottes. If you refuse, or repulse the *honour* of my demand, ere three times twenty-four hours you and your children will have ceased to exist.

(Signed) "FOUCAULT."*

* Les Annales du Terrorisme, pages 131 and 132.

To

To this impertinent letter the Countess answered: "Property in the present times is worth little, and life still less. You may perhaps murder myself and my innocent children, but you shall never be able to degrade or to dishonour us."*

The next day Foucault arrived at the house of the Countess, accompanied with an escort of twenty men, of the terribly famous company of Marat. He renewed his proposals, and gave the lady the choice of celebrating his republican marriage with Caroline in the presence of his fellow sans culottes, or being arrested and executed as enemies of the republic and of liberty and equality. "You have already received my answer," said the Countess: "we are all ready and resigned." Foucault then called in the soldiers, and ordered them to tie the Countess, her four daughters and two maids, who insisted on sharing the fate of their mistresses. They were all carried in an open cart to Paimbœuf, and shut up in a dungeon under the town-hall; where they were obliged to lie down on the stones, being refused even straw to repose on.†

* See Les Annales du Terrorisme, p. 132. † Ibid. p. 183.

Foucault

Foucault intended to have them dispatched the same night, but no executioner could be found: they were all in activity, and employed at Nantz. After several couriers whom he had sent to find one had returned unsuccessful, he the next day at ten o'clock in the morning put a butcher into requisition to act as an executioner; who, notwithstanding his prayers and intreaties, was forced upon the scaffold, where the illustrious victims of revolutionary and republican barbarity were awaiting death with calmness and resignation, embracing, consoling, and blessing each other.

When the butcher had cut off the heads of the Countess and her two eldest daughters, it is supposed despair or remorse turned his brain and made him mad; for after first attempting with his knife to hit Foucault, whom he abused in the grossest terms, he stabbed himself and expired. Foucault, the monster Foucault, then asked Caroline, kneeling by the side of the corpses of her mother and sisters, whether she would still be the wife of a sans-culotte, and by it save the lives of her remaining sister and her maids. She deigned not to reply, but laid her head beneath the

axe

axe of the guillotine and perished. Her youngest sister, not twelve years of age, as she lay down to die, innocently said to Foucault, who now himself performed the *office* of executioner, "Oh, *Monsieur* Foucault, pray do not hurt me too much in cutting off my head!" He attempted to speak and joke with the maids; but they indignantly exclaimed: "Assassin! do your duty; and hasten to unite us with our virtuous mistresses, in a place which you can never enter."*

The mangled bodies were then all stripped naked; and acts of horrid brutality and indecency committed. Foucault was the presiding dæmon; he taught new horrors, and acted himself the most diabolical part in the infernal scene.†

After achieving these *patriotic* exploits, the ruffian ordered the widow of the butcher, a young and handsome woman, to his fraternal banquet and *bed*, and she was under pain of death forced to obey.‡

* See Les Annales du Terrorisme, page 133.

† Ibid. page 134. ‡ Ibid. p. 134.

Acquitted

Acquitted for these and other crimes by the Revolutionary Tribunal at Paris composed of criminals like himself, Foucault went to Germany in 1795, well provided with letters of credit and recommendation from the house of Fulcheron and other *respectable* bankers at Paris, whom the revolution from sans-culottes has transformed into men of property.*

* Les Annales du Terrorisme, p. 135. This Fulcheron, always a STAUNCH patriot under Robespierre as well as under Buonaparte, was accused in Jan. 1800 by another RESPECTABLE patriot, Courtois de l'Aube, of swindling *(escroquerie)*. They had in May 1795 been contractors together for the army, and Courtois pretended not to have received his full share in the profit. Courtois was then a member of the Committee of Public Safety, and had procured Fulcheron this contract, for which the latter pretended to have given the procureur in presents 189,000 livres, or 8,000l. These PATRIOTS are now both very rich, and of course very RESPECTABLE citizens!!!

ADELAIDE LANGENOIS, alias SANS GENE,

THE FEMALE CAPTAIN OF DRAGOONS.

IN the month of December 1801, when on the way from Avignon to Lyons, the Paris diligence was joined by a young lady at Montelimart: she was handed in by an officer of dragoons, who, recommending her to the care of the coachman and to the civilities of the company, wished her a pleasant journey.

The inside passengers now amounted to eight in the whole; among them were four young Lyonese, of a lively and gay disposition, fond of joking and laughing, but upon the whole inoffensive. The new travelling companion, the only female of the party, was dressed in a brown silk gown neat enough; but her manners and conversation did not correspond with her female apparel, and, together with the colour

colour of her complexion, seemed to indicate that she had passed more of her time in the tents of camps than at the toilet or in the dressing-room. Her features however were not coarse, nor her voice rude, but rather soft. In fact, it was very difficult to know what to make of her. These considerations, or perhaps curiosity, made the young Lyonese evince some inclination to amuse themselves at her expence; but she interrupted them abruptly, by telling them that she was not in a humour to joke, and that if they did not conduct themselves with that respect due to her sex and person, she would at the end of the first stage treat them as they merited.

When the diligence stopped to allow the passengers time to breakfast, she ordered the driver to bring her the portmanteau Captain Lanoenoir, her husband, had given to his care. Having received it she went up stairs with the chamber-maid, and within ten minutes returned fully accoutred in the regimentals of an officer of dragoons, with her sabre by her side, challenging in rather severe expressions the four young Lyonese to fight her, one after another. She at the same time threw some papers upon the

the table, saying, "Read these, you *blanc-becs*; and you will see that, although a woman, I have made seven campaigns, received nine wounds, and that at present, after giving in my resignation, I enjoy a pension of eight hundred livres, 34l., bestowed on me by the First Consul, as a reward for my services."

Some of the other passengers interfering, and those, who had unintentionally offended her, having made an apology, her good humour returned, and she continued for the remainder of the journey a very agreeable and entertaining companion.

As soon as the diligence set off, she favoured her fellow-travellers with the following particulars of her military life. Her present husband, though the son of a nobleman in Normandy, was in 1792 obliged to enter as a volunteer, and as such he passed through Besançon, where she was born. Being seized with a fever in the house of her parents, where he had been billeted, she took particular care of him, and a mutual affection was soon formed between them. Her father opposing her inclination, she put on man's clothes, and joined the

the ninth regiment of hussars, in which her lover served. She made the campaigns of 1793 and 1794 in the maritime Alps; was there wounded and promoted to a cornetcy, while her lover still continued in the ranks.

Being informed by letters that a relation of his was a colonel of the 15th regiment of dragoons, young Langenois wrote to him, and was shortly afterwards advanced to the rank of a sub-lieutenant. Either from inconstancy, or from other causes, he had hitherto neglected to perform his promise of marrying her; and notwithstanding her intreaties left her to join his new regiment, then on the frontiers of Spain. Thus deserted and wretched, in hopes of meeting with death, she rushed into the enemy's ranks in the first engagement; where after having her horse shot under her, and receiving two cuts of a sabre in her head, she fainted away from loss of blood, and at her recovery found herself a prisoner in an Austrian hospital. Her sex being discovered, she was treated by the enemy with great delicacy, and as soon as convalescent exchanged. She then resigned her commission as an officer of hussars,

hussars, to enlist as a volunteer in the regiment of dragoons, then in Spain, where lieutenant Langenois served.

Having heard that she had been killed, he was most agreeably surprised at her arrival; and in gratitude for her fidelity and for her sacrifices, not only married her, but procured her from his relation the same rank with himself. When the peace with Spain was concluded, her regiment was ordered to join the army of Italy; where, at the battle of Lodi, she was wounded in three places, and promoted by Buonaparte to a first lieutenancy, at the same time that her husband, who had greatly distinguished himself, was made a captain.

During the blockade and siege of Genoa, in the spring of 1800, her regiment belonged to the corps under the command of General Rochambeau, who attempted to throw in succours to Massena, the governor of Genoa. In one of the daily skirmishes in the vicinity of that city she again had her horse killed under her, was wounded and made a prisoner by General Haddick; who, in admiration of her courage, presented her a beautiful Hungarian horse of

his own, and released her without being exchanged. This horse the general of division Duhem had the insolence to put into requisition for himself during her illness of a fever that then raged in the French army; and when on her recovery she claimed it, he refused to restore it. She sent him a challenge, but instead of fighting, he ordered her under arrest for insubordination. Such was, however, the regard that the officers and men had for her, that in an encounter with the enemy on the next day, her horse upon which Duhem rode was killed by them, which terrified him so much that he demanded and obtained a command of another division.

After the peace with Austria at Luneville, she repaired with her husband to Paris; was introduced by General Murat to Buonaparte, who ordered a sabre as a mark of honour to be given her, which at present entitles her to number among the revolutionary knights of the pretended Legion of Honour. Her commission, certificates, and numerous other papers, proved the truth of her assertion, and that she diminished rather than exaggerated her military exploits.

That

That she was much beloved by the troops was evident during the whole journey: pickets of the 15th of dragoons were quartered in every station where the diligence changed horses; they all spoke of her courage, generosity, and humanity, with the enthusiasm of sincerity and gratitude. They would have narrated many traits illustrating what they said, but her modesty prevented them. They never ceased to exclaim, as long as she was in sight, *O! la brave et bonne femme.*

When at Lyons, she went to the play, dressed in her regimentals. General Duhem was then the governor of that city. Owing her a grudge, he sent his aide-du-camp to her box, asking her how she dared appear at the theatre without first informing the governor of her arrival. "Tell your general," said she, "that I am no longer in the service, and that I shall be much obliged to him to settle with me, on the other side of Pont-Morant, for the horse he stole from me last year. I have here," continued she, laying her hand on her sabre, "an instrument presented me by the first consul, which shall cut the affair short." As she spoke very loud, her conversation was heard and applauded

plauded by the pit. She was however advised to continue her journey for Besancon the same night; as Duhem, as well as Buonaparte, had during 1793 and 1794 been one of the most sanguinary terrorists and accomplices of Robespierre, and he was known to be as revengeful as cruel.*

* The writer of this sketch was one of the passengers in the diligence, and relates nothing but what he heard and read. Madame Langenois had taken the name of Sans Gene as *un nom de guerre*, or borrowed name. This was generally the custom of all women serving in France.

FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY BOARDING SCHOOLS.

THE greater part of the articles which compose this work will exhibit to its readers only distant monuments of atrocity, to which happily every thing they have been used to contemplate in their own favoured country, will give the appearance of that species of moral romance which aims to deter from vice rather by displaying it in its most hideous deformity, than by the more usual method of its failure in even the object of temporary prosperity. A much more important purpose will be accomplished by bringing home to the breasts of a British public a point in which the total ruin of their sweetest consolation and hope may be concerned.

That education at the expence of all religious and moral principles is infinitely too dear-bought, will probably be confessed by the most sanguine advocate of fashionable accomplishments; but when it is attended with

the inculcation of the most odious and destructive early depravity, who would not prefer to rear their offspring in such attainments as their circumstances are adequate to give them in their own country, rather than by a *cheap* and corrupted tuition abroad, bring them to become ultimately a disgrace to themselves and their family, and a burden to society; to live in shame, and to die in infamy?

As it is by a total contempt of every former distinction between right and wrong that the great scenes of the last twelve years in France have been conducted, this together with the many examples of successful villainy which the progress of the revolution has afforded, has pervaded the middle and lower no less than the higher ranks of that frantic nation; though it is only locally, and on the spot, that the truth of the latter part of this observation can be known or observed in its full force. The young mind cannot be formed to a spirit of conscious independence among a nation of slaves; nor to rectitude of conduct in a society where the precedence is claimed and possessed by *ci-devant* bankrupts, by sharpers and bravoes.

But it is not in this point alone that licentiousness

tlousness has spread its ravages to a horrid extent, in *regenerated* France. The habitual *gallantry* (as it was with a too complaisant mildness termed) of the nation has advanced with rapid strides. The absurd and wicked extension of the law of divorces during the jacobinical period of the revolution, which were allowed even on the ground of incompatibility of temper, was not repealed till its effects had become most horribly conspicuous, and till it had given an impulse to the intercourse between the sexes which no subsequent merely negative regulation could at once check. The abolition too of the sanctity of the marriage-tie, by ordaining it to be merely a civil contract between the parties to be declared and registered before a magistrate, could not fail in minds of so much characteristic levity, to weaken the bonds of conjugal fidelity. What, alas! must be the result of all these causes operating upon the state of the general manners in *such* a nation, with *such* rulers, *such* laws, and *such* examples!

These remarks are intended as cautionary to those parents who, in the event of a future peace, might be induced to send their children

to France for education, as many misguided or ill-advised persons did during the short-lived peace of Amiens. If there are any on whom the observations introduced above are not sufficiently powerful to make the desired impression, let them learn that the universal laxity has corrupted the most tender minds; and that the keepers of boarding-schools (both male and female) have been transformed into agents of demons, to initiate their pupils into scenes of the vilest debauchery. The following narrative (which however is here necessarily softened and abridged in its most disgusting particulars) appears among the law-reports published in one of the French revolutionary newspapers.*

"On the 19th of Thermidor, year 9, (or the 6th of August, 1801,) appeared before the criminal tribunal of the department of the Seine, Citizen Joseph Liebeau, aged sixty-three, and his wife Agnetha Liebeau, born at Cervais, aged fifty-four, having kept during *twenty-two* years boarding-schools in the Rue St. Antoine, Fauxbourg St. Antoine, in two

* Journal des Tribunaux, 10th Fructidor, year 9, (27th August 1801.)

adjoining

adjoining houses, the one for boys and the other for girls. The prisoners were accused generally of having corrupted the morals of their pupils.

"The public and official accuser enumerated in a long speech the enormities of which the prisoners stood accused, and were culpable. If decency and delicacy did not forbid it, he could produce as witnesses four hundred and forty-six young persons of both sexes, who had been unfortunate enough to pass some years of their youth under such infamous instructors and guides. Those witnesses, however, who would appear, he was persuaded, were more than sufficient to satisfy the minds of the jury as to the guilt of the prisoners.

"Sophia Bevy, a girl of thirteen, said she had been sent three years ago to be boarded, lodged, and educated, by the prisoner Maria Liebeau. She had not been there much more than three months, when she was invited to a ball at the prisoner Joseph Liebeau's with twenty-two other girls, some older and some younger than herself. The boys at Joseph Liebeau's school were a dozen more in number, but of nearly the same age with the girls.

During the dance they were treated with lemonade, in which was mixed brandy or some other strong liquor that made most of them stupid, if not intoxicated; so much so, that the next morning, without remembering any other cause, she felt herself very ill. She complained to Maria Liebeau, who said it was nothing, and she would soon be well again. Playing a few days afterwards in the garden, separated only by a low wooden railing from the garden of Joseph Liebeau, where the boys also played, a boy named Henry Lacombe called her, and spoke to her in such a way relative to the before-mentioned ball, as made her blush and walk from him without answering; but in the next decade another ball was given by her schoolmistress, and Henry Lacombe was very attentive to her. After drinking some lemonade she again became very giddy; but remembers that she went with him into an adjoining closet, and for the five days following she was again very ill. During that time she was attended by Maria Liebeau. She was afterwards used in the same way by the prisoner Joseph Liebeau himself; who warned her not to mention it to any person, for that other

other girls in the school had done the same. When she went home for the holidays, her mistress told her, that if she gave the least hint of what had happened, her parents would turn her out into the street. The first day she entered the school, some of the other girls shewed her improper drawings, which they said were given them by their schoolmistress.

"Henry Lacombe, the boy above-mentioned, aged fifteen, confirmed every thing that the preceding witness had deposed; and even added other instances in which, by the incitement or knowledge of his teachers, he had acted in the same manner. Those scandalous scenes always began and ended alike; the girls were always intoxicated, and thus surprized. Other boys and girls in the schools had been equally induced to perpetrate or permit similar indecencies. Joseph Liebeau had put into his hands several books with indelicate engravings, which were circulated among all the boys.

"The servant-girl, Annette Darthe, aged thirty-six, deposed upon oath, that she had been in the service of the prisoners for ten years; and could declare from her certain knowledge (grounded on a variety of proofs),

the truth of the general charges against the prisoners. She added, that when religion was restored in France, she thought it her duty to inform her confessor of what she knew; who ordered her under pain of damnation to acquaint the police with every thing, and thus this scene of wickedness was brought to light."

The reader will undoubtedly be struck with horror at even what is related above; but many particulars are suppressed, which no English reader would endure.

The jury having given their verdict of Guilty against both the prisoners, Joseph Liebeau was condemned to three months imprisonment, and a fine of three hundred livres (12l.)! and Maria Liebeau to an imprisonment of six weeks, and a fine of one hundred livres (4l.)! The *procès verbal* was also sent to the prefect of police, that the prisoners might be prevented for the future from keeping boarding-schools AT PARIS! Had these monsters called Buonaparte an usurper, they would have been transported or shot without a trial.

THE COUNTESS DE VILLELUME,

THE FILIAL HEROINE.

THOSE illustrious heroines of France, who, amidst the ruins of almost all virtues, restored human nature and the human character to all their grandeur and dignity, did not belong to the families of those scandalous innovators, who, under pretence of regenerating the morals, and ameliorating the manners and circumstances of their countrymen, annihilated morality as well as religion, and made their country equally wretched and guilty. To the proscribed classes so basely calumniated, so unjustly persecuted, and so cruelly treated; to the victims from among the nobility and of the clergy; republican Frenchmen are exclusively indebted for not being irrevocably classed among the European barbarians of the eighteenth century. The constancy in sufferings,

ings, the resignation in affliction, the courage under the poignards of assassins, the greatness of soul displayed in dungeons, and the calmness and firmness on the scaffold, exhibited by all the martyrs of loyalty and christianity, were absolutely requisite to extenuate, if possible, with contemporaries and future ages, the enormities of revolutionary Frenchmen. They were necessary to persuade mankind in calling to their recollection that a nation which had given birth to a Louis XVI. to a Princess Elizabeth, to a De Sombreuil, to a Charette, to a Duke of Enghien, to a Pichegru, to a Frotte, to a Georges, &c. though highly vicious and criminal, was not entirely and irremediably corrupted; and that its enormities were in a great measure to be attributed to the chiefs, tools, and accomplices of faction, and not to the people at large.

Among the models of filial affection, unequalled in history, the Countess de Villelume occupies the most honourable place. Her maiden name is De Sombreuil. She was born at Limoges in 1767; and is the daughter of Francois-Charles de Virat de Sombreuil, a general under Louis XVI. and his majesty's governor

vernor of the invalids at Paris. Her mother was a Mademoiselle de Leychoisies, descended as well as her father from an ancient and noble family.

In the arduous post occupied by General de Sombreuil at the age of 72, in the beginning of the revolution, he evinced such an attachment to his king, and such strict and rigid attention to his duty, that he even for some time inspired the Parisian banditti with veneration for his person. But after the tenth of August, when all noble and generous sentiments seemed to be extinguished in the bosom of the French rebels in power, this respectable veteran was dragged from his house to be shut up in the prison of the Abbey. He was arrested on Sunday the 27th of August, at the time his lovely daughter was at church. On her return, hearing what had befallen her parent, she immediately flew to the Abbey, but was refused admittance. She therefore wrote the following lines to the members of the terrible Parisian commune.

"*Paris, August 27th*, 1792.

"CITIZENS!

"To an old man on the borders of eternity, and accustomed to the tender care of filial or domestic

domestic attendance, isolation must be more insupportable than death; therefore permit a daughter, suspected of no crime, to be shut up with a father, of whose innocence she is convinced; to share with him fetters, imprisonment, and even the scaffold; to identify herself with him who gave her life, and without whom existence itself is to her an insupportable burden, &c."

At the top of this petition Marat wrote: "Confine this aristocratical fanatic with her aristocratical father."* With this permission in her hand she again presented herself before the doors of the Abbey, which were opened to her; and in an instant she was in the arms of her parent, with whom she passed her whole time, her days and her nights, to serve and to console him.

On the 2d of September, when the massacres of the prisoners began, Mademoiselle de Sombreuil had been confined eight days. After many of these unfortunate men had been butchered, and the sight of blood continually flowing only served to increase the rage of the murderers; while the wretched inhabitants of

* See Anecdotes des Femmes Marquantes, p. 466.

the

the prison endeavoured to hide themselves from the death that hovered over them, this filial heroine rushed into the presence of the assassins, who had already seized General de Sombreuil. "Monsters," cried she, "hold your hands!—he is my father." She threw herself at their feet, inundated with human gore, and laid hold of their hands, yet reeking with blood. At one time she stopped the sword lifted against her father, and offered herself to its relentless point, exclaiming: "Strike, barbarians, you cannot reach my father but through my heart. I shall cover him with my body, and, disdaining to descend to unworthy supplications, I desire and demand only to die with him." In this admirable struggle she received five different wounds.

So much courage and filial affection in a young girl, whose tears and extreme agitation enhanced her uncommon beauty, for a moment diverted the attention of the assassins. She perceived that they hesitated, and took advantage of that favourable moment. But while she was thus agitated between hope and fear, one of the monsters, Van Damme (at present Buonaparte's General Governor of Lille, and Grand

Grand Officer of his legion of *honour)*, announced the following condition for saving General de Sombreuil: "DRINK," said he, "A GLASS OF BLOOD, AND SAVE YOUR FATHER." Mademoiselle de Sombreuil shuddered, trembled, and retreated some paces; but she forgot terror, disgust, and every thing upon earth but her father, and she yielded to the dreadful condition. "Innocent or guilty, then," said one of those who performed the function of judges, "it is unworthy of a *great* and *generous* nation, and a *humane* people, to bathe their hands in the blood of the old man, since they must first destroy this virtuous girl." A general cry of pardon was then heard. The daughter, revived by this signal of safety, threw herself into her father's trembling arms, who had scarcely power to press her to his bosom, and even the most outrageous of the assassins were unable to restrain their tears.*

Lovely and virtuous lady! at that moment you compelled the most detestable of men to pay homage to your intrepidity. Your departure from a place of horrors was a triumphal procession, and you heard on every side these

* Anecdotes des Femmes Marquantes, p. 475 et 477.

words

words so honourable to yourself: "Let old age and beauty be respected by all." You beheld the same hands dyed with the gore of a multitude of victims, but a moment before ready to be steeped in your own and your father's blood, opening a passage through a ferocious horde, panting for carnage. Ah! could you imagine, that having disarmed so many furious assassins which it seemed no restraint could withhold from their savage purposes, you could not move the hearts of men whose duty it was to administer the law according to justice, to be dispassionate as well as just!!!

So many torments and such cruel sufferings deserved to be followed by some repose: but where was and where can repose be found under revolutionary tyrants? General Sombreuil, his eldest son and his daughter, were again arrested in December 1793, and thrown into prison, first at *La Force* and afterwards in the Conciergerie. The affection of Mademoiselle de Sombreuil for her father had but increased; and, notwithstanding she had been afflicted with frequent convulsions since the violence committed on herself in drinking the glass of blood,

blood, her courage was not at all abated. When this amiable lady entered her new prison, all eyes were fixed upon her with a pity mixed with admiration.

Till the 29th Prairial, year II. (June 21st 1794) Mademoiselle de Sombreuil had the happiness to remain with her father, and to soften the rigour of his confinement by the assiduity of her attentions. On that day an order for his trial arrived from the committee of general safety. Although the most afflicting presages pressed upon her heart, she still retained an appearance of composure in the presence of her father. "No evil can happen to you," she said to him, "to you whose life has not only been irreproachable but beneficent and virtuous. Even in the worst of times justice will protect innocence; but if ——" She said no more, but did every thing in her power to procure permission to accompany her parent to the tribunal of assassins, before whom he was ordered to appear, but in vain. She was separated from him, and locked up in a dungeon until he was no more; General de Sombreuil, aged 74, was, with his son Stanislaus Virot de Sombreuil, aged 26, and sixty-seven other persons,

sons, guillotined on the same day. Their death was preferable to her existence. By the agitation of her mind more than from the sufferings of her body, during one of the convulsive fits to which she had of late been so subject, her wounds opened afresh, and it was with great difficulty that she was preserved from bleeding to death.

After the execution of Robespierre, she recovered her liberty; but the fortune of her family had been buried in the gulph that swallowed up her father and brother, or rather their murderers had also been her plunderers. She had still another brother, whom she thought Providence had reserved to recompense her in part for her dutiful fidelity, as well as for a fortitude of mind displayed at the expence of her health and constitution.

This brother, Charles Virot de Sombreuil, was worthy of such a sister. Born with a frank and lively disposition, and with a courage bordering on temerity, he had in the earliest period of the revolution been applauded for the audacity with which he saved his friend the young Polignac, who was attacked by a furious populace. In 1792 he served as a volunteer in

in the Prussian army, where he distinguished himself in the most brilliant manner; particularly one day, when at the head of four hussars only, he captured a convoy and its escort of one hundred men, whom, by the determined air with which he advanced towards them, he persuaded that he formed the advanced guard of a considerable division. The same day he was made by his Prussian majesty a knight of the order *Pour le mérite militaire*. During the campaigns of 1793 and 1794 he signalized himself in an equal manner both in Alsace and in Holland. Appointed in 1795 by the English government to carry fresh reinforcements to the troops already disembarked at Quiberon under M. de Puissaye, he landed there forty-eight hours before the unfortunate affair of the 21st of July, the day on which General Hoche attacked Fort Penthievre. He was encamped on the right side of this fort, but was not informed in time of the treachery that had delivered it up to the republicans; and, placed between two fires, without hope of retreat, he was obliged to capitulate. It was then he said to General Hoche, "Spare my brave comrades in arms, as to myself I am resigned to my fate."

He

He was carried first to Aurai, afterwards to Orient, and finally to Vannes, where he was shot. His murder caused a great sensation in the republican army. All French soldiers refused to fire at a disarmed and valiant warrior. His assassins were, like those of the Duke of Enghien, foreigners of the Italian and Belgian brigades in the French service. He went to the place of execution with the same firmness and indifference, as if entering his own camp. He refused to have a bandage tied over his eyes, and fell and expired in crying *Vive le Roi!*

Thus perished the last support of Mademoiselle de Sombreuil. With such rapidity her misfortunes succeeded each other! For three years her eyes had never been dry, and her bosom never free from those heart-rending, those agonizing pains, which are too severely felt to be delineated even by those whom heaven overwhelms with such unusually heavy calamities. Her few remaining friends (relations she now had none) expected that every hour would be her last, so frequent and so violent were her convulsions. Youth and a naturally strong constitution still preserved this ornament

of

of her sex; intended to be the best and most tender of wives and mothers, as she had already shewn herself the most affectionate of daughters and sisters.

She still continued at Paris, when on the 24th of July 1795 she was informed that her still living and dearly beloved brother was a prisoner in the hands of the assassins of her father and elder brother. She immediately repaired to the Committee of Public Safety, the then government of her wretched country, and with that native eloquence of real sorrow stammered to the members some few words which drew tears even from these regicide brutes. But their sensibility was only of the duration of an instant, their cruelties continued for years. Cambaceres, one of the members, (at present one of Buonaparte's *serene highnesses*, a grand officer of his Legion of Honour, and *a Knight of the Prussian Black Eagle!*) called the attention of his accomplices to their usual bloody order of the day, cutting short the effusions of Mademoiselle de Sombreuil by these barbarous words: "Female citizen! the republican government has two consciences; one acquits and feels for your brother as *innocent*;

cent; the other accuses and condemns him, to save the republic. He cannot escape death!"* At this last word she fell senseless on the ground, and in that situation was conveyed home. When sufficiently recovered to be able to write, she sent the following note to the Committee of Public Safety:

"*Paris, July 24th, 1795, nine o'clock at night.*

"Citizens Representatives,

"Do not surpass in ferocity those Septembrizers and terrorists whom you in your proclamations so justly hold up to the detestation of the universe. They permitted me at least the desirable though painful consolation of sharing the imprisonment, and of receiving the last embraces—the last, long, long adieus, of those whom nature, duty, and sentiment, rendered dear to me. My brother Charles de Sombreuil is the only relation whom Providence has now left me upon earth; when he ceases to live, I may truly regard myself as a blasted tree in a deserted world. What is the world to the wretch whose eyes in vain seek some one united to her by the delightful ties

* Les Annales du Terrorisme, p. 622.

of consanguinity; whose ears listen in vain to the charming sounds of daughter, sister, or friend? Oh, citizens representatives! before I become such a social outlaw, permit me for one moment only to press to my ardent, to my bursting heart, my proscribed, my dying brother. For the sake of humanity, and in the name of humanity, I request a passport, and permission to visit him—to be imprisoned with him in his dungeon at Quiberon. Refuse not this last favour, I intreat you; it is the last; yes, the last I shall request of your or of any other republican government. Are none of you fathers, or brothers? Has none of you a child whose affection is dear, or a sister whose caresses and whose tender care are valuable to him? If no person of such a description is to be found among you, I fear that my supplications are as much thrown away as my distress is unpitied; but if such a one exists in your committee, to his mind alone I apply."*

The answer to this feeling petition was a mandate of arrest, signed Doulcet (another grand officer of Buonaparte's legion of honour,

* Anecdotes des Femmes Marquantes, vol. ii. p. 481.

and

and his prefect at Brussels), which confined Mademoiselle de Sombreuil at Paris, until her brother was executed at Vannes. Such was the thirst of the French regicides after his blood, that even the interference of their *new* friend, the late king of Prussia, could not save him.

Suspended between life and death, abhorring the former, and calling on the latter, she received a letter from Count de Villelume. She had promised this nobleman her hand before either of them was fifteen; at a period when her father was governor at Lisle, and her lover only a sub-lieutenant in the regiment of Condé. As constant as courageous, she had since declined several more advantageous offers of other persons of rank and fortune.

Count de Villelume had emigrated, and, when he wrote to her served as a volunteer in the brave army of Condé, having lost every thing except his honour. His letter was a cordial sent by the Almighty to revive her drooping spirits: she gathered strength enough to join him who alone could make her continuance upon earth tolerable. They were married with the consent of their sovereign Louis XVIII. who graciously permitted the sons of

this marriage in commemoration of the loyalty of her family, and her own filial heroism, to add the name of Sombreuil to that of Villelume.*

In 1802 the Countess de Villelume arrived in England. She possessed twofold claims on the government of this country—on its justice as well as on its generosity. Her brother, a colonel in our service, did honour to the British regimentals, in which he suffered like a martyr, and expired like a hero. It would be a libel on the liberality and humanity of Britons to suppose that she went away unheard, or that she lives unsupported.

According to the report of travellers, she now resides with her husband at Anspach, in the dominions of Prussia; in circumstances not only removed from affluence, but approaching penury, with a decayed health, indicating that her sufferings cannot last long. Oh! if the

* Anecdotes des Femmes Marquantes, vol. ii. p. 482. In a note it is stated that the Countess de Villelume, since she was forced to drink the glass of blood, cannot see any red liquor, even a glass of wine, without falling into fits! Revolutionary demons, what atrocities have you not perpetrated; what calamities have you not inflicted?

writer

writer of this narrative (to whom this amiable lady is an utter stranger) had been left any thing of that once ample fortune, plundered by revolutionary banditti, how would he have blessed Providence for affording him the means of making the last days of such divine virtue comfortable, and the descent into the tomb easy and imperceptible!!! But in this depraved and selfish age, those who have the means have seldom the will to relieve undeserved wretchedness. In the nineteenth century, heaven in its wrath has confided the purse of the poor—of the destitute, to the hands of those who generally feel for none but themselves; whose petrified hearts are harder than that metal, which with them *exclusively* constitutes merit as well as respectability!

THE LUNATIC MARIE ANTOINETTE.

IN the forenoon of the 2d of November 1794, a young and beautiful female about eighteen, dressed in the deepest mourning, attracted a crowd around her on the Pont-neuf by her lamentations and by her tears. By feeling expressions, and pathetic though incoherent language and manners, she called for the pity, and demanded the support, of every passenger. She said that she was their queen, whom regicides had beheaded, but whom Providence on that day, her former birth-day, had restored to life. She displayed before the people some deep scars round her neck, the marks of the guillotine, which she said would never be healed before the Dauphin her son ascended the throne of his ancestors. Her good husband, their king, Louis XVI. she informed them would never more appear upon earth,

being

being seated in heaven on the right hand of his Saviour by the side of St. Louis, where he prays to convert and forgive his assassins. She declared that she every night visited her children in the Temple; but that she was ordered from above to shew herself during the day, a living example of divine goodness, to warn Frenchmen of eternal perdition.

She interrupted her speech every moment with prayers for the living and for the dead, for friends and for foes. She always ended her devotion with imploring Divine Providence for the repose of the soul of Louis XVI. and for the preservation of her son and daughter. When asked by brutal intruders whether she had heard any thing of Robespierre in the other world, she turned pale, and almost fell into fits; but her tears relieved her, and she answered stammering: "Yes! yes! ah, how the monster suffers! the devils day and night moving his entrails with a red hot poker, burning but never consuming them."

The number of persons collected round her, or rather the compassion she seemed to excite, caused the police-agent to desire her to walk with him, as he wished to speak with her; but

the mob interfered, saying it was a cruelty to arrest an innocent and harmless woman, whose insanity itself was tenderness and charity, and no doubt the effect of some severe afflictions: he was therefore for that time obliged to relinquish his prey. She had indeed, between praying and speaking, distributed among those near her, whose external appearance bespoke want, both what money she had and a great part of her clothes, and almost every thing but her mourning-gown. She refused however to part with a medallion having a portrait of Louis XVI. on one side, and those of his two children the Princess Royal and the Dauphin on the other.

In a quarter of an hour the police-agent returned accompanied with eight gens-d'armes, and carried her off by force to the guard-house, and thence to the police-office; where, after some questions, she was ordered to be shut up among the female lunatics in the hospital of *La Salpetrière*. She had not been there many days before she began by the mildness of her character, by her gentility and compassionate behaviour, and by some other qualities, to obtain an extraordinary power and influence

over

over her fellow-sufferers; who considered her as a superior being, or, as she would have it, as their sovereign, and attended and waited on her as such.

At *La Salpetrière*, as well as in most other buildings in France, where persons afflicted with a derangement of their intellects are confined, small houses, or rather cabins, are constructed in several rows, called *les petites maisons*, where each individual occupies a separate one. Those who are raving, or supposed dangerous, are chained and shut up night and day. The others known to be harmless, are permitted to walk about between the row of houses in the inclosure during the day, and are only locked up after dark.

In a few weeks Maria Antoinette had organised in this mad house a kind of court, then as *unique* in its kind as those of the empresses of the French and of the Haytians are in our days; with the only difference, that while their courtiers are guilty rogues with depraved hearts, hers were innocent fools with disordered brains. She had her levees and her assemblies, her circles and her drawing-rooms, her ladies in waiting and her favou-

rites; all of whom she obliged to pray with her, as well as to attend on her.

In France the public mad-houses are open to all decent visitors; and the confined persons are permitted to receive presents in money, clothes, or in any thing not judged hurtful or dangerous. The scene on the Pont-neuf had made known to the Parisians the existence of poor Marie Antoinette, and she daily received some contribution bestowed by pity or by curiosity. Every thing given her she shared with her fellow-sufferers, with the exception of paper, which she wanted for her voluminous correspondence with all *other* sovereigns of Europe, to whom she wrote by every mail, and for letters to her children, to whom she wrote twice a day. For certain hours every day she shut herself up in her small apartment, which she called her private cabinet, there to deliberate undisturbed on the affairs of state. To the surprise of all visitors, her letters and dispatches were, for the greatest part, sensibly, well, and properly written for the station of a sovereign, for the rank of a queen, and for the feelings of a mother. They displayed evident proofs not only of a liberal education

education and a knowledge of the world, but of talents above the usual level of her sex.

As long as she was saluted as a queen, addressed as a princess, and treated with the respect she thought due to a person of such elevated birth, she would converse reasonably even for an hour together; but if she was contradicted, or treated with ridicule, contempt, or even neglect, she first began to talk absurdly, then extravagantly, and generally concluded with falling into fits, from which she recovered sooner if those about her prayed aloud for the repose of the soul of Louis XVI. for the prosperity of his offspring, or for the restoration of monarchy.

Being exceedingly cleanly, and even nice in her person, she always began the day by washing and cleaning herself, assisted by some other lunatic, whom she styled her maid of honour. That done, her room was swept and her bed made. She afterwards assembled round her all the other unfortunate recluses, and read the morning-prayers according to the Roman-catholic ritual in Latin, never leaving out, "*Domine fac salvum regem nostrum*, and

Domine fac salvam reginam nostram." When the prayers were over, she took some milk and bread for her breakfast, which she ate in public. After breakfast she dismissed her attendants, and shut herself up to dispatch her correspondence, which occupied her till the hour of dinner. That repast over, and prayers said, she gave audience to petitioners, heard complaints, decided the wrongs, and settled the differences of her lunatic subjects. These affairs of state being arranged, she took some bread and milk for supper; and convoked her attendants for evening prayers, which she said publicly.

Twice in the week, on Wednesday and Saturday, she held her public drawing-room in the forenoon, and gave private audiences in the afternoon. On Sundays, some time after the grand mass was supposed to be over, when the weather was fine and permitted it, she took a public walk between the two rows of *petites maisons*, amounting in *La Salpetrière* to near one hundred and fifty, inspected her subjects and their dwellings, complimented those she found clean and in order, and reprimanded those who were dirty, or who had

had behaved disorderly. When the weather was rainy or cold, she invited some particular favourites to her room to pray with her; and afterwards ordered them to visit some inferior favourites, and to say prayers with them.

When any one was ill, she always attended in person to administer their medicines or consolation, and to pray with them. On such occasions she even took from her own necessary allowance to procure them relief or comfort. By such a conduct, or from causes which even the medical men at Paris, even those who have made the disease and cure of madness their particular study, have not been able satisfactorily to explain; she was not only respected, but feared by all those in a similar situation, and confined with her.

Female lunatics are in France chiefly under the care of the sisters of charity, nuns of the religious order of charity. They have taken vows, and regard it as a sacred duty, to pass their lives in the abodes of misery, in prisons, in mad-houses, and hospitals, to relieve suffering humanity. They are never harsh, but always kind and humane to those they attend,

and

and therefore are always beloved, and seldom disobeyed; but even they were sometimes under the necessity of calling the assistance of Marie Antoinette, whose sway and commands none of the unfortunate persons resisted. She had established a kind of etiquette, or of police. Those who offended her, or were refractory, she excluded from her charity or her prayers. To be threatened with the queen's displeasure was alone a punishment sufficient to keep quiet and clean those who retained the smallest portion of understanding.

This sovereign of French lunatics obtained quarterly, from some unknown persons, a new wardrobe, and a sum of money was left at the same time with the superior sister of charity. It is not known from whom these regular presents came. Many thought that they were sent by a secret royalist society; others by her parents or relations. The former is improbable; at that time, as ever since, the royalists were too little united, too poor, and too much persecuted, to perform such acts of charity.

Notwithstanding all researches of the police, and all attempts of physicians and priests, her family name or who she was could never be discovered.

discovered. She said even on her death-bed, though tolerably collected, that her name was Marie Antoinette; that she was an Austrian Arch-duchess, daughter of Maria Theresa, the Empress of Germany, when she was married to Louis XVI. The last words she spoke were, "Thus expires a second time a Queen of France before her son reigns."

The cause of her death was as extraordinary as the latter part of her life had been. A little old, plump, and ugly woman, whose fancy was to believe herself the Empress of Russia, was shut up in *La Salpetrière*. She not only refused to acknowledge the queen of France her superior, but one evening, when Marie Antoinette had gone early to bed, stole out of her room both her mourning dress, and the medallion with the portrait of Louis XVI. and his children. Though the next day her lost treasure was restored, she never recovered from the effect of the outrage which she thought offered to royalty in distress by an impostor and intruder. She no more appeared in public, but fell into a rapid decline, and expired on the 20th of July 1799. When it was known that she was dead, the pretended empress

empress of Russia was nearly killed by the other lunatics, as the cause of the death of their queen, and the police was obliged to remove her to another mad-house.*

* This anecdote is translated almost verbatim from Le Voyageur Suisse, p. 111, 112, and 113. It is mentioned also in Le Recueil d'Anecdotes, p. 331 and 332.

VICTOIRE LAVERGNE,

THE CONNUBIAL HEROINE.

VICTOIRE Reignier was born at Angouleme the 8th of March 1773; and descended from parents whose forefathers had occupied the station of counsellors of parliament, and therefore belonged to what was formerly called in France *la noblesse du robe*, or an inferior nobility to that acquired by military achievements. She had been carefully educated, and evinced from her youth both genius and character.

During the winter of 1790, a countryman of her's, Louis Francois Lavergne Champ-Laurier, then a captain of infantry, paid his addresses to Mademoiselle Reignier. His age, being nearly sixty, and her youth and beauty, caused every one to consider his suit as the folly of a dotard, which would encounter that repulse it deserved.

deserved. In the beginning Mademoiselle Reignier herself at first seemed ashamed of the veteran gallant, and afterwards turned his gallantry into ridicule; but he was not so easily defeated. Under the banners of Mars he had long been a faithful worshipper of Venus, and was as well acquainted with the jargon and intrigues of boudoirs as with the tactics and manœuvres of camps. Having besides passed his life in the first company, and among men of rank and education, his manners were insinuating, and his language polished and persuasive. He easily discovered the weak side of the object of his attachment and ambition, and against it he directed all his attacks: it was not without difficulty that any female could escape the snares laid by his experience and knowledge of the human heart. A few weeks were often sufficient for him to succeed, where other and younger lovers had sighed in vain for months.*

From the turn his attentions to Mademoiselle Reignier had taken, he perceived that it was impossible for him to be beloved by her

* Recueil d'Anecdotes, p. 339.

if

if he did not previously command her esteem and confidence. He therefore seemed much affected at the ridicule she threw on his passion, and never went to any society where he could meet her; and she, from her natural goodness, blamed herself for her conduct, which had made an honest man undeservedly unhappy, and wished for an opportunity to repair her error. To this effect her aunt, with whom she resided, invited him by her desire to a dinner, where he was treated both with politeness and distinction, but not a word passed on what had happened. Observing, however, that Mademoiselle Reignier shewed great pretensions to frankness and generosity, he wrote to her the next day the following letter.

"*Angouleme, January 20th*, 1791.

"Do not be afraid, Mademoiselle, of reading any importunities from a lover. I have long renounced a name of which you as well as myself judged me unworthy. But I am much mistaken if the nobleness of your mind refuses to be the friend of him you cannot love. What curious friendship, will you say, between a bachelor of threescore and a girl

of not eighteen? But hear me before you be alarmed, and read before you smile.

"I am approaching the end of my career, and you are entering on yours; I have seen the world, and you only your neighbours; I have experience, you possess genius; my mind is firm, your heart is frank and compassionate; my instructions, my advice, my lessons, may not be entirely without their utility, while you may deposit your secrets without danger with me as with a father or brother. As far as I have been able to judge, you have many acquaintances, many adorers, many rivals, but no friend.

"Such is your situation, but mine is much more to be pitied; and therefore, instead of receiving, you confer an obligation, by permitting me to unbosom my mind to you as to a tender sister or sincere friend. The life of an old bachelor is wretchedness itself, let his wealth be ever so great, or his rank ever so elevated. Venality, avarice, interest, alone surround him. He does not see near him a person who is not indifferent whether he goes to bed to sleep or to die; or whom the gibbet alone does not prevent from throwing poison into

into his breakfast, or stabbing him during his dinner; who does not regard his life as an evil, and his death as a blessing. If he knows the vileness of mankind, and despises it as I do, he is miserable. If he be ignorant of its selfishness and duplicity, he is a dupe, and doubly to be pitied, because he caresses a viper when he thinks that he is fondling a friend. Thus is he circumstanced when in health. During illness he is still worse off: and the sight of the furies of hell must be less tormenting to the damned, than that of hired attendants and nurses to the sick; persons who generally with the same feelings administer medicines to the living or a winding-sheet to the dead; who with the same *sang-froid* lays the one down in the bed, or shuts the other up in a coffin. When his last hour approaches, what a sight! what a recollection! The cold hand of cupidity, of insensibility, is closing those eyes for ever, which in vain turn round in search of tenderness, of compassion, of the affection of friendship, or even of the charity of humanity.

"It may truly and really be said, that an old bachelor lives friendless, and dies unpitied.

Upon

Upon you alone it depends, my dear Mademoiselle, to make me an exception. Let me flatter myself, or be kind enough to flatter me, that should death overtake me in your vicinity, you will bestow on me that consolation of generous friendship which in my last moments will make me bless you and regret existence, instead of cursing life and despising the universe."*

It appears that several other letters passed afterwards between them, and no doubt Lavergne improved every opportunity to see or converse with her: as in a letter printed with the former, and dated March 18th, 1791, she writes to him not only as a friend but as a lover:

"Danjon is not, as you imagine, the dangerous man for your repose. He long ago published his sentiments: he is a republican, and I not only have for him an invincible aversion, but I hate him. No! a man who is a traitor to his king, can never be faithful to his wife; and he who conspires against the

* Anecdotes des Femmes Marquantes, p. 83 et 84.

public

had behaved disorderly. When the weather was rainy or cold, she invited some particular favourites to her room to pray with her; and afterwards ordered them to visit some inferior favourites, and to say prayers with them.

When any one was ill, she always attended in person to administer their medicines or consolation, and to pray with them. On such occasions she even took from her own necessary allowance to procure them relief or comfort. By such a conduct, or from causes which even the medical men at Paris, even those who have made the disease and cure of madness their particular study, have not been able satisfactorily to explain; she was not only respected, but feared by all those in a similar situation, and confined with her.

Female lunatics are in France chiefly under the care of the sisters of charity, nuns of the religious order of charity. They have taken vows, and regard it as a sacred duty, to pass their lives in the abodes of misery, in prisons, in mad-houses, and hospitals, to relieve suffering humanity. They are never harsh, but always kind and humane to those they attend, and

tious spirit. And with regard to [illegible] republicans nearer to our own times, in what consisted their patriotism? In disseminating discontent at home to obtain bribes from abroad; in disturbing the government of their country, according to the plans of its enemies or rivals, whose pensioners they were. Do we not find the names of Sydney, of Russel, of Hampden, and other English republicans of the last century, frequently mentioned in the dispatches of our French ambassadors? And what was Louvoi's opinion of the Batavian De Witts? Are not men and the passions of men nearly always the same? May it not be suspected that the dispatches of the French and English ambassadors of our days, were their contents known, also make *honourable* mention of many pure and staunch republicans, the heroes of factions, and the idols of multitudes?

"Believe me, my friend, if I am of any value to you, and if I am productive of any happiness to your future days, you are not a little indebted to your loyal principles. It was your loyalty more than any other of your amiable qualities, that transformed my esteem into friendship, and my friendship into affection.

tion. Without your loyalty I might have found your society agreeable, your wit might have amused me, and your conversation improved my ignorance; but when you had left me, I should have forgotten, and perhaps despised you; and depend upon it you would never have made any impression on my heart. I hope you have so good an opinion of my sincerity as to think, that I never would have consented to give my hand to a man in whose favour my heart did not plead—to one whom it rebuked; or that I would share my affection with him whose sentiments were repugnant to my own.

"As to your mentioning so frequently your grey hairs, I consider it not as a reproach, but as a compliment to my choice, to my taste. Love and amiableness are of every age; they never grow old. Do you not think that the feelings of a girl of my age, who declares that she loves a man of yours, have reached their maturity? that they are threescore, and that they are to be depended upon?

"I congratulate you on your promotion to a lieutenant-colonelcy, and I am ready to accompany you any where. The length of a journey

of five or six hundred miles, nay so many thousands, do not alarm me if by your side. As you must be at Longwy next May, let our marriage be celebrated in April. I should like to pass my honey-moon among my acquaintances here. It is a duty, a *reparation* I owe to you, to my best and dearest friend."*

Madame Lavergne accordingly went to reside at Longwy with her husband, who had been appointed by the king a commander of that fortress, considered as one of the keys of France. Her conduct there was so exemplary, that when, fifteen months afterwards, the combined forces of Austria and Prussia threatened those frontiers with an invasion, all the principal families in the vicinity offered her a refuge to avoid witnessing the horrors of a siege. She determined however not to abandon her husband, for whom she daily felt an increased affection, and who possessed the esteem and consideration of all the inhabitants of the place.

In August 1792, the invaders advanced in two columns; one of which invested Thion-

* Anecdotes des Femmes Marquantes, vol. ii. page 87 and 88.

ville;

ville; but as they were unprovided with artillery for a siege, they could not make any impression on that city. The other column consisted of six thousand men under the command of General Clayrfait. It was attended with every thing necessary for a siege, and Longwy, after being summoned, was attacked in form. The garrison of that place consisted of two thousand six hundred men, of whom two thirds were national guards, undisciplined, licentious, and never before exposed to the fire of an enemy. Their example influenced the troops of the line, who, instead of performing their duty on the ramparts as they were ordered by their commander, joined the national guards in the clubs, harangued when they should have fought, and made *patriotic* motions, instead of performing military achievements.

Two deserters informed the Austrian general of the confusion that pervaded the garrison, and of the mutinous disposition of the troops. He changed therefore his plan of a regular siege into a bombardment, which in fifteen hours burnt or destroyed forty-six houses, and killed or wounded nearly two hun-

dred persons of both sexes. When Lavergne commanded a column of eight hundred of his men to make a sortie and demolish the nearest batteries, which occasioned the greatest damage, they refused to a man to march, although he offered to head them. About that time General Clayrfait sent another summons, menacing to reduce within twelve hours the whole fortress to a heap of ruins: and afterwards not to listen to any other surrender but at discretion, and to give up every thing to pillage. The municipality, accompanied by the most respectable citizens, therefore waited on the commander, and desired him to capitulate, as all resistance was ineffectual, and no hope of succours from without could be expected, since General Luckner had been forced by the Prussians to retreat towards Champagne. He refused however to listen to their representations, and had already written an answer to the summons, declaring his determination to defend himself to the last extremity, when his house was forced by several hundred of the mutinous troops, followed by terrified women and children, insisting upon a capitulation with the enemy. He was then under

under the absolute necessity of opening the gates to the Austrians, who entered Longwy on the 22d of August.*

Though Lavergne was well acquainted with the injustice of the revolutionary government, and with the cruelty of the rebels in power, so certain was he of having done his duty, that when in the following October, the *Prussians restored* to France this fortress *conquered* by the *Austrians*, he refused to emigrate, but repaired to Paris, and delivered to the minister of the war department, Servan, a memorial, containing the verified particulars of all the occurrences preceding the surrender of Longwy. This minister was so satisfied with his conduct, that he offered Lavergne the rank of a general, and to employ him in the army under General Custine; an offer which that officer from motives of delicacy declined; France being then a republic, which he as a true royalist refused to serve, preferring honour to rank, and an honourable retreat to a disgraceful employment.†

During that terrible year, 1793, he conti-

* Les Annales Militaires, vol. i. p. 60.
† Ibid. vol. i. p. 62.

nued to reside undisturbed with his lovely wife on a small estate near their native town Angouleme. It was not till the 4th of January 1794, that the committee of public safety issued a mandate of arrest against him. He would perhaps have remained longer unnoticed, had not his memorial to Servan, which this minister, on his dismission, had deposited with the committee of public safety, implicated Duquesnois, then a lieutenant in the national guards, but whose brother, when a national deputy with the army of the north, promoted him in 1793, at one step to be a general, and of course a man of consequence among the sanguinary revolutionists. Hearing of Lavergne's inculpation, he demanded permission to justify himself in appearing as a witness against his former commander when before the revolutionary tribunal, which was assented to.*

When the gens-d'armes with a commissary of police came to arrest Lavergne, he had been unwell for some time, and was extremely weak; but notwithstanding his situation, and

* Les Annales du Terrorisme, p. 264.

the

the entreaties and offers of his wife to pay all the expences of a commodious carriage to convey him to Paris, a distance of three hundred miles, he was put into a common cart with six other suspected persons. During the whole journey, she was by the side of the cart, sometimes on foot and sometimes on horseback; and her kind attentions, though they could not restore him to health, cheered his drooping spirits. Arrived at Paris, he was shut up in the prison called the Conciergerie, where she was not admitted, either to lighten his fetters, or to alleviate his sufferings.*

A French author relates the following interesting particulars of this connubial heroine; of her stay at Paris; of her affectionate endeavours to save her husband; of her noble resolution to die with him whom she had been unable to preserve; and of her patriotism courageously to avow in her last moments in the midst of a horde of regicide assassins, those glorious and loyal principles, which had constituted the pride, the happiness, and the glory of her life.

* Les Annales du Terrorisme, page 265.

"The beautiful and accomplished Madame Lavergne," says the author,* "had been married but a very short time to M. Lavergne, governor of Longwy, when that fort surrendered to the Austrians. When her husband was afterwards conducted to prison at Paris she followed him to the capital. She was then scarcely twenty years of age, and one of the loveliest women of France. Her husband was upwards of sixty, yet his amiable qualities first won her esteem, and his tenderness succeeded to inspire her with an affection as sincere and fervent as that which he possessed for her. That dreadful epoch of the revolution had already arrived, when the scaffold daily reeked with the blood of its unfortunate victims; and while Lavergne expected every hour to be summoned before the dreaded tribunal, he fell sick in his dungeon. This accident, which at any other moment would have filled the heart of Madame Lavergne with grief and inquietude, now elevated her to hope and consolation. She could not believe there existed a tribunal so barbarous, as to bring a

* Anecdotes of Women, p. 19 et seq. and Anecdotes des Femmes Marquantes, vol ii. p. 155 et seq.

man

man before his judges, who was suffering under a burning fever. A perilous disease, she imagined, was the present safe-guard of her husband's life; and she promised herself that the fluctuation of events would change his destiny, and finish in his favour that which nature had so opportunely begun. Vain expectation! The name of Lavergne had been irrevocably inscribed on the fatal list of the 11th Germinal, year 2, or of March 31st, 1794, and he was obliged on that day to submit to his fate.

"Madame Lavergne, informed of this decision, had recourse to tears and supplications. Persuaded that she could soften the hearts of the representatives of the people, by a faithful picture of her husband's situation, she presented herself before the Committee of General Safety. She requested that his trial should be delayed, representing him as he really was, a prey to a dangerous and cruel disease, deprived of his strength, of his faculties, and of all those powers both of body and mind, which could enable him to confront his unfeeling and arbitrary accusers. 'Imagine, oh citizens!' said the agonized wife of Lavergne, 'such an unfortunate being as I have described, dragged

before a tribunal about to decide upon his life, while reason forsakes him, while he cannot understand the charges brought against him, nor has sufficient power of utterance to declare his innocence. His accusers in full possession of their moral and physical faculties, and already inflamed with hatred against him, are instigated even by his helplessness to more than ordinary exertions of malice; while the accused, subdued by bodily suffering and mental infirmity, is appalled and stupified, and barely sustains the dregs of his miserable existence. Will you, oh citizens of France! call a man to trial while in the phrenzy of delirium? Will you summon him who is perhaps at this moment expiring upon the bed of pain, to hear that irrevocable sentence which admits of no medium between liberty and the scaffold?—and, if you unite humanity with justice, can you suffer an old man—' At these words every eye was turned upon Madame Lavergne, whose youth and beauty, contrasted with the idea of an aged and infirm husband, gave rise to very different emotions in the breasts of the members of the committee, from those with which she had so eloquently sought

to

to inspire them. The brutes interrupted her with coarse jests and indecent raillery. One of the members assured her with a scornful smile, that young and handsome as she was, it would not be so difficult as she seemed to imagine, to find means of consolation for the loss of a husband, who, in the common course of nature, had lived already long enough. Another of them, equally unfeeling and still more ferocious, added, that the fervour with which she had pleaded the cause of such an husband was an *unnatural excess*, and therefore the committee could not attend to her petition.

" Horror, indignation, and despair, seized the soul of Madame Lavergne. She had heard the purest and most exalted affection for one of the worthiest of men contemned and vilified as a degraded appetite. She had been wantonly insulted while demanding justice, by the administrators of the laws of the *great* nation, and she rushed in silence from the presence of these inhuman wretches to hide the bursting agony of her sorrows. One faint ray of hope yet arose to cheer the gloom of her despondency. Dumas was one of the judges

of the revolutionary tribunal, and him she had known previous to the revolution, and then often given him alms when a friar. Her repugnance to seek this man in his new career was subdued by a knowledge of his power and her hopes of his influence. She threw herself at his feet, bathed them with her tears, and conjured him by all the claims of mercy and humanity, to prevail on the tribunal to delay the trial of her husband till the hour of his recovery. Dumas replied coldly, that it was not in his power to grant the favour she solicited, nor should he chuse to make such a request of the tribunal: then, in a tone somewhat animated by insolence and sarcasm, he added, 'and is it then so great a misfortune, Madam, to be delivered from a troublesome husband of sixty, whose death will leave you at liberty to employ your youth and charms more usefully?'

"Such a reiteration of insults roused the unfortunate wife of Lavergne to desperation. She shrieked with unsupportable anguish, and rising from her humble posture, she extended her arms towards heaven and exclaimed: 'Just God! will not the crimes of these atrocious men awaken thy vengeance? Go, monster,' she

she cried to Dumas, 'I no longer want thy aid, I no longer need to supplicate thy pity: away to the tribunal, there will I also appear: then shall it be known whether I deserve the outrages which thou and thy base associates have heaped upon me.'

"From the presence of the odious Dumas, and with a fixed determination to quit a life that was now become hateful to her, Madame Lavergne repaired to the hall of the tribunal, and mixing with the crowd waited in silence for the hour of trial. The atrocious proceedings of the day commence—M. Lavergne is called. The jailors enter carrying him on a matrass; a few questions are asked him, to which he answers in a feeble and dying voice, and sentence of death is pronounced upon him.

"Scarcely had the sentence passed the lips of the judge, when Madame Lavergne cried with a loud voice, *Vive le Roi!* The persons nearest the place where she stood eagerly surrounded, and endeavoured to silence her; but the more the astonishment and alarm of the multitude augmented, the more loud and vehement became her cries of *Vive le Roi!* The guard was called and directed to lead her away.

away. She was followed by a numerous crowd mute with consternation and pity; but the staircase and passages still resounded every instant with *Vive le Roi!* till she was conducted into one of the rooms belonging to the court of justice, into which the public accuser came to interrogate her on the motives of her extraordinary conduct. 'I am not actuated,' she replied, 'by any sudden impulse of despair or revenge for the condemnation of M. Lavergne, but from the love of royalty, which is rooted in my heart. I adore the government you have destroyed. I do not expect any mercy from you, for I am your enemy; I abhor your regicide republic, and will persist in the confession I have publicly made as long as I live.'

"Such a declaration was without reply. The name of Madame Lavergne was instantly added to the list of suspected persons. A few minutes afterwards she was brought before the tribunal, when she again uttered her own accusation in calling out *Vive le Roi!* and was condemned to die. From that instant the agitation of her spirits subsided, serenity took possession of her mind, and her beautiful countenance

tenance announced only the peace and satisfaction of her soul!

"On the day of execution Madame Lavergne first ascended the cart, and desired to be so placed that she might see her husband. The wretched M. Lavergne had fallen into a swoon, and was in that condition extended upon straw in the cart at the feet of his wife, without any signs of life. On the way to the place of the scaffold, the motion of the cart had loosened the bosom of Lavergne's shirt, and exposed his breast to the wind and sun, till his wife intreated the executioner to take a pin from her handkerchief, and fasten his shirt. Shortly afterwards Madame Lavergne, whose attention was never withdrawn for a single moment from her husband, perceived that his senses returned, and called him by his name.

At the sound of that voice whose melody had so long been withheld from him, Lavergne raised his eyes, and fixed them on her with a look at once expressive of terror and affection. "Do not be alarmed, my friend," she said, "it is your faithful wife who called you: you know I could not live without you, and we are going to die together!" Lavergne burst into tears

tears of gratitude, of admiration; sobs and tears relieved the oppression of his breaking heart; and he became once more able to express his love and reverence of his virtuous wife. The scaffold, which was intended to separate, unite them for ever!!!"

Some few hours before her execution, Madame Lavergne wrote to her cousin Celestine Roguiere these lines:

"*Conciergerie, March 31st, 1794, Nine o'clock in the morning.*

"Rejoice, dearest Celestine! when you read this letter your friend is among the blessed, and inhabits the same paradise with St. Louis and Louis XVI. Yes: Providence in its bounty has granted her the only consolation, the only comfort in the world for which she has prayed: *To die by the side of a beloved husband, upon the scaffold sanctified by the pure blood of an adored king!* Oh! my heavenly Creator! what have I done to deserve such a happiness, and to expire, accused of no other crime but my loyalty, and accused of it by none but myself!—Receive, my Saviour! receive, St. Louis! and receive, thou no less holy saint, Louis XVI. with goodness,

ness, with condescension, this humble sacrifice, the life of a feeble female, who flies with confidence towards you from a country where her God has no altars, and her king no throne!

"You heard me say, my friend, on my wedding-day: 'Lavergne, here is my hand presented you by my heart, which shall cease to beat the instant you are no longer counted among the living!' I always intended to accompany my husband to the grave: not by suicide: it was contrary to my religion; but I knew I wanted not to resort to it: the sight of the corpse of him who so deservedly possessed all my affection, would always have produced the effect of thunder on my frame. Little however did I ever think to find an opportunity to convince my dear, dearest Lavergne, of the sincerity of my declaration. Thank God! all doubts are now removed; he will now find me as faithful before the executioner, as I swore to be before the priest.

"But to what humiliations was I not forced to submit before I reached this height of all my wishes! I found that long illness had enervated the naturally strong mind of Lavergne; I waited therefore upon his and my assassins, not to implore

plore their mercy, but to obtain a delay sufficient for him to recover his strength; but in vain; the banditti outraged my feelings when they observed that they were not able to degrade them.

"How agreeably surprised will not my beloved Lavergne be when he sees me by his side upon the same scaffold! He is not yet informed of the constancy and fidelity of his Victoire; who even since her condemnation has not been permitted to see or to converse with him. If it is possible I shall obtain the favour of dying first, and by it inspire my enfeebled husband with resignation if not with firmness. God bless my dearest Celestine.—I can say no more. The executioner is waiting!"*

Madame Lavergne was beautiful and elegant in her person—above the middle size. Her face was oval; her eyes black; and her hair and complexion fair.

Indian fanaticism may collect faggots and erect funeral piles. Female superstition may suffer them to be lighted for destruction; but there is only beheld religious tyranny op-

* Anecdotes des Femmes Marquantes, vol. ii. p. 166 and 167.

pressing

pressing weakness, or religious oppression tyrannizing over ignorance: there is only seen the effect of terror and seduction upon cold and passive obedience. The enlightened reason and the free will are however no where found. Indian wives immolate themselves from fear of perdition, not from affection to their husbands. No where in history do we find such an instance (taken with all its circumstances) as the present of connubial heroism. To the honour of royalty *this illustrious heroine was a royalist*. Republicans! what are your immoral and libertine Aspasias; your factious, unnatural, and hard-hearted mother of the Gracchi; or your intriguing, corrupted Madame Roland; to a Victoire Lavergne, who at the age of twenty voluntarily and courageously sacrificed herself upon the altar of loyalty and Hymen with a husband of sixty!!!

END OF VOL. II.

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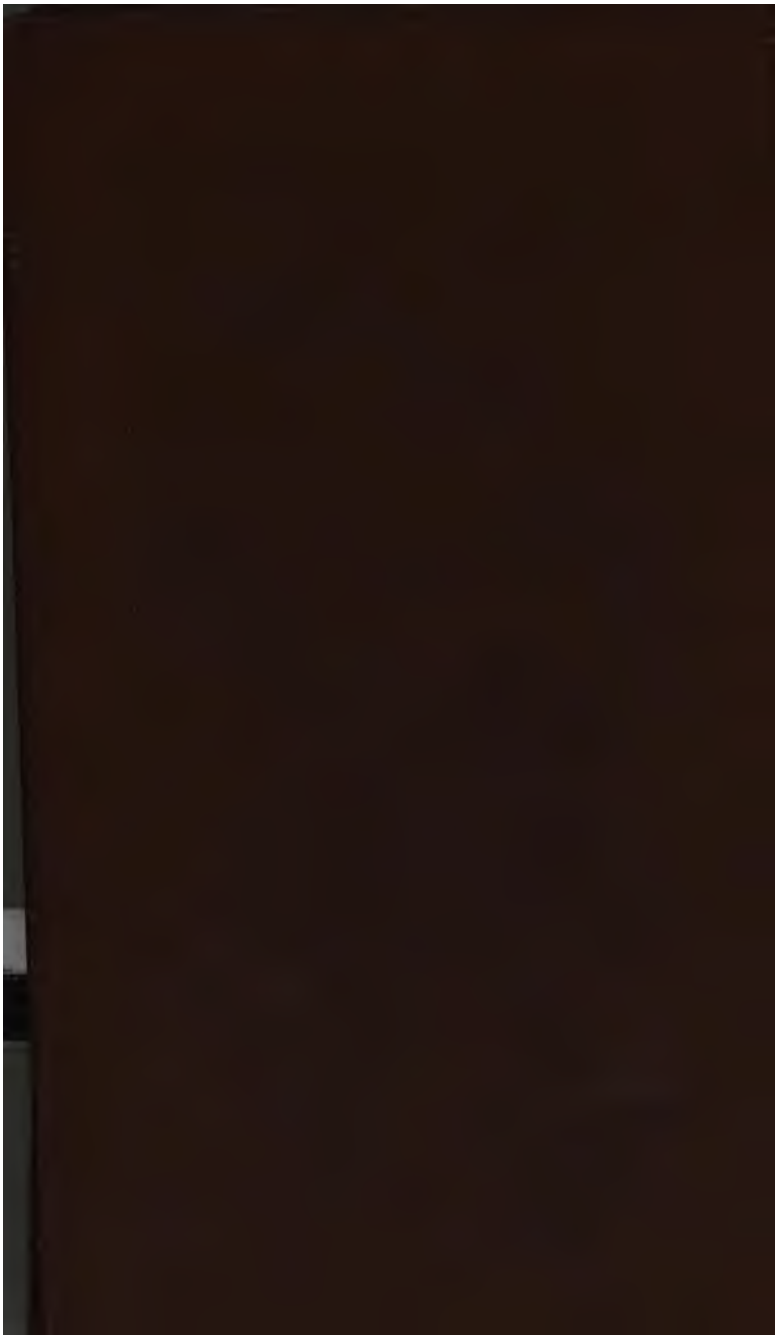
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